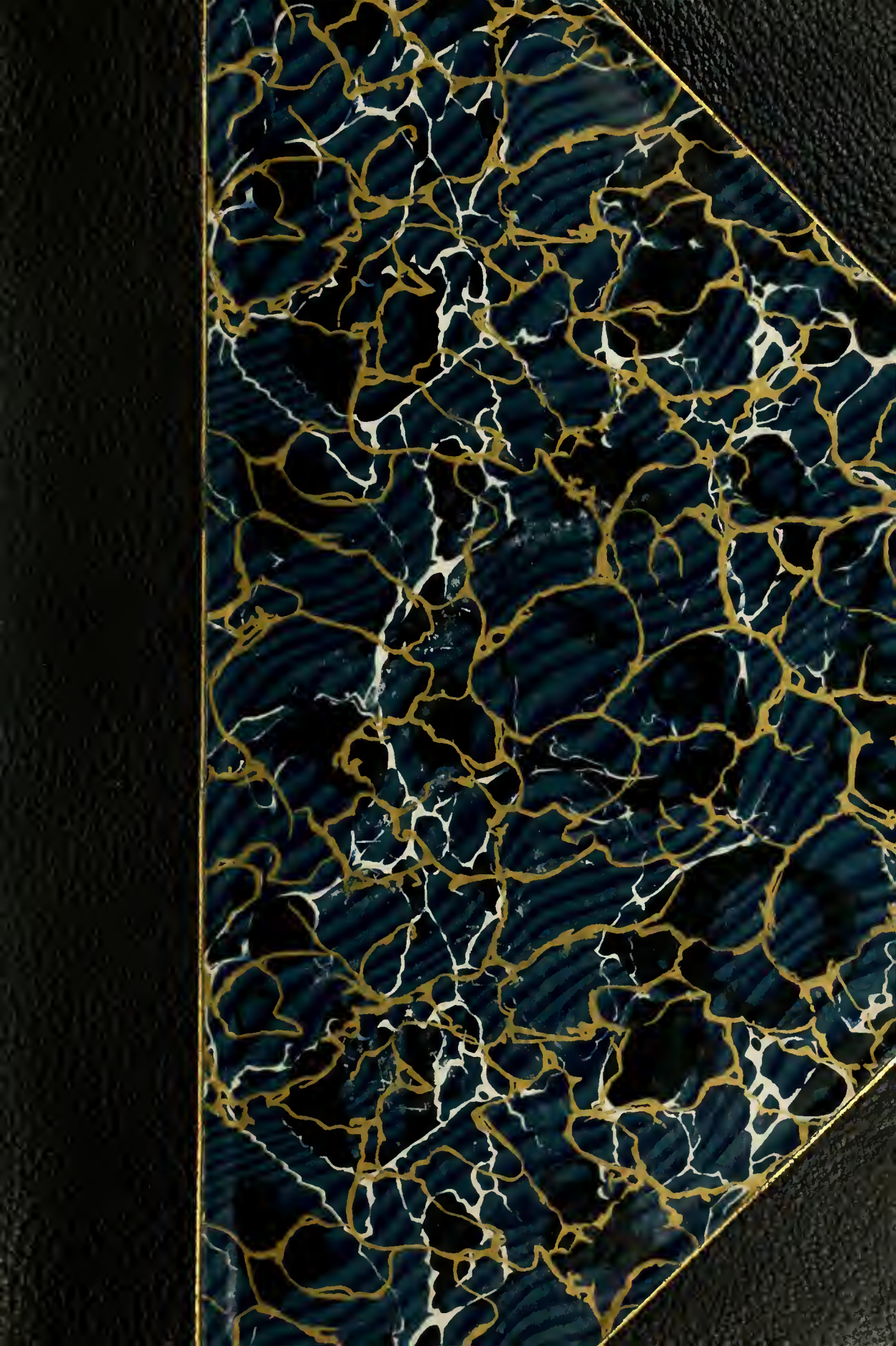

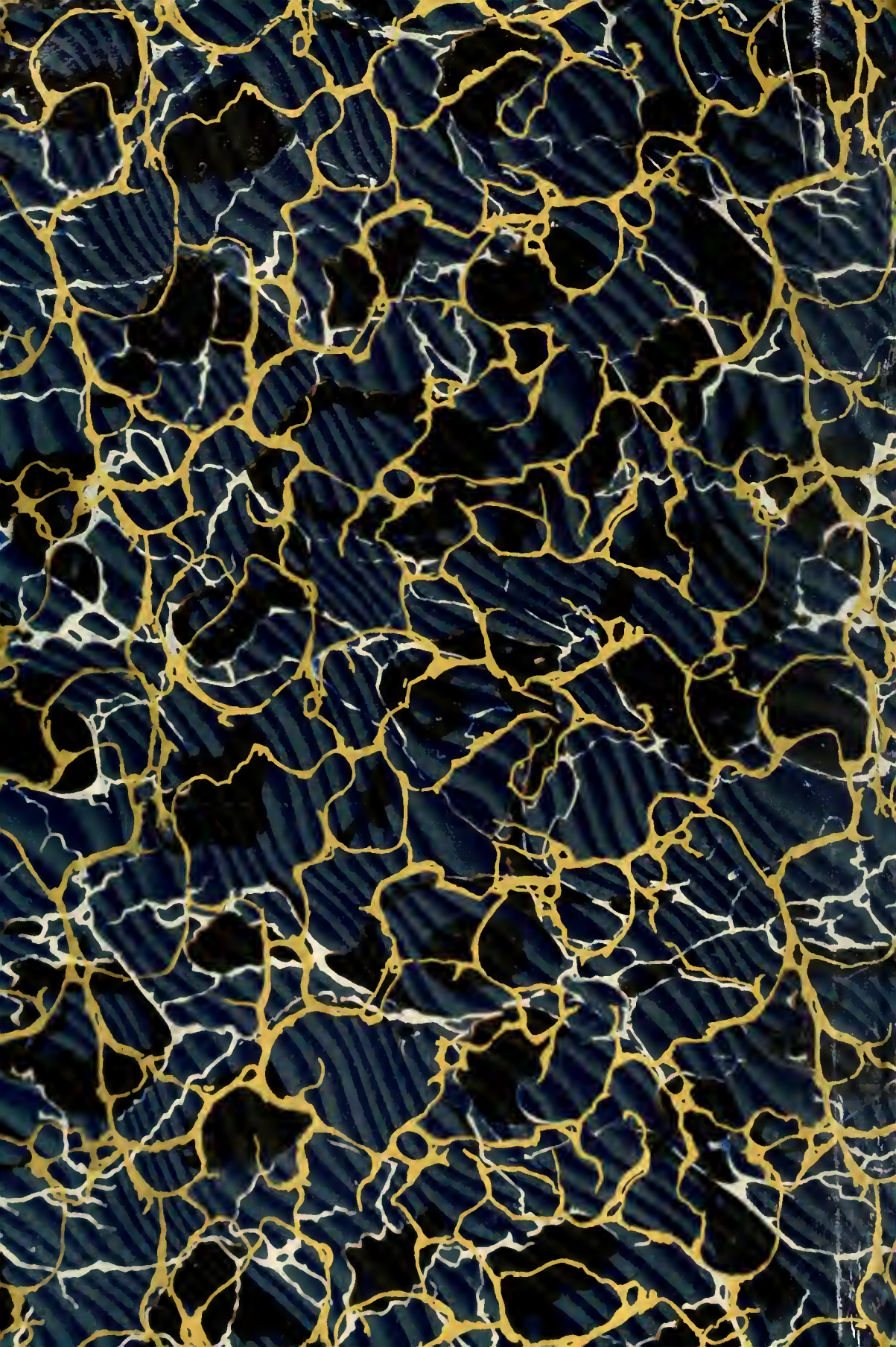

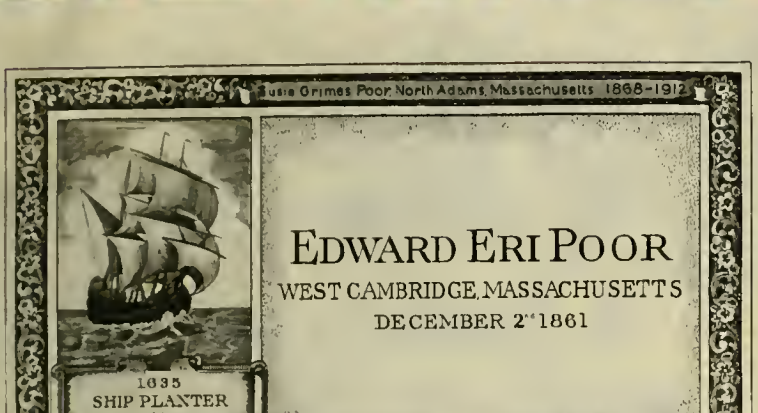
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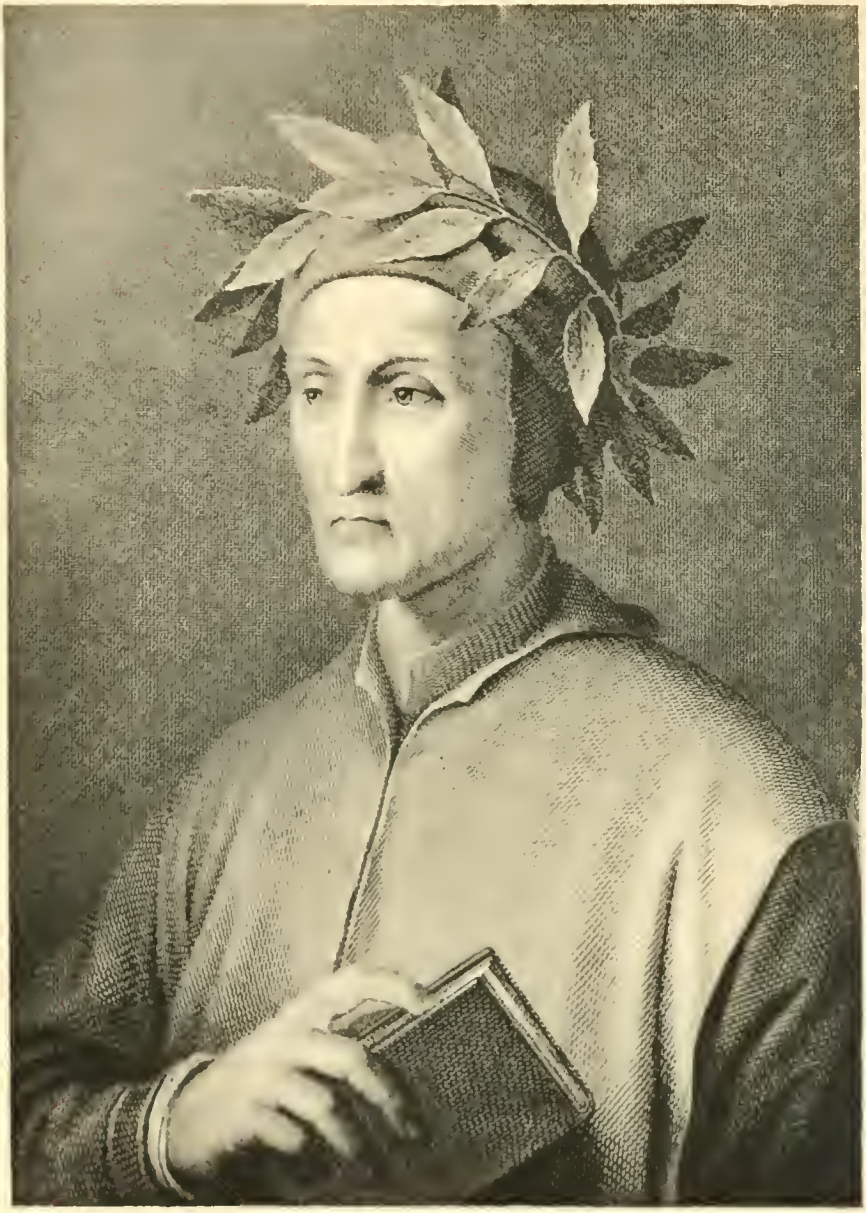

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

After the Engraving by Raffaello Sanzio Morghen.

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TEN VOLUMES

VOL. IV.

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DANTE ALIGHIERI

(1265–1321)

IN ORDER to understand Dante's metaphysics, it must be assumed that the object of every human life is to achieve the fullest possible expression of its spiritual realities, whatever they are. The world, as it becomes visible at any given time, is the sum of the expression of these realities,—of evil, of the struggle away from evil, of good realized through hatred of evil,—or, as Dante expressed it, of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise.

Dante saw that little by little a Socrates can develop, in opposition to the sum of the evil around him, the sum of the good in himself until it reaches its consummation in celestial self-mastery as he raises the hemlock to his lips. He saw too how, little by little, a Ciampolo as he uses public authority to enrich himself from the miserable earnings of starving peasants, lets himself down into the infernal pitch,—from which at last bat-winged devils of his own creating drag him by his clotted locks that he may know for a certainty the reality of the hell he has made for himself.

To Dante it appeared that this development of individual realities goes on continually in the world around us. It is, however, the province only of the highest genius to imagine it as Dante did. The eyes of others are "mercifully holden," lest life should become insupportable to them by reason of such knowledge of evil. For even as Dante himself approached the castle of Dis, which overlooks the deeper hells of flame, he had raised against him the Gorgon's head which petrifies with horror all who come too close to the knowledge of what those hells actually are.

It is self-evident in the poetry of Dante that to him Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven are realities of the commonplace every-day world around us. We have his own assurance that the Inferno he wrote of he had seen on earth. This is the fundamental fact of his work as a poet. Take it away and he has no significance except such as Leigh Hunt attributes to him,—that of a passionate and revengeful savage, constructing an Inferno in his own imagination the better to libel and disgrace his enemies. This is commonly said of him, but if it were true, or even fairly imaginable as true, he would be unimaginable as a poet,—as a "Vates," one of the world prophets from whose eyes the scales have fallen; who see in the commonplaces of

our daily lives the infinite realities which belong to us as immortal essences. In the Florence, in the Italy, in the Europe of his day, Dante saw the continual action and reaction of fraud and force. He saw law used for the oppression of the weak, and government made an agency by which political and ecclesiastical authority worked to enthrone individual evil in the place of universal good. He saw the result of this on more than one battlefield, in such nameless horrors of violence as inspired Voltaire to write his "Candide." As his mind slowly put together the details of the expression infernal passion finds for itself on earth, he saw "black, burning gulfs full of outcries and blasphemy, feet red-hot with fire, men eternally preying on their fellow-creatures, frozen wretches malignantly dashing their iced heads against one another, other adversaries mutually exchanging shapes by force of an attraction at once irresistible and loathsome, and spitting with hate and disgust when it is done." He saw, in a word, that evil is infinitely repulsive and infinitely diabolical; and by the coercive power of this knowledge, which came to him in the fullness of his intellect —

"*Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*" —

he was compelled to explain to himself the world as he had come to see it. His explanation is only to be understood from the whole of his great poem, but the premises on which all his conclusions depend he saw written on the gates of the Inferno through which he was about to pass.

"*Giustizia mosse il mio alto Fattore,*
Fecemi la divina Potestate,
La somma Sapienza e il primo Amore."

Justice was the thought of power
That moved my architect sublime
In creation's natal hour!
Highest wisdom, primal love
Made me at the birth of time.

As no man can come to such genius as that of Dante except through sympathy with humanity, — genius of this kind being essentially the ability to feel and to express the underlying thought of universal humanity, — he must have been tortured long by the cruel indignation (*saeva indignatio*) from which death rescued Swift. It had brought Dante not to the grave actually, but to the gates of the mystery of death — to a place where he must either learn the meaning of life or curse God and die. Knowing all that the philosophers and poets of Greece and Rome could teach him, it was not from them

but from his own life that he learned the meaning of the world as he saw it around him. If it were true in the world of his day as he saw it, that as the result of political and ecclesiastical statesmanship the wounded were massacred on the battlefield, women and children were put to the sword, and existence allowed to the weak only at the price of their submission to enduring injustice, then the question God must answer to justify his own existence to such a mind as that of Dante was the meaning of all this! And the answer given at the very gate of hell was "omnipotent power, eternal justice, and primal love" confining evil within itself, so that while those who love evil create for themselves an everlasting Inferno of infinite horrors, those who love good pass through it on their way to the purifying experience which will fit them for heaven. Dante did not postpone hell as a punishment for the infamies of the oppression he saw on earth to some dim future. He saw through the fair outside of the cowls of hypocrisy to the leaden linings, as those who love evil while they pretend to worship good walk wearily between the lake of pitch on one side of them and the serpent-infested wilderness on the other. So long as they love evil and inflict it on others, it shall reward them with eternal tortures. That is the law of love which protects the meek, as Dante discovered it. Wherever evil existed on earth he saw hell — as eternal as the love of evil which created it.

It is a hell in which no lover of good can remain, as no lover of evil can depart from it. It is eternal and it results inevitably from the "primal love" through the omnipotent power of which all shall suffer in themselves the evil they inflict on others. And as the love of evil on earth means hell on earth to endure into eternity, so the love of good means purification on earth for heaven, beginning on earth in love and enduring everlastingly in the beatific vision of creative power, raising every redeemed soul from strength to strength through an eternity of always-increasing efficiency.

If this can be properly called "theology," it is a theology of suffering rather than of reason. Dante writes as a man who has lived through sympathy the universal life of the race. It is not intellect he expresses in his poems, but something higher — a divine enthusiasm of sympathetic anguish which moved him as the Hebrew prophets were moved by the sight of the people they loved passing their children "through the fire to Moloch." He believed in Divine inspiration for all lovers of goodness, and in the fourth treatise of "The Banquet" he declares that Fabricius, Regulus, Cincinnatus,— the great heathen patriots of the classical age were divinely inspired. "Certainly," he says, "it must be evident remembering the lives of these men and of the other divine citizens that such wonders (as they did) could not have been without some light of Divine good-

ness added to their own goodness of nature. And it must be evident that these most excellent men were instruments with which Divine Providence worked." In the same way Dante regarded himself, Aristotle, Virgil, and all others who love goodness, as inspired by heaven. This is his theology — that all goodness is of heaven and all evil of hell. His polities as he defines himself in "The Banquet" are equally simple. Neither power, nor money, nor long descent, nor any other thing which was claimed in his time as a title to superiority can give it. It comes only from the love of virtue and from virtuous actions: —

> "The noble man does noble deeds —
> Who does a churl's act is a churl."

In Dante's prose his intellect defines thus in explicit terms what in his verse his imagination projects in thronging images of terror or of beauty. His poetry is the least limited by intellect — the most highly spiritual ever written in any European language. There is more of the intellect, of the "wit" which shows itself in axiom and epigram in Pope's "Essay on Man," than in all the poetry Dante ever wrote. But Pope was "a wit" and Dante was a prophet. Pope could be satisfied with the world of the commonplace. To him "the proper study of mankind is man." To Dante knowledge of God is the only end of man's existence. He lived sick, passionate, and sad, suffering the evil not only of his own nature, but of the whole evil world around him. Yet seeing things "bare to the buff," having no illusions and waiting in the world as one cured of a long insanity waits his discharge from the hospital, he still saw the darkness around him "shot through with glory and fire," and in the lives of the commonplace men and women around him, living steadfastly and courageously the life of duty, he recognized the heaven to which he looked for the reward of all suffering — a heaven of limitless power for the weak, of limitless wisdom for the ignorant, of eternal creativeness for all who will consent to build up rather than to pull down.

That an idea so sublime as this could find adequate expression in any language or from any lips is not to be expected. There is much that is grotesque and repulsive, much that is incoherent, much that is unintelligible in the "Divine Comedy," but there is always in it an almost superhuman melody of language as a vehicle for the aspiration of a soul which, having attained its heaven, was perpetually disquieted there by the necessity of proclaiming the truth and by the fear of proving "but a timid friend" to it. W. V. B.

OF RICHES AND THEIR DANGEROUS INCREASE

[Dante's principal prose work, the "Convito," or "Banquet," is a collection of essays, connected by a slender thread of argument and interspersed with poems which they interpret. They illustrate a philosophy depending largely on that of Aristotle, but they are dominated by Dante's individuality and they do much to interpret it clearly to students of his poems.]

As has been said, it is possible to see the imperfection of riches not only in their indiscriminate advent, but also in their dangerous increase; and that in this we may perceive their defect more clearly, the text makes mention of it, saying of those riches, "However great the heap may be it brings no peace, but care"; they create more thirst and render increase more defective and insufficient. And here it is requisite to know that defective things may fail in such a way that on the surface they appear complete, but, under pretext of perfection, the shortcoming is concealed. But they may have those defects so entirely revealed that the imperfection is seen openly on the surface. And those things which do not reveal their defects in the first place are the most dangerous, since very often it is not possible to be on guard against them; even as we see in the traitor who, before our face, shows himself friendly, so that he causes us to have faith in him, and, under pretext of friendship, hides the defect of his hostility. And in this way riches, in their increase, are dangerously imperfect, for, submitting to our eyes this that they promise, they bring just the contrary. The treacherous gains always promise that, if collected up to a certain amount, they will make the collector full of every satisfaction; and with this promise they lead the Human Will into the vice of Avarice. And, for this reason, Boethius calls them, in his book of "Consolations," dangerous, saying, "Oh, alas! who was that first man who dug up the precious stones that wished to hide themselves, and who dug out the loads of gold once covered by the hills, dangerous treasures?"

The treacherous ones promise, if we will but look, to remove every want, to quench all thirst, to bring satisfaction and sufficiency; and this they do to every man in the beginning, confirming promise to a certain point in their increase, and then, as soon as their pile rises, in place of contentment and refreshment they bring on an intolerable fever-thirst; and beyond sufficiency,

they extend their limit, create a desire to amass more, and, with this, fear and anxiety far in excess of the new gain.

Then, truly, they bring no peace, but more care, more trouble, than a man had in the first place when he was without them. And therefore Tullius says, in that book on "Paradoxes," when execrating riches: "I at no time firmly believed the money of those men, or magnificent mansions, or riches, or lordships, or voluptuous joys, with which especially they are shackled, to be amongst things good or desirable, since I saw certain men in abundance of them especially desire those wherein they abounded; because at no time is the thirst of cupidity quenched; not only are they tormented by the desire for the increase of those things which they possess, but also they have torment in the fear of losing them." And all these are the words of Tullius, and even thus they stand in that book which has been mentioned.

And, as a stronger witness to this imperfection, hear Boethius, speaking in his book of "Consolations": "If the Goddess of Riches were to expand and multiply riches till they were as numerous as the sands thrown up by the sea when tost by the tempest, or countless as the stars that shine, still Man would weep."

And because still further testimony is needful to reduce this to a proof, note how much Solomon and his father David exclaim against them,—how much against them is Seneca, especially when writing to Lucilius,—how much Horace,—how much Juvenal, —and, briefly, how much every writer, every poet, and how much Divine Scripture. All Truthful cries aloud against these false enticers to sin, full of all defect. Call to mind also, in aid of faith, what your own eyes have seen, what is the life of those men who follow after riches, how far they live securely when they have piled them up, what their contentment is, how peacefully they rest.

What else daily endangers and destroys cities, countries, individual persons, so much as the fresh heaping up of wealth in the possession of some man? His accumulation wakens new desires, to the fulfillment of which it is not possible to attain without injury to some one.

And what else does the Law, both Canonical and Civil, intend to rectify except cupidity or avarice, which grows with such heaps of riches, and which the Law seeks to resist or prevent? Truly, the Canonical and the Civil Law make it sufficiently clear, if the first sections of their written word are read. How evident it is,

nay, I say it is most evident, that these riches are, in their increase, entirely imperfect; when, being amassed, naught else but imperfection can possibly spring forth from them. And this is what the text says.

But here arises a doubtful question, which is not to be passed over without being put and answered. Some calumniator of the Truth might be able to say that if by increasing desire in their acquisition, riches are imperfect and therefore vile, for this reason science or knowledge is imperfect and vile, in the acquisition of which the desire steadily increases; wherefore Seneca says, "If I should have one foot in the grave, I should still wish to learn."

But it is not true that knowledge is vile through imperfection. By distinction of the consequences, increase of desire is not in knowledge the cause of vileness. That it is perfect is evident, for the Philosopher, in the sixth book of the "Ethics," says that science or knowledge is the perfect reason of certain things. To this question one has to reply briefly; but in the first place it is to be seen whether in the acquisition of Knowledge the desire for it is enlarged in the way suggested by the question, and whether the argument be rational. Wherefore I say that not only in the acquisition of knowledge and riches, but in each and every acquisition, human desire expands, although in different ways; and the reason is this: that the supreme desire of each thing bestowed by Nature in the first place is to return to its first source. And since God is the First Cause of our Souls, and the Maker of them after His Own Image, as it is written, "Let us make Man in Our Image, after Our likeness," the Soul especially desires to return to that First Cause. As a pilgrim who goes along a path where he never journeyed before, may believe every house that he sees in the distance to be his inn, and not finding it to be so may direct his belief to the next, and so travel on from house to house until he reach the inn, even so our Soul, as soon as it enters the untrodden path of this life, directs its eyes to its supreme good, the sum of its day's travel to good; and therefore whatever thing it sees which seems to have in itself some goodness, it thinks to be the supreme good. And because its knowledge at first is imperfect, owing to want of experience and want of instruction, good things that are but little appear great to it; and therefore in the first place it begins to desire those. So we see little children desire above all things an apple; and

then, growing older, they desire a little bird; and then, being older, desire a beautiful garment; and then a horse, and then a wife, and then moderate wealth, and then greater wealth, and then still more. And this happens because in none of these things that is found for which search is made, and as we live on we seek further. Wherefore it is possible to see that one desirable thing stands under the other in the eyes of our soul in a way almost pyramidal, for the least first covers the whole, and is as it were the point of the desirable good, which is God, at the basis of all; so that the further it proceeds from the point towards the basis, so much the greater do the desirable good things appear; and this is the reason why, by acquisition, human desires become broader the one after the other.

But, thus this pathway is lost through error, even as in the roads of the earth; for as from one city to another there is of necessity an excellent direct road, and often another which branches from that, the branch road goes into another part, and of many others some do not go all the way, and some go further round; so in Human Life there are different roads, of which one is the truest, and another the most misleading, and some are less right, and some less wrong. And as we see that the straightest road to the city satisfies desire and gives rest after toil, and that which goes in the opposite direction never satisfies and never can give rest, so it happens in our Life. The man who follows the right path attains his end, and gains his rest. The man who follows the wrong path never attains it, but with much fatigue of mind and greedy eyes looks always before him.

Wherefore, although this argument does not entirely reply to the question asked above, at least it opens the way to the reply, which causes us to see that each desire of ours does not proceed in its expansion in one way alone. But because this chapter is somewhat prolonged, we will reply in a new chapter to the question, wherein may be ended the whole disputation which it is our intention to make against riches.

Chapter xii. of the fourth treatise of "The Banquet" complete.

THAT DESIRES ARE CELESTIAL OR INFERNAL

In reply to the question, I say that it is not possible to affirm properly that the desire for knowledge does increase, although, as has been said, it does expand in a certain way. For that which properly increases is always one; the desire for knowledge is not always one, but is many; and one desire fulfilled, another comes; so that, properly speaking, its expansion is not its increase, but it is advance of a succession of smaller things into great things. For if I desire to know the principles of natural things, as soon as I know these, that desire is satisfied and there is an end of it. If I then desire to know the why and the wherefore of each one of these principles, this is a new desire altogether. Nor by the advent of that new desire am I deprived of the perfection to which the other might lead me. Such an expansion as that is not the cause of imperfection, but of new perfection. That expansion of riches, however, is properly increased which is always one, so that no succession is seen therein, and therefore no end and no perfection.

And if the adversary would say that if the desire to know the first principles of natural things is one thing, and the desire to know what they are is another, so is the desire for a hundred marks one thing, and the desire for a thousand marks is another, I reply that it is not true; for the hundred is part of the thousand and is related to it, as part of a line to the whole of the line along which one proceeds by one impulse alone; and there is no succession there, nor completion of motion in any part. But to know what the principles of natural things are is not the same as to know what each one of them is; the one is not part of the other, and they are related to each other as diverging lines along which one does not proceed by one impulse, but the completed movement of the one succeeds the completed movement of the other. And thus it appears that, because of the desire for knowledge, knowledge is not to be called imperfect in the same way as riches are to be called imperfect, on account of the desire for them, as the question put it; for in the desire for knowledge the desires terminate successively with the attainment of their aims; and in the desire for riches, No; so that the question is solved.

Again, the adversary may calumniate, saying that, although many desires are fulfilled in the acquisition of knowledge, the last is never attained, which is the imperfection of that one desire which does not gain its end; and that will be both one and imperfect.

Again, one here replies that it is not a truth which is brought forward in opposition, that is, that the last desire is never attained; for our natural desires, as is proved in the third treatise of this book, are all tending to a certain end; and the desire for knowledge is natural, so that this desire compasses a certain end, although but few, since they walk in the wrong path, accomplish the day's journey. And he who understands the Commentator in the third chapter, "On the Soul," learns this of him; and therefore Aristotle says in the tenth chapter of the "Ethics" (against Simonides the Poet), that man ought to draw near to Divine things as much as is possible; wherein he shows that our power tends towards a certain end. And in the first book of the "Ethics" he says that the disciplined Mind demands certainty in its knowledge of things in proportion as their nature received certainty, in which he proves that not only on the side of the man desiring knowledge, but on the side of the desired object of knowledge, attention ought to be given; and therefore St. Paul says: "Not much knowledge, but right knowledge in moderation." So that in whatever way the desire for knowledge is considered, either generally or particularly, it comes to perfection.

And since knowledge is a noble perfection, and through the desire for it its perfection is not lost, as is the case with accursed riches, we must note briefly how injurious they are when possessed, and this is the third notice of their imperfection. It is possible to see that the possession of them is injurious for two reasons: one, that it is the cause of evil; the other, that it is the privation of good. It is the cause of evil, which makes the timid possessor wakeful, watchful, and suspicious or hateful.

How great is the fear of that man who knows he carries wealth about him, when walking abroad, when dwelling at home, when not only wakeful or watching, but when sleeping, not only the fear that he may lose his property, but fear for his life because he possesses these riches! Well do the miserable merchants know, who travel through the world, that the leaves which the wind stirs on the trees cause them to tremble when they are bear-

ing their wealth with them; and when they are without it, full of confidence they go singing and talking, and thus make their journey shorter! Therefore the Wise Man says: "If the traveler enters on his road empty, he can sing in the presence of thieves." And this Lucan desires to express in the fifth book, when he praises the safety of poverty: "Oh, the safe and secure liberty of the poor Life! Oh, narrow dwelling-places and thrift! Oh, never again deem riches to be of the gods! In what temples and within what palace walls could this be, that one is to have no fear, in some tumult or other, of striking the hand of Cæsar?"

And Lucan says this when he depicts how Cæsar came by night to the little house of the fisher Amyclas to cross the Adriatic Sea. And how great is the hatred that each man bears to the possessor of riches, either through envy, or from the desire to take possession of his wealth! So true it is, that often and often, contrary to due filial piety, the son meditates the death of the father; the most great and most evident experience of this the Italians can have, both on the banks of the Po and on the banks of the Tiber. And therefore Boethius in the second chapter of his "Consolations" says: "Certainly avarice makes men hateful." Nay, their possession is privation of good, for, possessing those riches, a man does not give freely with generosity, which is a virtue, which is a perfect good, and which makes men magnificent and beloved; which does not lie in possession of those riches, but in ceasing to possess them. Wherefore Boethius in the same book says: "Then money is good when, bartered for other things; by the use of generosity, one no longer possesses it." Wherefore the baseness of riches is sufficiently proved by all these remarks of his; and therefore the man with an upright desire and true knowledge never loves them; and, not loving them, he does not unite himself to them, but always desires them to be far from himself, except inasmuch as they are appointed to some necessary service; and it is a reasonable thing, since the perfect cannot be united with the imperfect. So we see that the curved line never joins the straight line, and if there be any conjunction, it is not of line to line, but of point to point. And thus it follows that the Mind which is upright in desire, and truthful in knowledge, is not disheartened at the loss of wealth; as the text asserts at the end of that part. And by this the text intends to prove that riches are as a river flowing in the distance

past the upright tower of Reason, or rather of Nobility; and that these riches cannot take Nobility away from him who has it. And in this manner in the present Song it is argued against riches.

Chapter xiii. of the fourth treatise of "The Banquet" complete.

THAT LONG DESCENT MAKETH NO MAN NOBLE

HAVING confuted the error of other men in that part wherein it was advanced in support of riches, it remains now to confute it in that part where Time is said to be a cause of Nobility, saying, "Descent of wealth"; and this reproof or confutation is made in that part which begins: "They will not have the vile turn noble." And in the first place one confutes this by means of an argument taken from those men themselves who err in this way; then, to their greater confusion, this their argument is also destroyed; and it does this when it says, "It follows then from this." Finally it concludes, their error being evident, and it being therefore time to attend to the Truth: and it does this when it says, "Sound intellect reproves."

I say, then, "They will not have the vile turn noble." Where it is to be known that the opinion of these erroneous persons is, that a man who is a peasant in the first place can never possibly be called a Nobleman; and the man who is the son of a peasant in like manner can never be Noble; and this breaks or destroys their own argument when they say that Time is requisite to Nobility, adding that word "descent." For it is impossible by process of Time to come to the generation of Nobility in this way of theirs, which declares it to be impossible for the humble peasant to become Noble by any work that he may do, or through any accident; and declares the mutation of a peasant father into a Noble son to be impossible. For if the son of the peasant is also a peasant, and his son again is also a peasant, and so always, it will never be possible to discover the place where Nobility can begin to be established by process of Time.

And if the adversary, wishing to defend himself, should say that Nobility will begin at that period of Time when the low estate of the ancestors will be forgotten, I reply that this goes

against themselves, for even of necessity there will be a transmutation of peasant into Noble, from one man into another, or from father to son, which is against that which they propound.

And if the adversary should defend himself pertinaciously, saying that indeed they do desire that it should be possible for this transmutation to take place when the low estate of the ancestors passes into oblivion, although the text takes no notice of this, it is right that the Commentary should reply to it. And therefore I reply thus: that from this which they say there follow four very great difficulties, so that it cannot possibly be a good argument. One is, that in proportion as Human Nature might become better, the slower would be the generation of Nobility, which is a very great inconvenience; since in proportion as a thing is honored for its excellence, so much the more is it the cause of goodness; and Nobility is reckoned amongst the good. What this means is shown thus: If Nobility, which I understand as a good thing, should be generated by oblivion, Nobility would be generated in proportion to the speediness with which men might be forgotten, for so much the sooner would oblivion descend upon all. Hence, in proportion as men might be forgotten, so much the sooner would they be Noble; and, on the contrary, in proportion to the length of time during which they were held in remembrance, so much the longer it would be before they could be ennobled.

The second difficulty is, that in nothing apart from men would it be possible to make this distinction, that is to say, Noble or Vile, which is very inconvenient; since in each species of things we see the image of Nobility or of Baseness, wherefore we often call one horse noble and one vile; and one falcon noble and one vile; and one pearl noble and one vile. And that it would not be possible to make this distinction is thus proved; if the oblivion of the humble ancestors is the cause of Nobility, or rather the baseness of the ancestors never was, it is not possible for oblivion of them to be, since oblivion is a destruction of remembrance, and in those other animals, and in plants, and in minerals, lowness and loftiness are not observed, since in one they are natural or innate and in an equal state, and Nobility cannot possibly be in their generation, and likewise neither can vileness nor baseness; since one regards the one and the other as habit and privation, which are possible to occur in the same subject;

and therefore in them it would not be possible for a distinction to exist between the one and the other.

And if the adversary should wish to say, that in other things Nobility is represented by the goodness of the thing, but in a man it is understood because there is no remembrance of his humble or base condition, one would wish to reply not with words, but with the sword, to such bestiality as it would be to give to other things goodness as a cause for Nobility, and to found the Nobility of men upon forgetfulness or oblivion as a first cause.

The third difficulty is, that often the person or thing generated would come before the generator, which is quite impossible; and it is possible to prove this thus: Let us suppose that Gherardo da Cammino might have been the grandson of the most vile peasant who ever drank of the Nile or of the Cagnano, and that oblivion had not yet overtaken his grandfather; who will be bold enough to say that Gherardo da Cammino was a vile man? and who will not agree with me in saying that he was Noble? Certainly no one, however presumptuous he may wish to be, for he was so, and his memory will always be treasured. If oblivion had not yet overtaken his ancestor, as is proposed in opposition, so that he might be great through Nobility, and the Nobility in him might be seen so clearly, even as one does see it, then it would have been first in him before the founder of his Nobility could have existed; and this is impossible in the extreme.

The fourth difficulty is, that such a man, the supposed grandfather, would have been held Noble after he was dead who was not Noble whilst alive; and a more inconvenient thing could not be. One proves it thus: Let us suppose that in the age of Dardinus there might be a remembrance of his low ancestors, and let us suppose that in the age of Laomedon this memory might have passed away, and that oblivion had overtaken it. According to the adverse opinion, Laomedon was Noble and Dardanus was vile, each in his lifetime. We, to whom the remembrance of the ancestors of Dardanus has not come, shall we say that Dardanus living was vile, and dead a Noble? And is this not contrary to the legend which says that Dardanus was the son of Jupiter (for such is the fable, which one ought not to regard whilst disputing philosophically); and yet if the adversary might wish to find support in the fable, certainly that which the fable

veils destroys his arguments. And thus it is proved that the argument, which asserted that oblivion is the cause of Nobility, is false.

Chapter xiv. of the fourth treatise of "The Banquet" complete.

CONCERNING CERTAIN HORRIBLE INFIRMITIES

SINCE, by their own argument, the Song has confuted them, and proved that Time is not requisite to Nobility, it proceeds immediately to confound their premises, since of their false arguments no rust remains in the mind which is disposed towards Truth; and this it does when it says, "It follows then from this." Where it is to be known that if it is not possible for a peasant to become a Noble, or for a Noble son to be born of a humble father, as is advanced in their opinion, of two difficulties one must follow.

The first is, that there can be no Nobility; the other is, that the World may have been always full of men, so that from one alone the Human Race cannot be descended; and this it is possible to prove.

If Nobility is not generated afresh, and it has been stated many times that such is the basis of their opinion, the peasant man not being able to beget it in himself, or the humble father to pass it on to his son, the man always is the same as he was born; and such as the father was born, so is the son born; and so this process from one condition onwards is reached even by the first parent; for such as was the first father, that is, Adam, so must the whole Human Race be, because from him to the modern nations it will not be possible to find, according to that argument, any change whatever. Then, if Adam himself was Noble, we are all Noble; if he was vile, we are all vile or base; which is no other than to remove the distinction between these conditions, and thus it is to remove the conditions.

And the Song states this, which follows from what is advanced, saying, "That all are high or base." And if this is not so, then any nation is to be called Noble, and any is to be called vile, of necessity. Transmutation from vileness into Nobility being thus taken away, the Human Race must be descended from different ancestors, that is, some from Nobles, and some from vile persons, and so the Song says, "Or that in Time there never was Begin-

ning to our race," that is to say, one beginning; it does not say beginnings. And this is most false according to the Philosopher, according to our Faith, which cannot lie, according to the Law and ancient belief of the Gentiles. For although the Philosopher does not assert the succession from one first man, yet he would have one essential being to be in all men, which cannot possibly have different origins. And Plato would have that all men depend upon one idea alone, and not on more or many, which is to give them only one beginning. And undoubtedly Aristotle would laugh very loudly if he heard of two species to be made out of the Human Race, as of horses and asses; and (may Aristotle forgive me) one might call those men asses who think in this way. For according to our Faith (which is to be preserved in its entirety) it is most false, as Solomon makes evident where he draws a distinction between men and the brute animals, for he calls men "all the sons of Adam," and this he does when he says: "Who knows if the spirits of the sons of Adam mount upwards, and if those of the beasts go downwards?" And it is false according to the Gentiles, let the testimony of Ovid in the first chapter of his "Metamorphoses" prove, where he treats of the constitution of the World according to the Pagan belief, or rather belief of the Gentiles, saying: "Man is born"—he did not say "Men"; he said, "Man is born," or rather, "that the Artificer of all things made him from Divine seed, or that the new earth, but lately parted from the noble ether, retained seeds of the kindred Heaven, which, mingled with the water of the river, formed the son of Japhet into an image of the gods, who govern all." Where evidently he asserts the first man to have been one alone; and therefore the song says, "But that I cannot hold," that is, to the opinion that man had not one beginning; and the song subjoins, "Nor yet if Christians they." And it says Christians, not Philosophers, or rather Gentiles, whose opinions also is adverse, because the Christian opinion is of greater force, and is the destroyer of all calumny, thanks to the supreme light of Heaven, which illuminates it.

Then when I say, "Sound intellect reproves their words as false, and turns away," I conclude this error to be confuted, and I say that it is time to open the eyes to the Truth; and this is expressed when I say, "And now I seek to tell, As it appears to me." It is now evident to sound minds that the words of those men are vain, that is, without a crumb or particle of Truth;

and I say sound not without cause. Our intellect may be said to be sound or unsound. And I say intellect for the noble part of our Soul, which it is possible to designate by the common word "Mind." It may be called sound or healthy, when it is not obstructed in its action by sickness of mind or body, which is to know what things are, as Aristotle expresses it in the third chapter on the Soul.

For, owing to the sickness of the Soul, I have seen three horrible infirmities in the minds of men.

One is caused by natural vanity, for many men are so presumptuous that they believe they know everything, and, owing to this, they assert things to be facts which are not facts. Tullius especially execrates this vice in the first chapter of the "Offices," and St. Thomas in his book against the Gentiles, saying: "There are many men, so presumptuous in their conceit, who believe that they can compass all things with their intellects, deeming all that appears to them to be true, and count as false that which does not appear to them." Hence it arises that they never attain to any knowledge; believing themselves to be sufficiently learned, they never inquire, they never listen; they desire to be inquired of, and when a question is put, bad enough is their reply. Of those men Solomen speaks in Proverbs: "Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words? There is more hope of a fool than of him."

Another infirmity of mind is caused by natural weakness or smallness, for many men are so vilely obstinate or stubborn that they cannot believe that it is possible either for them or for others to know things; and such men as these never of themselves seek knowledge, nor ever reason; for what other men say, they care not at all. And against these men Aristotle speaks in the first book of the "Ethics," declaring those men to be insufficient or unsatisfactory hearers of Moral Philosophy. Those men always live, like beasts, a life of grossness, the despair of all learning.

The third infirmity of mind is caused by the levity of nature; for many men are of such light fancy that in all their arguments they go astray, and even when they make a syllogism and have concluded, from that conclusion they fly off into another, and it seems to them most subtle argument. They start not from any true beginning, and truly they see nothing true in their imagination. Of those men the Philosopher says that it is not right to

trouble about them, or to have business with them, saying, in the first book of "Physics," that against him who denies the first postulate it is not right to dispute. And of such men as these are many idiots, who may not know their A B C, and who would wish to dispute in Geometry, in Astrology, and in the Science of Physics.

Also through sickness or defect of body, it is possible for the Mind to be unsound or sick; even as through some primal defect at birth, as with those who are born fools, or through alteration in the brain, as with the madmen. And of this mental infirmity the Law speaks when it says: "In him who makes a Will or Testament, at the time when he makes the Will or Testament health of mind, not health of body, is required."

But to those intellects which from sickness of mind or body are not infirm, but are free, diligent, and whole in the light of Truth, I say it must be evident that the opinion of the people, which has been stated above, is vain, that is without any value whatever, worthless.

Afterwards the Song subjoins that I thus judge them to be false and vain; and this it does when it says, "Sound intellect reproves their words as false, and turns away." And afterwards I say that it is time to demonstrate or prove the Truth; and I say that it is now right to state what kind of thing true Nobility is, and how it is possible to know the man in whom it exists; and I speak of this where I say:—

"And now I seek to tell
As it appears to me,
What is, whence comes, what signs attest
A true Nobility."

Chapter xiv. of the fourth treatise of "The Banquet" complete. Translated by Elizabeth Pryce Sayers, and edited by Henry Morley.

JAMES DARMESTETER

(1849–1894)

JAMES DARMESTETER, the noted French Orientalist, was born March 28th, 1849, of Jewish parentage. From 1885 until his death, October 19th, 1894, he was professor of the Iranian languages in the Collège de France. His works on Philology are numerous and highly valued. He is happy in popularizing science, as he does in the "Love Songs of the Afghans," an essay based on a personal investigation made by Darmesteter during a visit to Afghanistan. The subject is specially interesting in view of its bearing on the development of the great Persian classics.

LOVE SONGS OF THE AFGHANS

LOVE songs are plentiful with the Afghans, though whether they are acquainted with love is rather doubtful. Woman with the Afghans is a purchasable commodity; she is not wooed and won with her own consent; she is bought from her father. The average price of a young and good-looking girl is from about three hundred to five hundred rupees. To reform the ideas of an Afghan upon that matter would be a desperate task. When Seid Ahmed, the great Wahabi leader, the prophet, leader, and king of the Yusufzai Afghans, tried to abolish the marriage by sale, his power fell at once, he had to flee for his life, and died an outlaw. There is no song in the world so sad and dismal as that which is sung to the bride by her friends. They come to congratulate — no, to console her; like Jephthah's daughter; they go to her, sitting in a corner, and sing: —

> "You remain sitting in a corner and cry to us.
> What can we do for you?
> Your father has received the money."

All of love that the Afghan knows is jealousy. All crimes are said to have their cause in one of the three z's: zar, zamin,

or zan — money, earth, or woman; the third z is, in fact, the most frequent of the three causes.

The Afghan love song is artificial; the Afghan poet seems to have been at the school of the Minnesinger or the Troubadours. It is the same *mièvrerie* which seems almost to amuse itself with its love — more witty than passionate, a play of imagination more than a cry of the heart. They would have felt with Petrarch or Heine, *si parva licet componere magnis*. There is much of the *convenu* and of the poetical commonplace in their songs, as there is in those of their elder brothers in Europe. You will hardly find one in which you do not meet the clinking of the pezvan (the ring in the nose of the Afghan beauty), the blinking of the gold *muhurs* dangling from her hair, the radiance of the green mole on her cheek; and the flames of separation, and the begging of the beggar, the dervish at her door, come as pilgrim of love; and the sickness of the sick waiting for health at her hand; and the warbling of the tuti, sighing by night for his beloved kharo bird. Yet, in the long run, one finds a charm in these rather affected strains, though not the direct, straightforward, all-possessing rapture of simple and sincere emotion. It is difficult to give in a translation an idea of that charm, as it can hardly be separated from the simple, monotonous tune ever recurring, as well as from the rich and high-sounding rhyme for which the Afghan poet has the instinct of a modern Parnassian. The most popular love songs are those of Mira of Peshawer, Tavakkul of Jelalabad, and Mohammed Taila of Naushehra. Here is the world-known "Zakhmé" of Mira:—

1. I am sitting in sorrow, wounded with the stab of separation, low low!
   She carried back my heart in her talons, when she came today, my bird kharo, low low!

2. I am ever struggling, I am red with my blood, I am your dervish.
   My life is a pang. My love is my doctor; I am waiting for the remedy, low low!

3. She has a pomegranate on her breast, she has sugar on her lips, she has pearls for her teeth:
   All this she has, my beloved one; I am wounded in my heart, and therefore I am a beggar that cries, low low!

4. It is due that I should be your servant; have a thought for me, my soul, ever and ever.
Evening and morning, I lie at thy door; I am the first of thy lovers, low low!

5. Mira is thy slave, his salam is on thee; thy tresses are his net, thy place is Paradise; put in thy cage thy slanderer.

6. He who says a ghazal and says it on the tune of another man, he can call himself a thief at every ghazal he says.—This word of mine is truth.

I shall give only one other ghazal, which derives a particular interest from the personality of its author, as well as from a touch of reverie and quaint lunacy rarely met in Afghan poetry. As I visited the prison of Abbottabad, in company with the commissioner Mr. P., I saw there a man who had been sentenced to several months' imprisonment for breaking a Hindu's leg in a drunken brawl. The man was not quite sane; he told Mr. P. that he was not what he was supposed to be; that he was a king, and ought to be put on the *gadi*. His name was Mohammadji. Next day I was surprised to hear from a native that Mohammadji was a poet, an itinerant poet from Pakli, who more than once had been in trouble with justice, for he was rather a disorderly sort of poet. Here is a ballad, written by the prisoner, which is quite a little masterpiece, "in a sensuous, elementary way,—half Baudelaire, half Song of Solomon:"—

Last night I strolled through the bazar of the black locks; I foraged, like a bee, in the bazar of the black locks.
Last night I strolled through the grove of the black locks; I foraged, like a bee, through the sweetness of the pomegranate.
I bit my teeth into the virgin chin of my love; then I breathed up the smell of the garland from the neck of my Queen, from her black locks.
Last night I strolled in the bazar of the black locks; I foraged, etc.

You have breathed up the smell of my garland, O my friend, and therefore you are drunken with it; you fell asleep, like Bahram on the bed of Sarasia. Then thereafter, there is one who will take your life, because you have played the thief upon my cheeks. He is so angry with you, the *chaukidar* of the black locks.
Last night, etc.

Is he so angry with me, my little one? God will keep me, will he not?
Stretch out, as a staff, thy long, black locks, wilt thou not?
Give me up thy white face, satiate me like the Tuti, wilt thou not?
For once let me loose through the granary of the black locks.
Last night, etc.

I shall let you, my friend, into the garden of the white breast.
But after that you will rebel from me and go scornfully away.
And yet when I show my white face the light of the lamp vanishes.
O Lord! give me the beauty of the black locks.
Last night, etc.

The Lord gave thee the peerless beauty. Look upon me, my enchanting one! I am thy servant.
Yesterday, at the dawn of day, I sent to thee the messenger. The snake bit me to the heart, the snake of thy black locks.
Last night, etc.

I will charm the snake with my breath; my little one, I am a charmer.
But I, poor wretch, I am slandered in thine honor.
Come, let us quit Pakli, I hold the wicked man in horror.
I give to thee full power over the black locks.

Mohammadji has full power over the poets in Pakli.
He raises the tribute, he is one of the Emirs of Delhi.
He rules his kingdom, he governs it with the black locks.
Last night I strolled through the bazar of the black locks; I foraged, like a bee, through the bazar of the black locks.

Poor Mohammadji, as you may see from the last stanza, was already seized with the mania of grandeur before he entered the prison at Abbottabad, though he dreamed as yet only of poetical royalty. If these lines ever reach Penjab, and find there any friend of poetry amongst the powers that be, may I be allowed to recommend to their merciful aid the poor poet of Pakli, a being doubly sacred, a poet and a *divana*, and one who thus doubly needs both mercy for his faults and help through life.

There is a poetical *genre* peculiar to Afghan poetry: it is the *misra*. The *misra* is a *distique*, that expresses one idea, one feeling, and is a complete poem by itself. Poets, in poetical assaults, vie with one another in quoting or improvising *misras*. They refer generally to love and love affairs, and some are exquisitely simple:—

My love does not accept the flower from my hand; I will send her the stars of heaven in a *Firga*.

Thy image appears to me in my dreams, I awake in the night and cry till the morning.

I told him, There is such a thing as separation, and my friend burst into laughter till he grew green.

When the perfume of thy locks comes to me, it is the morning that comes to me, and I blossom like the rose.

O letter, blessed be thy fate! Thou art going to see my beloved.

My honor and my name, my life and my wealth — I will give everything for the eyes of my beloved.

Strike my head, plunder my goods, but let me see the eyes of the one I love, and I will give my blood.

Red are thy lips, white are thy teeth, so that at thy sight the angels of heaven are confounded.

— Red are my lips, white are my teeth; they are thine. To the others the dust of the earth!

O my soul! at last thou wilt become dust; for I have seen the eyes of my friend, and they were friendly no more.

Were there a narrow passage to the dark niche in the grave, I should go and offer flowers to my love.

O master builder! his grave was too well made; and my friend will stay as long as time lasts.

Of the inner family life popular song is rather reticent. Of the brutality of man, the slavery of woman, the harsh voice, the insult, the strokes, the whipping at the post, the fits of mad jealousy without love, it has nothing to say. Women, however, have also their poetry and their poets, the "duman"; but that poetry goes hardly out of the walls of the harem. I was fortunate enough to gather some fragments of it, though less than I should have liked. A child is a child even to an Afghan mother: —

Your two large eyes are like the stars of heaven;
Your white face is like the throne of Shah Jahan:
Your two tender, delicate arms are like blades of Iran:
And your slender body is like the standard of Solomon.
My life for you! Do not cry!

O Lord! give me a son who says, "Papa! papa!"
Let his mother wash him in milk!
Let her rub him with butter!
They will call him to the mosque.
The molla will teach him reading,
And the students will kiss him.

Dear, dear child! a flower in your hat!
It shines like a sprig of gold!

The following is a nursery rhyme which I believe is unparalleled in the whole of the nursery literature; it is history as well as a lullaby.

In the time of the Sikh domination, I am told, a Sikh carried away by force a Yusufzai girl, and took her to Lahore. Her brothers went in search of her, and found at last, after a year, the place where she lived. She had a child by the Sikh. She recognized them from the window, put the child in the cradle, and while her husband was drunk and asleep, she rocked the child with a lullaby in which she informed her brothers of all they had to do. The Sikhs are gone, but the lullaby is still sung:—

Swing, swing, zangutai! Come not, ye robbers. Come not by the lower side: come by the upper side, sweet and low.
Swing, swing, zangutai! There are two dogs inside; I have tied them with rims.
Swing, swing, zangutai! There is a little basket inside, full with sovereigns.
Swing, swing, zangutai! There is a bear asleep; come quickly therefore.
Swing, swing, zangutai! If he becomes aware of you, there will be no salvation in your distress.
Swing, swing, zangutai! The infidel is a drunkard, he does not perceive the noise.
Swing, swing, zangutai!

Every life must end with "voceros." During the agony all the family surround the dying, and repeat the sacred formula, "Ashhadu:—I bear witness that Allah is God, and there is no other God. I bear witness that Mohammed is his servant and apostle." Thus the dying soul is kept in the remembrance of God, and brought to repeat the Ashhadu, and dies in confessing God, and is saved. In the moment when his soul goes, an angel comes, and converses, with him, questions him, and recognizing a good Mussulman, says: "Thy faith is perfect." Then the men leave the room; the women sit around the dying bed; the daughter, sister, or wife of the deceased, standing before the dead, repeats the vocero for an hour, and at each time the chorus of women answer with a long, piercing lamentation, that thrills

through the hearts of the men in the courtyard, and creates the due sorrow.

Here are some of the voceros; a mere translation cannnot of course render the effect of those simple plaints, which derive most of their power from the accent and the mere physical display of emotion.

For a father: —

> Alas! alas! my father!
> I shall see you no more on the road.
> The world has become desolate to you forever.

For a mother: —

> O my mother! the rose-hued,
> You kept me so tenderly,
> I shed for you tears of blood.

For a husband: —

> You were the lord of my life:
> Then to me a king was a beggar:
> This was the time when I was a queen.

For a daughter: —

> O my daughter! so much caressed,
> Whom I had kept so tenderly,
> Now you have deserted me,
> This world is the place of sorrow.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN

(1809–1882)

UNLIKE his disciples Spencer and Huxley, Darwin shunned the "Reviews." He wrote "works" and "treatises,"—nothing which can be called an essay in the popular sense, though such works as "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man" are constructed on a plan which often results incidentally in completely elaborated essays of great merit. Darwin is voluminous, but not diffuse. He deals with facts by massing as illustrations of his hypotheses everything which can be brought to bear from his own extensive observation and his still more extensive reading. It is said that he had a habit of buying books and tearing from them, to be filed for reference, everything in them which bore on his own work. He handles his facts with great literary skill, but the nature of the subjects he treated called for amplification rather than for the condensation which the highest class of the essay demands. In his summary of the theory of Natural Selection and in his restatement of his views of the Survival of the Fittest, he illustrates his habit of thinking coherently and compactly and shows at the same time the essentially poetical quality of his imagination. "As buds give rise by growth to fresh buds," he writes, "and these, if vigorous, branch out and overtop on all sides many a feebler branch, so by generation I believe it has been with the great Tree of Life, which fills with its dead and broken branches the crust of the earth, and covers the surface with its ever-branching and beautiful ramifications."

Though perhaps he never attempted verse in his life, Darwin is indeed much more a poet than his grandfather Erasmus Darwin, author of "The Loves of the Plants,"—from whom and Lord Monboddo he inherited his theory of "The Descent of Man." "Would it be too bold to imagine that all warm-blooded animals have arisen from one living filament?"—asks the elder Darwin—"from one living filament which the great First Cause endued with animality, with the power of acquiring new parts, attended with new propensities, directed by irritations, sensations, volitions, and associations?" This is in itself doubtlessly a much higher achievement of constructive imagination than anything the elder Darwin ever put into his verse, but in tracing the earthworm through the clay as he prepares the barren earth for man; in following the insect from flower to flower, to find how

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN.

After an Etching from one of his latest Portraits.

the beauty and fragrance of the flower harmonize the instincts of insect life with a great plan of perpetual improvement operating throughout all nature, the younger Darwin showed the same mind which was in Milton and Shakespeare. Though himself an agnostic, he insisted that his theories were compatible with orthodox Christianity, and his celebrated pupil, the learned and saintly Drummond, has demonstrated it to the satisfaction of many who at first believed it impossible. But however much the science of some may conflict with the theology of others, the theory that all the laws of nature work to force progress resulted under Darwin's researches in developing such new ideas of beauty and harmony that there was an irresistible impulse to accept it as true. It was the highest poetical idea ever attained by biological science, and it has already worked itself out in revolutionary improvements of flowers and fruits by methods which Darwin first suggested.

This is the positive part of Darwin's great work. The negative part remains still to be fought over in the twentieth century—as it must necessarily be with bitterness. The Malthusian theory that among men the strong must crush the weak in order to survive has been discredited in political economy, but as Darwin introduced it into science as the basis of his theory of struggle and survival, it comes back into politics from an unexpected quarter, and it has already resulted in bold denial that there can exist as a reality what Beccaria and Burlamaqui asserted as natural, inherent, and inalienable rights.

Darwin was born at Shrewsbury, England, February 12th, 1809. Educated at the Universities of Edinburgh and Cambridge, he made up his mind early in life to devote himself to science. In pursuance of his plan, he retired in 1842 to a secluded part of Kent where he carried on the investigation which resulted in his first epoch-marking work, "The Origin of Species," published in 1859. "The Descent of Man," which appeared in 1871, provoked the most heated controversy of the nineteenth century. But Darwin took no part in it. While it was raging, he devoted his time to the study of the minutiæ of nature. His work on Earthworms has been greatly admired by some because of the faculty of close observation it shows. This faculty, illustrated in his researches into the cross-fertilization of plants by means of insects, has proved more immediately valuable than his great powers of generalization. The modern rose-garden and the modern orchard are products of this kind of "Darwinism." These noble results of his ideas remain as his best memorial.

W. V. B.

DARWIN'S SUMMARY OF HIS THEORY OF NATURAL SELECTION

IF UNDER changing conditions of life organic beings present individual differences in almost every part of their structure (and this cannot be disputed), if there be, owing to their geometrical rate of increase a severe struggle for life at some age, season, or year, and this certainly cannot be disputed; then, considering the infinite complexity of the relations of all organic beings to each other and to their conditions of life, causing an infinite diversity in structure, constitution, and habits, to be advantageous to them, it would be a most extraordinary fact if no variations had occurred useful to each being's own welfare, in the same manner as so many variations have occurred useful to man. But if variations useful to any organic being ever do occur, assuredly individuals thus characterized will have the best chance of being preserved in the struggle for life: and from the strong principle of inheritance, these will tend to produce offspring similarly characterized. This principle of preservation, or the survival of the fittest, I have called Natural Selection. It leads to the improvement of each creature in relation to its organic and inorganic conditions of life; and consequently, in most cases, to what must be regarded as an advance in organization. Nevertheless, low and simple forms will long endure if well fitted for their simple conditions of life.

Natural selection, on the principle of qualities being inherited at corresponding ages, can modify the egg, seed, or young, as easily as the adult. Amongst many animals, sexual selection will have given its aid to ordinary selection, by assuring to the most vigorous and best adapted males the greatest number of offspring. Sexual selection will also give characters useful to the males alone, in their struggles or rivalry with other males; and these characters will be transmitted to one sex or to both sexes, according to the form of inheritance which prevails.

Whether natural selection has really thus acted in adapting the various forms of life to their several conditions and stations, must be judged by the general tenor and balance of evidence given in the following chapters. But we have already seen how it entails extinction, and how largely extinction has acted in the world's history, geology plainly declares. Natural selection, also, leads to divergence of character; for the more organic beings

diverge in structure, habits, and constitution, by so much the more can a large number be supported on the area,—of which we see proof by looking to the inhabitants of any small spot, and to the productions naturalized in foreign lands. Therefore, during the modification of the descendants of any one species, and during the incessant struggle of all species to increase in numbers, the more diversified the descendants become, the better will be their chance of success in the battle for life. Thus the small differences distinguishing varieties of the same species, steadily tend to increase, till they equal the greater differences between species of the same genus, or even of distinct genera.

We have seen that it is the common, the widely diffused and widely ranging species, belonging to the larger genera within each class, which vary most; and these tend to transmit to their modified offspring that superiority which now makes them dominant in their own countries. Natural selection, as has just been remarked, leads to divergence of character and to much extinction of the less improved and intermediate forms of life. On these principles, the nature of the affinities, and the generally well-defined distinctions between the innumerable organic beings in each class throughout the world, may be explained. It is a truly wonderful fact — the wonder of which we are apt to overlook from familiarity — that all animals and all plants throughout all time and space should be related to each other in groups, subordinate to groups, in the manner which we everywhere behold — namely, varieties of the same species most closely related, species of the same genus less closely and unequally related, forming sections and subgenera, species of distinct genera much less closely related, and genera related in different degrees, forming sub-families, families, orders, subclasses and classes. The several subordinate groups in any class cannot be ranked in a single file, but seem clustered round points, and these round other points, and so on in almost endless cycles. If species had been independently created, no explanation would have been possible of this kind of classification; but it is explained through inheritance and the complex action of natural selection, entailing extinction and divergence of character.

The affinities of all the beings of the same class have sometimes been represented by a great tree. I believe this simile largely speaks the truth. The green and budding twigs may represent existing species; and those produced during former

years may represent the long succession of extinct species. At each period of growth all the growing twigs have tried to branch out on all sides, and to overtop and kill the surrounding twigs and branches, in the same manner as species and groups of species in the great battle for life. The limbs divided into great branches, and these into lesser and lesser branches, were themselves once, when the tree was young, budding twigs; and this connection of the former and present buds by ramifying branches may well represent the classification of all extinct and living species in groups subordinate to groups. Of the many twigs which flourished when the tree was a mere bush, only two or three, now grown into great branches, yet survive and bear the other branches; so with the species which lived during long-past geological periods, very few have left living and modified descendants. From the first growth of the tree many a limb and branch has decayed and dropped off; and these fallen branches of various sizes may represent those whole orders, families, and genera which have now no living representatives, and which are known to us only in a fossil state. As we here and there see a thin, straggling branch springing from a fork low down in a tree, and which by some chance has been favored and is still alive on its summit, so we occasionally see an animal like the ornithorhynchus or lepidosiren, which in some small degree connects by its affinities two large branches of life, and which has apparently been saved from fatal competition by having inhabited a protected station. As buds give rise by growth to fresh buds, and these, if vigorous, branch out and overtop on all sides many a feebler branch, so by generation I believe it has been with the great Tree of Life, which fills with its dead and broken branches the crust of the earth, and covers the surface with its ever-branching and beautiful ramifications.

Darwin's Summary of Chapter iv. "The Origin of Species" complete

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

IN ORDER to make it clear how, as I believe, natural selection acts, I must beg permission to give one or two imaginary illustrations. Let us take the case of a wolf, which preys on various animals, securing some by craft, some by strength,

and some by fleetness; and let us suppose that the fleetest prey, a deer for instance, had from any change in the country increased in numbers, or that other prey had decreased in numbers, during that season of the year when the wolf was hardest pressed for food. Under such circumstances the swiftest and slimmest wolves would have the best chance of surviving and so be preserved or selected,— provided always that they retained strength to master their prey at this or some other period of the year, when they were compelled to prey on other animals. I see no more reason to doubt that this would be the result than that man should be able to improve the fleetness of his greyhounds by careful and methodical selection, or by that kind of unconscious selection which follows from each man trying to keep the best dogs without any thought of modifying the breed. I may add that, according to Mr. Pierce, there are two varieties of the wolf inhabiting the Catskill Mountains, in the United States, one with a light greyhound-like form, which pursues deer, and the other more bulky, with shorter legs, which more frequently attacks the shepherd's flocks.

It should be observed that, in the above illustration, I speak of the slimmest individual wolves, and not of any singly strongly-marked variation having been preserved. In former editions of this work I sometimes spoke as if this latter alternative had frequently occurred. I saw the great importance of individual differences, and this led me fully to discuss the results of unconscious selection by man, which depends on the preservation of all the more or less valuable individuals, and on the destruction of the worst. I saw, also, that the preservation in a state of nature of any occasional deviation of structure, such as a monstrosity, would be a rare event; and that, if at first preserved, it would generally be lost by subsequent intercrossing with ordinary individuals. Nevertheless, until reading an able and valuable article in the North British Review (1867), I did not appreciate how rarely single variations, whether slight or strongly marked, could be perpetuated. The author takes the case of a pair of animals, producing during their lifetime two hundred offspring, of which, from various causes of destruction, only two on an average survive to procreate their kind. This is rather an extreme estimate for most of the higher animals, but by no means so for many of the lower organisms. He then shows that if a single individual were born, which varied in some manner,

giving it twice as good a chance of life as that of the other individuals, yet the chances would be strongly against its survival. Supposing it to survive and breed, and that half its young inherited the favorable variation; still, as the Reviewer goes on to show, the young would have only a slightly better chance of surviving and breeding; and this chance would go on decreasing in the succeeding generations. The justice of these remarks cannot, I think, be disputed. If, for instance, a bird of some kind could procure its food more easily by having its beak curved, and if one were born with its beak strongly curved, and which consequently flourished, nevertheless there would be a very poor chance of this one individual perpetuating its kind to the exclusion of the common form; but there can hardly be a doubt, judging by what we see taking place under domestication, that this result would follow from the preservation during many generations of a large number of individuals with more or less strongly curved beaks, and from the destruction of a still larger number with the straightest beaks.

It should not, however, be overlooked that certain rather strongly marked variations, which no one would rank as mere individual differences, frequently recur owing to a similar organization being similarly acted on — of which fact numerous instances could be given with our domestic productions. In such cases, if the varying individual did not actually transmit to its offspring its newly acquired character, it would undoubtedly transmit to them, as long as the existing conditions remained the same, a still stronger tendency to vary in the same manner. There can also be little doubt that the tendency to vary in the same manner has often been so strong that all the individuals of the same species have been similarly modified without the aid of any form of selection. Or only a third, fifth, or tenth part of the individuals may have been thus affected, of which fact several instances could be given. Thus Graba estimates that about one-fifth of the guillemots in the Faroe Islands consists of a variety so well marked, that it was formerly ranked as a distinct species under the name of *Uria Lacrymans*. In cases of this kind, if the variation were of a beneficial nature, the original form would soon be supplanted by the modified form, through the survival of the fittest.

To the effects of intercrossing in eliminating variations of all kinds, I shall have to recur; but it may here be remarked that

most animals and plants keep to their proper homes, and do not needlessly wander about; we see this even with migratory birds, which almost always return to the same spot. Consequently each newly formed variety would generally be at first local, as seems to be the common rule with varieties in a state of nature; so that similarly modified individuals would soon exist in a small body together, and would often breed together. If the new variety were successful in its battle for life, it would slowly spread from a central district, competing with and conquering the unchanged individuals on the margins of an ever-increasing circle.

It may be worth while to give another and more complex illustration of the action of natural selection. Certain plants excrete sweet juice, apparently for the sake of eliminating something injurious from the sap; this is effected, for instance, by glands at the base of the stipules in some Leguminosæ, and at the backs of the leaves of the common laurel. This juice, though small in quantity, is greedily sought by insects; but their visits do not in any way benefit the plant. Now, let us suppose that the juice or nectar was excreted from the inside of the flowers of a certain number of plants of any species. Insects in seeking the nectar would get dusted with pollen, and would often transport it from one flower to another. The flowers of two distinct individuals of the same species would thus get crossed; and the act of crossing, as can be fully proved, gives rise to vigorous seedlings which, consequently, would have the best chance of flourishing and surviving. The plants which produced flowers with the largest glands or nectaries, excreting most nectar, would oftenest be visited by insects, and would oftenest be crossed; and so in the long run would gain the upper hand and form a local variety. The flowers, also, which had their stamens and pistils placed, in relation to the size and habits of the particular insects which visited them, so as to favor in any degree the transportal of the pollen, would likewise be favored. We might have taken the case of insects visiting flowers for the sake of collecting pollen instead of nectar; and as pollen is formed for the sole purpose of fertilization, its destruction appears to be a simple loss to the plant; yet if a little pollen were carried, at first occasionally and then habitually, by the pollen-devouring insects from flower to flower, and a cross thus affected, although nine-tenths of the pollen were destroyed it might still be a great gain

to the plant to be thus robbed; and the individuals which produced more and more pollen, and had larger anthers, would be selected.

When our plant, by the above process long continued, had been rendered highly attractive to insects, they would, unintentionally on their part, regularly carry pollen from flower to flower; and that they do this effectually, I could easily show by many striking facts. I will give only one, as likewise illustrating one step in the separation of the sexes of plants. Some holly trees bear only male flowers, which have four stamens producing a rather small quantity of pollen, and a rudimentary pistil; other holly trees bear only female flowers; these have a full-sized pistil and four stamens with shriveled anthers, in which not a grain of pollen can be detected. Having found a female tree exactly sixty yards from a male tree, I put the stigmas of twenty flowers, taken from different branches, under the microscope, and on all, without exception, there were a few pollen grains, and on some a profusion. As the wind had set for several days from the female tree to the male tree, the pollen could not thus have been carried. The weather had been cold and boisterous, and therefore not favorable to bees; nevertheless, every female flower which I examined had been effectually fertilized by the bees, which had flown from tree to tree in search of nectar. But to return to our imaginary case: as soon as the plant had been rendered so highly attractive to insects that pollen was regularly carried from flower to flower, another process might commence. No naturalist doubts the advantage of what has been called the "physiological division of labor"; hence, we may believe that it would be advantageous to a plant to produce stamens alone in one flower or on one whole plant, and pistils alone in another flower or on another plant. In plants under culture and placed under new conditions of life, sometimes the male organs become more or less impotent: now if we suppose this to occur in ever so slight a degree under nature, then, as pollen is already carried regularly from flower to flower, and as a more complete separation of the sexes of our plant would be advantageous on the principle of the division of labor, individuals with this tendency more and more increased would be continually favored or selected, until at last a complete separation of the sexes might be effected. It would take up too much space to show the various steps, through dimorphism and other means, by which the

separation of the sexes in plants of various kinds is apparently now in progress; but I may add that some of the species of holly in North America are, according to Asa Gray, in an exactly intermediate condition; or, as he expresses it, are more or less dioeciously polygamous.

Let us now turn to the nectar-feeding insects. We may suppose the plant, of which we have been slowly increasing the nectar by continued selection, to be a common plant; and that certain insects depended in main part on its nectar for food. I could give many facts showing how anxious bees are to save time; for instance, their habit of cutting holes and sucking the nectar at the bases of certain flowers, which, with a very little more trouble, they can enter by the mouth. Bearing such facts in mind, it may be believed that under certain circumstances individual differences in the curvature or length of the proboscis, etc., too slight to be appreciated by us, might profit a bee or other insect, so that certain individuals would be able to obtain their food more quickly than others; and thus the communities to which they belonged would flourish and throw off many swarms inheriting the same peculiarities. The tubes of the corolla of the common red and incarnate clovers (*Trifolium pratense* and *incarnatum*) do not on a hasty glance appear to differ in length; yet the hive-bee can easily suck the nectar out of the incarnate clover, but not out of the common red clover, which is visited by humble-bees alone; so that whole fields of red clover offer in vain an abundant supply of precious nectar to the hive-bee. That this nectar is much liked by the hive-bee is certain; for I have repeatedly seen, but only in the autumn, many hive-bees sucking the flowers through holes bitten in the base of the tube by humble-bees. The difference in the length of the corolla in the two kinds of clover, which determines the visits of the hive-bee, must be very trifling; for I have been assured that when red clover has been mown, the flowers of the second crop are somewhat smaller, and that these are visited by many hive-bees. I do not know whether this statement is accurate; nor whether another published statement can be trusted, namely, that the Ligurian bee which is generally considered a mere variety of the common hive-bee, and which freely crosses with it, is able to reach and suck the nectar of the red clover. Thus, in a country where this kind of clover abounded, it might be a great advantage to the hive-bee to have a slightly longer or differently con-

structed proboscis. On the other hand, as the fertility of this clover absolutely depends on bees visiting the flowers, if humble-bees were to become rare in any country, it might be a great advantage to the plant to have a shorter or more deeply divided corolla, so that the hive-bees should be enabled to suck its flowers. Thus I can understand how a flower and a bee might slowly become, either simultaneously or one after the other, modified and adapted to each other in the most perfect manner, by the continued preservation of all the individuals which presented slight deviations of structure mutually favorable to each other.

I am well aware that this doctrine of natural selection, exemplified in the above imaginary instances, is open to the same objections which were first urged against Sir Charles Lyell's noble views on "the modern changes of the earth, as illustrative of geology"; but we now seldom hear the agencies which we see still at work spoken of as trifling or insignificant, when used in explaining the excavation of the deepest valleys or the formation of long lines of inland cliffs. Natural selection acts only by the preservation and accumulation of small inherited modifications, each profitable to the preserved being; and as modern geology has almost banished such views as the excavation of a great valley by a single diluvial wave, so will natural selection banish the belief of the continued creation of new organic beings, or of any great and sudden modification in their structure.

From "The Origin of Species."

DARWIN'S CONCLUSION ON HIS THEORY AND RELIGION

I see no good reason why the views given in this volume should shock the religious feelings of any one. It is satisfactory, as showing how transient such impressions are, to remember that the greatest discovery ever made by man, namely, the law of the attraction of gravity, was also attacked by Leibnitz, "as subversive of natural, and inferentially of revealed, religion." A celebrated author and divine has written to me that "he has gradually learned to see that it is just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe that he created a few original forms, capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that he required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of his laws."

Why, it may be asked, until recently did nearly all the most eminent living naturalists and geologists disbelieve in the mutability of species? It cannot be asserted that organic beings in a state of nature are subject to no variation; it cannot be proved that the amount of variation in the course of long ages is a limited quantity; no clear distinction has been, or can be, drawn between species and well-marked varieties. It cannot be maintained that species when intercrossed are invariably sterile, and varieties invariably fertile; or that sterility is a special endowment and sign of creation. The belief that species were immutable productions was almost unavoidable as long as the history of the world was thought to be of short duration; and now that we have acquired some idea of the lapse of time, we are too apt to assume, without proof, that the geological record is so perfect that it would have afforded us plain evidence of the mutation of species, if they had undergone mutation. . . .

Authors of the highest eminence seem to be fully satisfied with the view that each species has been independently created. To my mind it accords better with what we know of the laws impressed on matter by the Creator, that the production and extinction of the past and present inhabitants of the world should have been due to secondary causes, like those determining the birth and death of the individual. When I view all beings not as special creations, but as the lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the Cambrian system was deposited, they seem to me to become ennobled. Judging from the past, we may safely infer that not one living species will transmit its unaltered likeness to a distant futurity. And of the species now living very few will transmit progeny of any kind to a far distant futurity; for the manner in which all organic beings are grouped shows that the greater number of species in each genus, and all the species in many genera, have left no descendants, but have become utterly extinct. We can so far take a prophetic glance into futurity as to foretell that it will be the common and widely spread species, belonging to the larger and dominant groups within each class, which will ultimately prevail and procreate new and dominant species. As all the living forms of life are the lineal descendants of those which lived long before the Cambrian epoch, we may feel certain that the ordinary succession by generation has never once been broken, and that no cataclysm has desolated the whole world. Hence we may look

with some confidence to a secure future of great length. And as natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress towards perfection.

It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being growth with reproduction; inheritance, which is almost implied by reproduction; variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse; a ratio of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life, and as a consequence to natural selection, entailing divergence of character and the extinction of less-improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved.

From «The Origin of Species.» Conclusion.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY

(1778–1829)

IN HIS "Consolations in Travels," written during the last years of his life and published after his death, Sir Humphry Davy shows the imaginative power and command of language which excited the admiration of Coleridge for his scientific lectures. "I attend Davy's lectures," said the author of "The Ancient Mariner," "to increase my stock of metaphors." Davy was himself a fluent versifier from his boyhood, but while still in his teens he concluded to be a great scientist instead of a poet, and alarmed the neighbors accordingly by the frequent explosions which ensued as a result of his chemical experiments secretly carried on in the garret. Born at Penzance, in Cornwall, December 17th, 1778, he lost his father in 1794, and his extensive and deep learning was acquired largely by self-education. It is scarcely an exaggeration to call him the founder of nineteenth-century chemistry, for besides his own work resulting in a long list of far-reaching discoveries, he taught Faraday who was a pupil in his laboratory. The safety lamp, which he invented out of compassion for the coal miners of Newcastle, has saved generations of workers from death in its worst form, but as he prepared the way for reducing metals from their oxides by exciting them to molecular vibration, it may fairly be expected that his greatest usefulness is still in the future. He died May 29th, 1829, at Geneva, where he had stopped during the travels by which, after collapsing under his studies, he had hoped to recover his health.

A VISION OF PROGRESS

(The Genius of Humanity Speaks)

"IN THE population of the world, the great object is evidently to produce organized frames most capable of the happy and intellectual enjoyment of life — to raise man above the mere animal state. To perpetuate the advantages of civilization, the races most capable of these advantages are preserved and extended, and no considerable improvement made by an individual

is ever lost to society. You see living forms perpetuated in the series of ages, and apparently the quantity of life increased. In comparing the population of the globe as it now is with what it was centuries ago, you would find it considerably greater; and if the quantity of life is increased, the quantity of happiness, particularly that resulting from the exercise of intellectual power, is increased in a still higher ratio. Now, you will say, 'Is mind generated, is spiritual power created; or are those results dependent upon the organization of matter, upon new perfections given to the machinery upon which thought and motion depend?' I proclaim to you," said the Genius, raising his voice from its low and sweet tone to one of ineffable majesty, "neither of these opinions is true. Listen, whilst I reveal to you the mysteries of spiritual natures, but I almost fear that with the mortal veil of your senses surrounding you, these mysteries can never be made perfectly intelligible to your mind. Spiritual natures are eternal and indivisible, but their modes of being are as infinitely varied as the forms of matter. They have no relation to space, and, in their transitions, no dependence upon time, so that they can pass from one part of the universe to another by laws entirely independent of their motion. The quantity or the number of spiritual essences, like the quantity or number of the atoms of the material world, are always the same; but their arrangements, like those of the materials which they are destined to guide or govern, are infinitely diversified; they are, in fact, parts more or less inferior of the infinite mind, and in the planetary systems, to one of which this globe you inhabit belongs, are in a state of probation, continually aiming at, and generally rising to a higher state of existence. Were it permitted me to extend your vision to the fates of individual existences, I could show you the same spirit, which in the form of Socrates developed the foundations of moral and social virtue, in the Czar Peter possessed of supreme power and enjoying exalted felicity in improving a rude people. I could show you the monad or spirit, which with the organs of Newton displayed an intelligence almost above humanity, now in a higher and better state of planetary existence drinking intellectual light from a purer source and approaching nearer to the infinite and divine Mind. But prepare your mind, and you shall at least catch a glimpse of those states which the highest intellectual beings that have belonged to the earth enjoy after death in their transition to new

and more exalted natures." The voice ceased, and I appeared in a dark, deep, and cold cave, of which the walls of the Colosæum formed the boundary. From above a bright and rosy light broke into this cave, so that whilst below all was dark, above all was bright and illuminated with glory. I seemed possessed at this moment of a new sense, and felt that the light brought with it a genial warmth; odors like those of the most balmy flowers appeared to fill the air, and the sweetest sounds of music absorbed my sense of hearing; my limbs had a new lightness given to them, so that I seemed to rise from the earth, and gradually mounted into the bright luminous air, leaving behind me the dark and cold cavern, and the ruins with which it was strewed. Language is inadequate to describe what I felt in rising continually upwards through this bright and luminous atmosphere. I had not, as is generally the case with persons in dreams of this kind, imagined to myself wings; but I rose gradually and securely as if I were myself a part of the ascending column of light. By degrees this luminous atmosphere, which was diffused over the whole of space, became more circumscribed, and extended only to a limited spot around me. I saw through it the bright blue sky, the moon and stars, and I passed by them as if it were in my power to touch them with my hand. I beheld Jupiter and Saturn as they appear through our best telescopes, but still more magnified, all the moons and belts of Jupiter being perfectly distinct, and the double ring of Saturn appearing in that state in which I have heard Herschel often express a wish he could see it. It seemed as if I was on the verge of the solar system, and my moving sphere of light now appeared to pause. I again heard the low and sweet voice of the Genius, which said, "You are now on the verge of your own system: will you go further, or return to the earth?" I replied, "I have left an abode which is damp, dreary, dark, and cold; I am now in a place where all is life, light, and enjoyment; show me, at least before I return, the glimpse which you promised me of those superior intellectual natures and the modes of their being and their enjoyments." "There are creatures far superior," said the Genius, "to any idea your imagination can form in that part of the system now before you, comprehending Saturn, his moons and rings. I will carry you to the verge of the immense atmosphere of this planet. In that space you will see sufficient to wonder at, and far more than with your present organization

it would be possible for me to make you understand." I was again in motion, and again almost as suddenly at rest. I saw below me a surface infinitely diversified, something like that of an immense glacier covered with large columnar masses, which appeared as if formed of glass, and from which were suspended rounded forms of various sizes, which, if they had not been transparent, I might have supposed to be fruit. From what appeared to me to be analogous to masses of bright blue ice, streams of the richest tint of rose color or purple burst forth and flowed into basins, forming lakes or seas of the same color. Looking through the atmosphere towards the heavens, I saw brilliant opaque clouds of an azure color that reflected the light of the sun, which had to my eyes an entirely new aspect, and appeared smaller, as if seen through a dense blue mist. I saw moving on the surface below me immense masses, the forms of which I find it impossible to describe; they had systems for locomotion similar to those of the morse or sea horse, but I saw with great surprise that they moved from place to place by six extremely thin membranes which they used as wings. Their colors were varied and beautiful, but principally azure and rose color. I saw numerous convolutions of tubes, more analogous to the trunk of the elephant than to anything else I can imagine, occupying what I supposed to be the upper parts of the body, and my feeling of astonishment almost became one of disgust, from the peculiar character of the organs of these singular beings; and it was with a species of terror that I saw one of them mounting upwards, apparently flying towards those opaque clouds which I have before mentioned. "I know what your feelings are," said the Genius; "you want analogies and all the elements of knowledge to comprehend the scene before you. You are in the same state in which a fly would be whose microscopic eye was changed for one similar to that of man; and you are wholly unable to associate what you now see with your former knowledge. But those beings who are before you, and who appear to you almost as imperfect in their functions as the zoöphytes of the Polar Sea, to which they are not unlike in their apparent organization to your eyes, have a sphere of sensibility and intellectual enjoyment far superior to that of the inhabitants of your earth. Each of those tubes which appears like the trunk of an elephant is an organ of peculiar motion or sensation. They have many modes of perception of which you are wholly ignorant, at the same

time that their sphere of vision is infinitely more extended than yours, and their organs of touch far more perfect and exquisite. It would be useless for me to attempt to explain their organization, which you could never understand; but of their intellectual objects of pursuit I may perhaps give you some notion. They have used, modified, and applied the material world in a manner analogous to man; but with far superior powers they have gained superior results. Their atmosphere being much denser than yours and the specific gravity of their planet less, they have been enabled to determine the laws belonging to the solar system with far more accuracy than you can possibly conceive, and any one of those beings could show you what is now the situation and appearance of your moon with a precision that would induce you to believe that he saw it, though his knowledge is merely the result of calculation. Their sources of pleasure are of the highest intellectual nature; with the magnificent spectacle of their own rings and moons revolving round them, with the various combinations required to understand and predict the relations of these wonderful phenomena their minds are in unceasing activity and this activity is a perpetual source of enjoyment. Your view of the solar system is bounded by Uranus, and the laws of this planet form the ultimatum of your mathematical results; but these beings catch a sight of planets belonging to another system and even reason on the phenomena presented by another sun. Those comets, of which your astronomical history is so imperfect, are to them perfectly familiar, and in their ephemerides their places are shown with as much accurateness as those of Jupiter or Venus in your almanacs; the parallax of the fixed stars nearest them is as well understood as that of their own sun, and they possess a magnificent history of the changes taking place in the heavens and which are governed by laws that it would be vain for me to attempt to give you an idea of. They are acquainted with the revolutions and uses of comets; they understand the system of those meteoric formations of stones which have so much astonished you on earth; and they have histories in which the gradual changes of nebulæ in their progress towards systems have been registered, so that they can predict their future changes. And their astronomical records are not like yours which go back only twenty centuries to the time of Hipparchus; they embrace a period a hundred times as long, and their civil history for the same time is as

correct as their astronomical one. As I cannot describe to you the organs of these wonderful beings, so neither can I show to you their modes of life; but as their highest pleasures depend upon intellectual pursuits, so you may conclude that those modes of life bear the strictest analogy to that which on the earth you would call exalted virtue. I will tell you, however, that they have no wars, and that the objects of their ambition are entirely those of intellectual greatness, and that the only passion that they feel in which comparisons with each other can be instituted are those dependent upon a love of glory of the purest kind. If I were to show you the different parts of the surface of this planet, you would see marvelous results of the powers possessed by these highly intellectual beings and of the wonderful manner in which they have applied and modified matter. Those columnar masses, which seem to you as if arising out of a mass of ice below, are results of art, and processes are going on in them connected with the formation and perfection of their food. The brilliant-colored fluids are the results of such operations as on the earth would be performed in your laboratories, or more properly in your refined culinary apparatus, for they are connected with their system of nourishment. Those opaque azure clouds, to which you saw a few minutes ago one of those beings directing his course, are works of art and places in which they move through different regions of their atmosphere and command the temperature and the quantity of light most fitted for their philosophical researches, or most convenient for the purposes of life. On the verge of the visible horizon which we perceive around us, you may see in the east a very dark spot or shadow, in which the light of the sun seems entirely absorbed; this is the border of an immense mass of liquid analogous to your ocean, but unlike your sea it is inhabited by a race of intellectual beings inferior indeed to those belonging to the atmosphere of Saturn, but yet possessed of an extensive range of sensations and endowed with extraordinary power and intelligence. I could transport you to the different planets and show you in each peculiar intellectual beings bearing analogies to each other, but yet all different in power and essence. In Jupiter you would see creatures similar to those in Saturn, but with different powers of locomotion; in Mars and Venus you would find races of created forms more analogous to those belonging to the earth; but in every part of the planetary system you would find

one character peculiar to all intelligent natures, a sense of receiving impressions from light by various organs of vision, and towards this result you cannot but perceive that all the arrangements and motions of the planetary bodies, their satellites and atmospheres are subservient. The spiritual natures therefore that pass from system to system in progression towards power and knowledge preserve at least this one invariable character, and their intellectual life may be said to depend more or less upon the influence of light. As far as my knowledge extends, even in other parts of the universe the more perfect organized systems still possess this source of sensation and enjoyment; but with higher natures, finer and more ethereal kinds of matter are employed in organization, substances that bear the same analogy to common matter that the refined or most subtle gases do to common solids and fluids. The universe is everywhere full of life, but the modes of this life are infinitely diversified, and yet every form of it must be enjoyed and known by every spiritual nature before the consummation of all things. You have seen the comet moving with its immense train of light through the sky; this likewise has a system supplied with living beings, and their existence derives its enjoyment from the diversity of circumstances to which they are exposed; passing as it were through the infinity of space they are continually gratified by the sight of new systems and worlds, and you can imagine the unbounded nature of the circle of their knowledge. My power extends so far as to afford you a glimpse of the nature of a cometary world." I was again in rapid motion, again passing with the utmost velocity through the bright blue sky, and I saw Jupiter and his satellites and Saturn and his ring behind me, and before me the sun, no longer appearing as through a blue mist, but in bright and unsupportable splendor, towards which I seemed moving with the utmost velocity; in a limited sphere of vision, in a kind of red, hazy light similar to that which first broke in upon me in the Colosæum, I saw moving round me globes which appeared composed of different kinds of flame and of different colors. In some of these globes I recognized figures which put me in mind of the human countenance, but the resemblance was so awful and unnatural that I endeavored to withdraw my view from them. "You are now," said the Genius, "in a cometary system; those globes of light surrounding you are material forms, such as in one of your systems of religious faith

have been attributed to seraphs; they live in that element which to you would be destruction; they communicate by powers which would convert your organized frame into ashes; they are now in the height of their enjoyment, being about to enter into the blaze of the solar atmosphere. These beings so grand, so glorious, with functions to you incomprehensible, once belonged to the earth; their spiritual natures have risen through different stages of planetary life, leaving their dust behind them, carrying with them only their intellectual power. You ask me if they have any knowledge or reminiscence of their transitions; tell me of your own recollections in the womb of your mother and I will answer you. It is the law of divine wisdom that no spirit carries with it into another state and being any habit or mental qualities except those which may be connected with its new wants or enjoyments; and knowledge relating to the earth would be no more useful to these glorified beings than their earthly system of organized dust, which would be instantly resolved into its ultimate atoms at such a temperature; even on the earth the butterfly does not transport with it into the air the organs or the appetites of the crawling worm from which it sprung. There is, however, one sentiment or passion which the monad or spiritual essence carries with it into all its stages of being, and which in these happy and elevated creatures is continually exalted; the love of knowledge or of intellectual power, which is, in fact, in its ultimate and most perfect development, the love of infinite wisdom and unbounded power, or the love of God. Even in the imperfect life that belongs to the earth this passion exists in a considerable degree, increases even with age, outlives the perfection of the corporeal faculties, and at the moment of death is felt by the conscious being, and its future destinies depend upon the manner in which it has been exercised and exalted. When it has been misapplied and assumed the forms of vague curiosity, restless ambition, vainglory, pride, or oppression, the being is degraded, it sinks in the scale of existence and still belongs to the earth or an inferior system, till its errors are corrected by painful discipline. When, on the contrary, the love of intellectual power has been exercised on its noblest objects, in discovering and in contemplating the properties of created forms and in applying them to useful and benevolent purposes, in developing and admiring the laws of the eternal Intelligence, the destinies of the sentient principle are of a nobler kind, it rises to a higher

planetary world. From the height to which you have been lifted I could carry you downwards and show you intellectual natures even inferior to those belonging to the earth, in your own moon and in the lower planets, and I could demonstrate to you the effects of pain or moral evil in assisting in the great plan of the exaltation of spiritual natures; but I will not destroy the brightness of your present idea of the scheme of the universe by degrading pictures of the effects of bad passions and of the manner in which evil is corrected and destroyed. Your vision must end with the glorious view of the inhabitants of the cometary worlds; I cannot show you the beings of the system to which I, myself, belong, that of the sun; your organs would perish before our brightness, and I am only permitted to be present to you as a sound or intellectual voice. We are likewise in progression, but we see and know something of the plans of infinite wisdom; we feel the personal presence of that supreme Deity which you only imagine; to you belongs faith, to us knowledge; and our greatest delight results from the conviction that we are lights kindled by his light and that we belong to his substance. To obey, to love, to wonder and adore, form our relations to the infinite Intelligence. We feel his laws are those of eternal justice and that they govern all things from the most glorious intellectual natures belonging to the sun and fixed stars to the meanest spark of life animating an atom crawling in the dust of your earth. We know all things begin from and end in his everlasting essence, the cause of causes, the power of powers.»

From «Consolations in Travel.»

THOMAS DECKER

(*c.* 1570–1637)

DECKER'S prose, which is well illustrated by "The Seven Deadly Sins of London" published in 1606, belongs to the curiosities of English literature. He represents the Seven Deadly Sins as entering London in procession and devotes an essay to each of them. Decker (spelled also "Dekker") was born in London in or about the year 1570. He belongs to the Shakespearean cycle of dramatists and has the remarkable imaginative faculty which, as it appears in the principal Elizabethan writers, differentiates that period from all that went before or that has come after it in English literature.

APISHNESS

SLOTH was not so slow in his march when he entered the city, but Apishness (that was to take his turn next) was as quick. Do you not know him? It cannot be read in any Chronicle that he was ever with Henry VIII. at Boulogne, or at the winning of Turwin and Turnay: for (not to belie the sweet Gentleman) he was neither in the shell then, no nor then when Paules-steeple and the Weathercock were on fire; by which marks (without looking in his mouth) you may safely swear that he is but young, for he is a fierce, dapper fellow, more light headed than a musician; as phantastically attired as a court jester; wanton in discourse; lascivious in behavior; jocund in good company; nice in his trencher, and yet he feeds very hungrily on scraps of songs: he drinks in a Glass well, but vilely in a deep French-bowl: yet much about the year when Monsieur came in, was he begotten, between a French tailor and an English court seamster. This Signor Joculento (as the devil would have it) comes praneing in at Cripplegate, and he may well do it, for indeed all the parts he plays are but con'd speeches stolen from others, whose voices and actions he counterfeits, but so lamely, that all the Cripples in ten Spittle-houses show not more halting. The graver

brows were bent against him, and by the awful charms of reverend authority would have sent him down from whence he came, for they knew how smooth soever his looks were, there was a devil in his bosom. But he having the stronger faction on his side, set them in a Mutiny, *Sævitque animis ignobile vulgus*, the many-headed Monster fought as it had been against St. George, won the gate, and then with shouts was the Gaveston of the time brought in. But who brought him in? None but rich men's sons that were left well, and had more money given by will than they had wit how to bestow it; none but Prentices almost out of their years, and all the Tailors, Haberdashers, and Embroiderers that could be got for love or money, for these were pressed secretly to the service, by the young and wanton dames of the city, because they would not be seen to show their love to him themselves.

Man is God's Ape, and an Ape is zany to a man, doing over those tricks (especially if they be knavish) which he sees done before him: so that Apishness is nothing but counterfeiting or imitation; and this flower when it first came into the city had a pretty scent, and a delightful color, hath been let to run so high that it is now seeded, and where it falls there rises up a stinking weed.

For as man is God's ape, striving to make artificial flowers, birds, etc., like to the natural; so for the same reason are women Men's she apes, for they will not be behind them the breadth of a tailor's yard (which is nothing to speak of) in any new-fangled upstart fashion. If men get up French standing collars, women will have the French standing collar too; if doublets with little thick skirts, so short that none are able to sit upon them, women's foreparts are thick skirted too; by surfeiting upon which kind of fantastical Apishness in short time they fall into the disease of pride: Pride is infectious, and breeds prodigality; Prodigality, after it has run a little, closes up and festers, and then turns to Beggary. Witty was that painter, therefore, that when he had limned one of every Nation in their proper attires, and being at his wits' ends how to draw an Englishman, at the last (to give him a quip for his folly in apparel), drew him stark naked, with shears in his hand and cloth on his arm, because none could cut out his fashions but himself.

For an Englishman's suit is like a traitor's body that hath been hanged, drawn, and quartered, and is set up in several places:

the collar of his doublet is in France; the wing and narrow sleeve in Italy; the short waist hangs over a Dutch butcher's stall in Utrich; his huge floppes speak Spanish; Polonia gives him the boots: the block for his head alters faster than the feltmaker can fit him, and thereupon we are called in scorn Blockheads. And thus we that mock every Nation for keeping one fashion, yet steal patches from every one of them to piece out our pride, are now Laughingstocks to them, because their cut so scurvily becomes us.

This sin of Apishness, whether it be in apparel, or in diet, is not of such long life as his fellows, and for seeing none but women and fools keep him company, the one will be ashamed of him when they begin to have wrinkles, the other when they feel their purses light. The magistrate, the wealthy commoner, and the ancient citizen disdain to come near him; we were best, therefore, take note of such things as are about him, lest on a sudden he slip out of sight.

Apishness rides in a chariot made of nothing but cages, in which are all the strangest outlandish Birds that can be gotten: the cages are stuck full of parrots' feathers; the Coachman is an Italian mountebank who drives a fawn and a lamb; for they draw the gew-gaw in Winter, when such beasts are rarest to be had; in summer, it goes alone by the motion of wheels; two pages in light-colored suits, embroidered full of butterflies, with wings that flutter up with the wind, run by him, the one being a dancing boy, the other a tumbler. His attendants are Folly, Laughter, Inconstancy, Riot, Niceness, and Vainglory: when his Court removes, he is followed by Tobacconists, Shuttlecock-makers, Feathermakers, Cobweb-lawn-weavers, Perfumers, young Country Gentlemen, and Fools. In whose Ship whilst they all are sailing, let us observe what other abuses the Verdimotes Inquest do present on the land, albeit they be never reformed, till a second Chaos is to be refined. In the meantime, *In nova fert Animus.*

Complete. From "The Seven Deadly Sins of London."

DEFOE IN THE PILLORY.

After the Painting by Eyre Crow.

THE LONDON GAZETTE of July 31st, 1703, says: "Daniel Foe, *alias* De Foe, this day stood in pillory at Temple Bar in pursuance of his sentence given against him at the last session of the Old Bailey for writing and publishing a seditious libel entitled, "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters." Instead of pelting Defoe with filth as they were expected to do, the crowd around the pillory drank his health and offered him flowers.

DANIEL DEFOE

(1661–1731)

DEFOE'S essay "Upon Projects" is a series of short essays on topics whose sole connection with each other is that they have some bearing direct or incidental on something or other which Defoe thought should be done. He treats of "Banks" "Court Merchants," "Life Insurance," or "The Education of Women," with equal facility,—a facility which suggests the habits of the modern journalist. Defoe is entitled, indeed, to rank as the first of the great journalists of England. His paper, the London Review, published from 1704 to 1713, began as a weekly, but was issued finally as a triweekly. While it was scarcely a newspaper in the modern sense, Defoe certainly had the "journalistic instinct." "State facts" has been given as the single rule necessary for the complete education of a journalist, and Defoe, if he did not govern himself by it in his political writings, certainly accomplished the paradox of making it the rule of his fiction. In all his novels, but especially in "Robinson Crusoe," he seems to be concerned with nothing except making a simple statement of unimpugnable facts which have come within his personal knowledge. As a story-teller, he has hardly been surpassed, but as is usual with the Immortals, his popularity with posterity became possible only after he had suffered almost, if not quite, all his own generation could conveniently inflict on him. He was well acquainted with the interior of debtors' prisons, and his vigor as a political pamphleteer won him the honor of the pillory, where the London mob, instead of covering him with filth, as was their habit, protected him from insult and offered him flowers. Defoe was a martyr, however, because his intellectual activity made him so by accident,—not because he had or professed to have a higher moral standard than that of his generation. He failed as a merchant for £17,000, and, after release by his creditors on a compromise, paid them in full; but as a journalist opposing a Tory administration, it is said that he did not find it incompatible with his principles to take a subsidy to be earned by "omitting objectionable matter" and "toning down" the vigor of his opposition. It is asserted, however, that he was, "according to his lights, a perfectly honest man . . . of unaffected religiosity." He may be defined as a man of genius, with a defective

moral sense and an intellect of incessant activity. His minor novels reflect faithfully the manners and morals of people with whom it is not well to be familiarly acquainted,—in or out of books,—and his own perfect familiarity with them goes far towards accounting for the fact that his "religiosity" failed to have a more decisive influence on his life. This much must be said to qualify the praise due him as the author of "Robinson Crusoe" and the essay "Upon Projects,"—works made permanently influential by the benevolence and philanthropy which, in spite of his lack of governing principle, operated as Defoe's governing motives. He was born in London in 1661. His father James Foe, was a butcher, wealthy enough to send him to "a famous Dissenting academy" at Stoke Newington, where he seems to have escaped almost wholly the shackling influence of the orthodox English scholastic tradition. He was twice married, and six of his seven children were living at his death, April 26th, 1731. In 1877 three of his descendants were pensioned because of his merits,—merits which were officially recognized during his lifetime only in ways which made his sentence to the pillory the most honorable incident of his relations with the government. W. V. B.

ON PROJECTS AND PROJECTORS

MAN is the worst of all God's creatures to shift for himself; no other animal is ever starved to death; nature without has provided them both food and clothes, and nature within has placed an instinct that never fails to direct them to proper means for a supply; but man must either work or starve, slave or die. He has indeed reason given him to direct him, and few who follow the dictates of that reason come to such unhappy exigences; but when by the errors of a man's youth he has reduced himself to such a degree of distress as to be absolutely without three things,—money, friends, and health,—he dies in a ditch, or, in a worse place, a hospital.

Ten thousand ways there are to bring a man to this, and but very few to bring him out again.

Death is the universal deliverer, and therefore some who want courage to bear what they see before them, hang themselves for fear; for certainly self-destruction is the effect of cowardice in the highest extreme.

Others break the bounds of laws to satisfy that general law of nature, and turn open thieves, housebreakers, highwaymen,

clippers, coiners, etc., till they run the length of the gallows and get a deliverance the nearest way at St. Tyburn.

Others, being masters of more cunning than their neighbors, turn their thoughts to private methods of trick and cheat, a modern way of thieving, every jot as criminal, and in some degree worse than the other, by which honest men are gulled with fair pretenses to part from their money, and then left to take their course with the author, who skulks behind the curtain of a protection, or in the Mint or Friars, and bids defiance as well to honesty as the law.

Others, yet urged by the same necessity, turn their thoughts to honest invention, founded upon the platform of ingenuity and integrity.

These two last sorts are those we call projectors; and as there were always more geese than swans, the number of the latter is very inconsiderable in comparison of the former; and as the greater number denominates the less, the just contempt we have of the former sort bespatters the other, who, like cuckolds, bear the reproach of other people's crimes.

A mere projector, then, is a contemptible thing, driven by his own desperate fortune to such a strait that he must be delivered by a miracle, or starve; and when he has beat his brains for some such miracle in vain, he finds no remedy but to paint up some bauble or other, as players make puppets talk big, to show like a strange thing, and then cry it up for a new invention, gets a patent for it, divides it into shares, and they must be sold. Ways and means are not wanting to swell the new whim to a vast magnitude; thousands and hundreds of thousands are the least of his discourse, and sometimes millions, till the ambition of some honest coxcomb is wheedled to part with his money for it, and then (*nascitur ridiculus mus*) the adventurer is left to carry on the project, and the projector laughs at him. The diver shall walk at the bottom of the Thames, the salpeter maker shall build Tom T——d's pond into houses, the engineers build models and windmills to draw water, till funds are raised to carry it on by men who have more money than brains, and then good-night patent and invention; the projector has done his business and is gone.

But the honest projector is he who, having by fair and plain principles of sense, honesty, and ingenuity brought any contriv-

ance to a suitable perfection, makes out what he pretends to, picks nobody's pocket, puts his project in execution, and contents himself with the real produce as the profit of his invention.

Complete from essays «Upon Projects.»

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN

I HAVE often thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the world, considering us as a civilized and a Christian country, that we deny the advantages of learning to women. We reproach the sex every day with folly and impertinence, while I am confident, had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves.

One would wonder indeed how it should happen that women are conversable at all, since they are only beholding to natural parts for all their knowledge. Their youth is spent to teach them to stitch and sew, or make baubles. They are taught to read indeed, and perhaps to write their names, or so, and that is the height of a woman's education. And I would but ask any who slight the sex for their understanding, What is a man (a gentleman, I mean) good for that is taught no more?

I need not give instances, or examine the character of a gentleman with a good estate, and of a good family, and with tolerable parts, and examine what figure he makes for want of education.

The soul is placed in the body like a rough diamond, and must be polished, or the lustre of it will never appear. And it is manifest that as the rational soul distinguishes us from brutes, so education carries on the distinction, and makes some less brutish than others. This is too evident to need any demonstration. But why, then, should women be denied the benefit of instruction? If knowledge and understanding had been useless additions to the sex, God Almighty would never have given them capacities, for he made nothing needless: besides, I would ask such what they can see in ignorance that they should think it a necessary ornament to a woman. Or, How much worse is a wise woman than a fool? or, What has the woman done to forfeit the privilege of being taught? Does she plague us with her pride and impertinence? Why did we not let her learn, that she

might have had more wit? Shall we upbraid women with folly, when it is only the error of this inhuman custom that hindered them being made wiser?

The capacities of women are supposed to be greater and their senses quicker than those of the men; and what they might be capable of being bred to is plain from some instances of female wit which this age is not without, which upbraids us with injustice, and looks as if we denied women the advantages of education for fear they should vie with the men in their improvements.

To remove this objection, and that women might have at least a needful opportunity of education in all sorts of useful learning, I propose the draft of an academy for that purpose.

I know it is dangerous to make public appearances of the sex; they are not either to be confined or exposed: the first will disagree with their inclinations, and the last with their reputations; and therefore it is somewhat difficult; and I doubt a method proposed by an ingenious lady, in a little book called "Advice to the Ladies," would be found impracticable. For, saving my respect to the sex, the levity which perhaps is a little peculiar to them (at least in their youth) will not bear the restraint; and I am satisfied nothing but the height of bigotry can keep up a nunnery. Women are extravagantly desirous of going to heaven, and will punish their pretty bodies to get thither; but nothing else will do it, and even in that case sometimes it falls out that nature will prevail.

When I talk therefore of an academy for women I mean both the model, the teaching, and the government different from what is proposed by that ingenious lady, for whose proposal I have a very great esteem, and also a great opinion of her wit; different, too, from all sorts of religious confinement, and, above all, from vows of celibacy.

Wherefore the academy I propose should differ but little from public schools, wherein such ladies as were willing to study should have all the advantages of learning suitable to their genius. . . .

To such whose genius would lead them to it I would deny no sort of learning: but the chief thing in general is to cultivate the understandings of the sex, that they may be capable of all sorts of conversation; that, their parts and judgments being improved, they may be as profitable in their conversation as they are pleasant.

Women, in my observation, have little or no difference in them but as they are, or are not, distinguished by education. Tempers indeed may in some degree influence them, but the main distinguishing part is their breeding.

The whole sex are generally quick and sharp; I believe I may be allowed to say generally so; for you rarely see them lumpish and heavy when they are children, as boys will often be. If a woman be well bred, and taught the proper management of her natural wit, she proves generally very sensible and retentive; and without partiality, a woman of sense and manners is the finest and most delicate part of God's creation, the glory of her Maker, and the great instance of his singular regard to man (his darling creature), to whom he gave the best gift either God could bestow or man receive; and it is the most sordid piece of folly and ingratitude in the world to withhold from the sex the due lustre which the advantages of education give to the natural beauty of their minds.

A woman well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behavior, is a creature without comparison; her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments; her person is angelic, and her conversation heavenly; she is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit, and delight; she is every way suitable to the sublimest wish, and the man that has such a one to his portion has nothing to do but to rejoice in her, and be thankful.

On the other hand, suppose her to be the very same woman, and rob her of the benefit of education, and it follows thus:—

If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy.

Her wit, for want of teaching, makes her impertinent and talkative.

Her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical.

If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse, and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud.

If she be passionate, want of manners makes her termagant and a scold, which is much at one with lunatic.

If she be proud, want of discretion (which still is breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous.

And from these she degenerates to be turbulent, clamorous, noisy, nasty, and "the devil."

Methinks mankind for their own sakes (since say what we will of the women, we all think fit one time or other to be concerned with them) should take some care to breed them up to be suitable and serviceable, if they expected no such thing as delight from them. Bless us! what care do we take to breed up a good horse, and to break him well! And what a value do we put upon him when it is done! — and all because he should be fit for our use. And why not a woman? — since all her ornaments and beauty, without suitable behavior, is a cheat in nature, like the false tradesman who puts the best of his goods uppermost, that the buyer may think the rest are of the same goodness.

Beauty of the body, which is the women's glory, seems to be now unequally bestowed, and nature (or rather Providence), to lie under some scandal about it, as if it was given a woman for a snare to men, and so make a kind of a she-devil of her; because, they say, exquisite beauty is rarely given with wit, more rarely with goodness of temper, and never at all with modesty. And some, pretending to justify the equity of such a distribution, will tell us it is the effect of the justice of Providence in dividing particular excellences among all his creatures, "Share and share alike, as it were," that all might for something or other be acceptable to one another, else some would be despised. . . .

But to come closer to the business; the great distinguishing difference which is seen in the world between men and women is in their education; and this is manifested by comparing it with the difference between one man or woman and another.

And herein it is that I take upon me to make such a bold assertion, that all the world are mistaken in their practice about women: for I cannot think that God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms, so agreeable and so delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same accomplishments with men, and all to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves.

Not that I am for exalting the female government in the least: but, in short, I would have men take women for companions, and educate them to be fit for it. A woman of sense and breeding will scorn as much to encroach upon the prerogative of the man as a man of sense will scorn to oppress the weakness of the woman. But if the women's souls were refined and improved by teaching, that word would be lost; to say, "the weakness of the sex," as to judgment, would be nonsense: for

ignorance and folly would be no more to be found among women than men. I remember a passage which I heard from a very fine woman; she had wit and capacity enough, an extraordinary shape and face, and a great fortune, but had been cloistered up all her time, and, for fear of being stolen, had not had the liberty of being taught the common necessary knowledge of women's affairs; and when she came to converse in the world her natural wit made her so sensible of the want of education that she gave this short reflection on herself:—

"I am ashamed to talk with my very maids," says she, "for I don't know when they do right or wrong: I had more need go to school than be married."

I need not enlarge on the loss the defect of education is to the sex, nor argue the benefit of the contrary practice; it is a thing that will be more easily granted than remedied: this chapter is but an essay at the thing, and I refer the practice to those happy days, if ever they shall be, when men shall be wise enough to mend it.

From essays "Upon Projects."

JEAN LOUIS DELOLME

(1740–1806)

JEAN LOUIS DELOLME, was born at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1740, and educated for the bar. After beginning the practice of his profession, he wrote a treatise, "Examen des Trois Points des Droits," for which he was driven into exile by the Swiss authorities. To this fortunate circumstance the world is indebted for his celebrated work on "The Constitution of England." After leaving Switzerland he spent many years in England, earning his livelihood as a newspaper writer, and studying English institutions from the standpoint of a lawyer and philosopher, uninfluenced by the prejudice, which almost necessarily governs much of what a publicist writes of the institutions of his own country. When DeLolme had an opportunity to return to Switzerland in 1775, his poverty was such that he was obliged to accept aid from a charitable society for the expenses of his journey. His "La Constitution de l'Angleterre," appeared first in French at Amsterdam in 1771, but an "improved" English edition followed in 1772. DeLolme wrote "A History of the Flagellants" and a number of other works, but is remembered chiefly as the author of "The Constitution of England."

POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION

AS THE evils that may be complained of in a State do not always arise merely from the defect of the laws, but also from the nonexecution of them,—and this nonexecution of such a kind, that it is often impossible to subject it to any express punishment, or even to ascertain it by any previous definition,—men, in several States, have been led to seek for an expedient that might supply the unavoidable deficiency of legislative provisions, and begin to operate, as it were, from the point at which the latter begun to fail. I mean here to speak of the censorial power,—a power which may produce excellent effects, but the exercise of which (contrary to that of the legislative power) must be left to the people themselves.

As the proposed end of legislation is not, according to what has been above observed, to have the particular intentions of individuals, upon every case, known and complied with, but solely to have what is most conducive to the public good, on the occasions that arise, found out and established, it is not an essential requisite in legislative operations that every individual should be called upon to deliver his opinion: and since this expedient, which at first sight appears so natural, of seeking out by the advice of all that which concerns all, is found liable, when carried into practice, to the greatest inconveniences, we must not hesitate to lay it aside entirely. But as it is the opinion of individuals alone which constitutes the check of a censorial power, this power cannot produce its intended effect any further than this public opinion is made known and declared: the sentiments of the people are the only thing in question here: it is therefore necessary that the people should speak for themselves, and manifest those sentiments. A particular court of censure would essentially frustrate its intended purpose: it is attended, besides, with very great inconveniences.

As the use of such a court is to determine upon those cases which lie out of the reach of the laws, it cannot be tied down to any precise regulations. As a further consequence of the arbitrary nature of its functions, it cannot even be subjected to any constitutional check; and it continually presents to the eye the view of a power entirely arbitrary, and which in its different exertions may affect, in the most cruel manner, the peace and happiness of individuals. It is attended, besides, with this very pernicious consequence, that, by dictating to the people their judgments of men or measures, it takes from them that freedom of thinking which is the noblest privilege as well as the firmest support of liberty.

We may therefore look upon it as a further proof of the soundness of the principles on which the English constitution is founded, that it has allotted to the people themselves the province of openly canvassing and arraigning the conduct of those who are invested with any branch of public authority; and that it has thus delivered into the hands of the people at large the exercise of the censorial power. Every subject in England has not only a right to present petitions to the king, or to the houses of parliament, but he has a right also to lay his complaints and observations before the public, by means of an open press: a

formidable right this, to those who rule mankind; and which, continually dispelling the cloud of majesty by which they are surrounded, brings them to a level with the rest of the people, and strikes at the very being of their authority.

And indeed this privilege is that which has been obtained by the English nation with the greatest difficulty, and latest in point of time, at the expense of the executive power. Freedom was in every other respect already established, when the English were still, with regard to the public expression of their sentiments, under restraints that may be called despotic. History abounds with instances of the severity of the Court of Star-Chamber, against those who presumed to write on political subjects. It had fixed the number of printers and printing presses, and appointed a licenser, without whose approbation no book could be published. Besides, as this tribunal decided matters by its own single authority, without the intervention of a jury, it was always ready to find those persons guilty whom the court was pleased to look upon as such: nor was it indeed without ground, that the Chief-Justice Coke, whose notions of liberty were somewhat tainted with the prejudices of the times in which he lived, concluded the eulogiums he bestowed on this court, with saying that, "the right institution and orders thereof being observed, it doth keep all England in quiet."

After the Court of Star-Chamber had been abolished, the Long Parliament, whose conduct and assumed power were little better qualified to bear a scrutiny, revived the regulations against the freedom of the press. Charles II., and after him James II., procured further renewals of them. These latter acts having expired in the year 1692, were at this era, although posterior to the Revolution, continued for two years longer; so that it was not till the year 1694, that, in consequence of the Parliament's refusal to prolong the prohibitions, the freedom of the press (a privilege which the executive power could not, it seems, prevail upon itself to yield up to the people) was finally established.

In what, then, does this liberty of the press precisely consist? Is it a liberty left to every one to publish any thing that comes into his head? — to calumniate, to blacken, whomsoever he pleases? No; the same laws that protect the person and the property of the individual do also protect his reputation; and they decree against libels, when really so, punishments of much the same kind as are established in other countries. But, on the other

hand, they do not allow, as in other States, that a man should be deemed guilty of a crime for merely publishing something in print; and they appoint a punishment only against him who has printed things that are in their nature criminal, and who is declared guilty of so doing by twelve of his equals, appointed to determine upon his case, with the precautions we have before described.

The liberty of the press, as established in England, consists, therefore (to define it more precisely), in this,—that neither the courts of justice, nor any other judges whatever, are authorized to take notice of writings intended for the press, but are confined to those which are actually printed, and must, in these cases, proceed by the trial by jury.

It is even this latter circumstance which more particularly constitutes the freedom of the press. If the magistrates, though confined in their proceedings to cases of criminal publications, were to be the sole judges of the criminal nature of the things published, it might easily happen that with regard to a point which, like this, so highly excites the jealousy of the governing powers, they would exert themselves with so much spirit and perseverance, that they might at length succeed in completely striking off all the heads of the hydra.

But whether the authority of the judges be exerted at the motion of a private individual, or whether it be at the instance of the government itself, their sole office is to declare the punishment established by the law: it is to the jury alone that it belongs to determine on the matter of law, as well as on the matter of fact; that is, to determine not only whether the writing which is the subject of the charge has really been composed by the man charged with having done it, and whether it be really meant of the person named in the indictment,—but also whether its contents are criminal.

And though the law in England does not allow a man, prosecuted for having published a libel, to offer to support by evidence the truth of the facts contained in it (a mode of proceeding which would be attended with very mischievous consequences, and is everywhere prohibited), yet, as the indictment is to express that the facts are false, malicious, etc., and the jury at the same time are sole masters of their verdict,—that is, may ground it upon what considerations they please,—it is very probable that they would acquit the accused party if the fact, asserted in the writ-

ing before them, were matter of undoubted truth, and of a general evil tendency. They at least would certainly have it in their power.

And it is still more likely that this would be the case, if the conduct of the government itself were arraigned; because, besides this conviction, which we suppose in the jury, of the certainty of the facts, they would also be influenced by their sense of a principle generally admitted in England, and which, in a late celebrated cause, was strongly insisted upon, *viz.*, that "though to speak ill of individuals deserved reprehension, yet the public acts of government ought to lie open to public examination, and that it was a service done to the State to canvass them freely."

And indeed this extreme security with which every man in England is enabled to communicate his sentiments to the public, and the general concern which matters relative to the government are always sure to create, have wonderfully multiplied all kinds of public papers. Besides those which, being published at the end of every year, month, or week, present to the reader a recapitulation of every thing interesting that may have been done or said during their respective periods, there are several others, which, making their appearance every day, or every other day, communicate to the public the several measures taken by the government, as well as the different causes of any importance, whether civil or criminal, that occur in the courts of justice, and sketches from the speeches either of the advocates, or the judges, concerned in the management and decision of them. During the time the Parliament continues sitting, the votes or resolutions of the House of Commons are daily published by authority; and the most interesting speeches in both houses are taken down in shorthand, and communicated to the public in print.

Lastly, the private anecdotes in the metropolis and the country concur also towards filling the collection; and as the several public papers circulate, or are transcribed into others, in the different country towns, and even find their way into the villages, where every man, down to the laborer, peruses them with a sort of eagerness, every individual thus becomes acquainted with the state of the nation, from one end to the other; and by these means the general intercourse is such, that the three kingdoms seem as if they were one single town.

And it is this public notoriety of all things that constitutes the supplemental power, or check, which we have above said is

so useful to remedy the unavoidable insufficiency of the laws, and keep within their respective bounds all those persons who enjoy any share of public authority.

As they are thereby made sensible that all their actions are exposed to public view, they dare not venture upon those acts of partiality, those secret connivances at the iniquities of particular persons, or those vexatious practices which the man in office is but too apt to be guilty of, when, exercising his office at a distance from the public eye, and as it were in a corner, he is satisfied that, provided he be cautious, he may dispense with being just. Whatever may be the kind of abuse in which persons in power may, in such a state of things, be tempted to indulge themselves, they are convinced that their irregularities will be immediately divulged. The juryman, for example, knows that his verdict — the judge, that his direction to the jury — will presently be laid before the public: and there is no man in office but who thus finds himself compelled, in almost every instance, to choose between his duty and the surrender of all his former reputation.

It will, I am aware, be thought that I speak in too high terms of the effects produced by the public newspapers. I indeed confess that all the pieces contained in them are not patterns of good reasoning, or of the truest Attic wit; but, on the other hand, it scarcely ever happens that a subject, in which the laws, or in general the public welfare, are really concerned, fails to call forth some able writer, who, under some form or other, communicates to the public his observations and complaints. I shall add here, that, though an upright man, laboring for a while under a strong popular prejudice, may, supported by the consciousness of his innocence, endure with patience the severest imputations; the guilty man, hearing nothing in the reproaches of the public but what he knows to be true, and already upbraids himself with, is very far from enjoying any such comfort; and that, when a man's own conscience takes part against him, the most despicable weapon is sufficient to wound him to the quick.

Even those persons whose greatness seems most to set them above the reach of public censure are not those who least feel its effects. They have need of the suffrages of the vulgar whom they affect to despise, and who are, after all, the dispensers of that glory which is the real object of their ambitious cares. Though all have not so much sincerity as Alexander, they have

equal reason to exclaim, — O people! what toils do we not undergo, in order to gain your applause!

I confess that in a state where the people dare not speak their sentiments but with a view to please the ears of their rulers, it is possible that either the prince, or those to whom he has trusted his authority, may sometimes mistake the nature of the public sentiments; or that, for want of that affection of which they are denied all possible marks, they may rest contented with inspiring terror, and make themselves amends in beholding the overawed multitudes smother their complaints.

But when the law gives a full scope to the people for the expression of their sentiments, those who govern cannot conceal from themselves the disagreeable truths which resound from all sides. They are obliged to put up even with ridicule; and the coarsest jests are not always those which give them the least uneasiness. Like the lion in the fable, they must bear the blows of those enemies whom they despise the most; and they are, at length, stopped short in their career, and compelled to give up those unjust pursuits which, they find, draw upon them, instead of that admiration which is the proposed end and reward of their labors, nothing but mortification and disgust.

In short, whoever considers what it is that constitutes the moving principle of what we call great affairs, and the invincible sensibility of man to the opinion of his fellow-creatures, will not hesitate to affirm that if it were possible for the liberty of the press to exist in a despotic government, and (what is not less difficult) for it to exist without changing the constitution, this liberty would alone form a counterpoise to the power of the prince. If, for example, in an empire of the East, a place could be found which, rendered respectable by the ancient religion of the people, might ensure safety to those who should bring thither their observations of any kind, and from this sanctuary printed papers should issue, which, under a certain seal, might be equally respected, and which in their daily appearance should examine and freely discuss the conduct of the cadis, the pashas, the vizir, the divan, and the sultan himself,— that would immediately introduce some degree of liberty.

Chapter xii. of "The Constitution of England," complete.

JOSEPH DENNIE

(1768–1812)

EARLIER American essayists have been so completely eclipsed by Washington Irving that, with one or two notable exceptions, they are hardly remembered even by name. It is almost, if not quite, true that the American prose which is entitled to rank as "literature," because of strong individuality and grace of style, begins with Irving. But he was an evolution, rather than a sudden, isolated, and miraculous phenomenon. The school of Addison, in which he was the first American "honor-graduate," had many pupils in the Colonies as well as after the Revolution. Among the more influential of the post-colonial periodical essayists was Joseph Dennie, born in Boston, August 30th, 1768; died in Philadelphia, January 7th, 1812. In 1795 he published his first book, "The Farrago." From 1796 to 1798 he edited the Farmers' Weekly Museum, at Walpole, New Hampshire, and began in it the publication of a series of essays from "The Lay Preacher." At about the same time he published a collection in book form under the same title, and a second collection appeared in 1817. In 1801 he founded the Portfolio in Philadelphia. He was a man of vigorous intellect, and his failure to perpetuate himself as one of the permanent forces of American literature is explained by combative habits which, as they influence his essays, make them valuable chiefly to antiquarians and students of history-making prejudices.

ON JEFFERSON AND FRENCH PHILOSOPHY

A PHILOSOPHER, in the modern sense of the word, I would define a presumptuous mortal, proudly spurning at old systems, and promptly inventing new. Be the materials ever so naught, be their connection ever so slight, be the whole ever so disjointed and crazy, if it be new, these confident architects will swear that their building will accommodate you better than any that you have previously used. To catch the eye and abuse the credulity of wondering fools, the puppet-show philosopher exhibits his scheme, gorgeously painted and gloriously illuminated, and

bellows all the time in praise of his varnished ware. The whole is artfully calculated to captivate and charm all, except those few who are not suddenly delighted with such representations, who know of what stuff they are made, for what purposes they are intended, and in what they are sure invariably to end. Such men gaze only to deride. But laugh as you please, the philosophers find in human nature such a fund of credulity, that be their draughts large as they may, no protest is anticipated. It is a bank, not merely of discount but deposit, and bolstered up by all the credit of the great body corporate of all the weakness in the world The moment that a man arrives in this fairy and chivalric land of French philosophy, he beholds at every creek and corner something to dazzle and surprise, but nothing steadfast or secure. The surface is slippery, and giants, and dwarfs, and wounded knights and distressed damsels abound. Nor are enchanters wanting; and they are the philosophers themselves. They will, in a twinkling, conjure away kingdoms, chain a prince's daughter in a dungeon, and give to court pages, lackeys, and all those "airy nothings" "a local habitation and a name." If the adventurer in this fantastic region be capriciously weary of his old mansion, the philosophic enchanters will quickly furnish a choice of castles, "roughly rushing to the skies." They are unstable, it is true, and comfortless, and cold, and cemented with blood, but show spaciously at a distance, with portcullis most invitingly open for the free and equal admission of all mankind.

Those who have been professors of the new philosophy of France, and their servile devotees in America, taint everything they touch. Like the dead insect in the ointment, they cause the whole to send forth an odious and putrid savor. Instead of viewing man as he is, they are continually forming plans for man as he should be. Nothing established, nothing common, is admitted into their systems. They invert all the rules of adaptation. They wish to fashion nature and society in their whimsical mold, instead of regulating that mold according to the proportions of society and nature. . . .

To men of the complexion of Condorcet and his associates, most of the miseries of France may be ascribed. Full of paradox, recent from wire-drawing in the schools, and with mind all begrimed from the Cyclops cave of metaphysics, behold a Sieyes, in the form of a politician, draughting, *currente calamo*, three hundred constitutions in a day, and not one of them fit for use,

but delusive as a mountebank's bill, and bloody as the habiliments of a Banquo.

Of this dangerous, deistical, and Utopian school, a great personage from Virginia is a favored pupil. His Gallic masters stroke his head, and pronounce him forward and promising. Those who sit in the same form cheerfully and reverently allow him to be the head of his class. In allusion to the well marshaled words of a great orator, him they worship; him they emulate; his "notes" they con over all the time they can spare from the "Aurora" of the morning, or French politics at night. The man has talents, but they are of a dangerous and delusive kind. He has read much, and can write plausibly. He is a man of letters, and should be a retired one. His closet, and not the cabinet, is his place. In the first he might harmlessly examine the teeth of a nondescript monster, the secretions of an African, or the Almanac of Banneker. At home he might catch a standard of weight from the droppings of his eaves, and, seated in his epicurean chair, laugh at Moses and the prophets, and wink against the beams of the Sun of Righteousness. At the seat of government his abstract, inapplicable, metaphysico-politics are either nugatory or noxious. Besides, his principles relish so strongly of Paris, and are seasoned with such a profusion of French garlic that he offends the whole nation. Better for Americans that on their extended plains "thistles should grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley," than that a "philosopher" should influence the councils of the country, and that his admiration of the works of Voltaire and Helvetius should induce him to wish a closer connection with Frenchmen. When a metaphysical and Gallic government obtains in America, may the pen drop from the hand and "the arm fall from the shoulder blade" of

THE LAY PREACHER.

From "The Lay Preacher" in the Portfolio 1801.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

(1785–1859)

De Quincey's essay on "The Pains of Opium" gives him a unique place among English essayists. In it he surpassed himself as far as he did every other writer of luminous description. His longer critical essays are often prolix past the limits of pardonable dullness, and in criticism he is not infrequently arrogant as well as dull. But what may not be pardoned to the author of such a masterpiece — unequaled and inimitable because it is so evidently an attempt at genuine description of actual suffering! French "degenerates" who have eaten hashish or opium for the express purpose of imitating it might have succeeded had they been equipped beforehand with De Quincey's brain to be acted on by the drug. As they were not, the essay remains unique — as it should remain, for one of its class is certainly "enough for nature and for glory."

In his essay on "Anecdotage" De Quincey is at his worst as well as at his best, for in reviewing Miss Hawkins's book of "Anecdotes" he borrows from her all the material he needs to make his own essay interesting, and then, following a habit of the reviewers of the time, he exhibits his own superiority at the expense of her faults, laboriously exhibited for that purpose. He is much happier in his Shakespearean criticisms. The essay "On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth" stands at the head of its class, and in "The Loveliest Sight for Woman's Eyes" he illustrates the tenderer mood of his later years.

It is not easy to guess where the twentieth century at its close will place De Quincey among the essay writers of the nineteenth. He cannot rank with Macaulay or Taine as a master of style, but in "The Pains of Opium" he surpasses without effort the highest results of Carlyle's attempts at phosphorescent prose, and none of the mere strivers after the picturesque are to be compared to him. He lacked only one thing of greatness — *virtus!*

He was born August 15th, 1785, near Manchester, England. His father, a wealthy merchant, educated him at the best schools and at Oxford, but he seems to have owed more to the peculiar physique and temperament of genius than to his masters. As a child he was "shy and sensitive," — with a nervous organization so fine and susceptible that he learned difficult languages as children with "a musi-

cal ear" learn music. At thirteen "he wrote Greek with ease; at fifteen he not only composed Greek verses in lyric measures, but could converse in Greek fluently and without embarrassment." Perhaps it may have been true of him as one of his masters said: "That boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one." Almost every great poet, great orator, or great writer of memorable prose, has had this faculty. It is not a disease, as some have supposed who have called it "hyperæsthesia," but it is the natural condition of unspoiled nerves, co-related in poets and writers with the musical ear in musicians, and capable, in its reactions against abuse, of producing such suffering as that De Quincey describes in "The Pains of Opium." The blindness of Homer and of Milton, the madness of Swift, the early death of Byron and of Keats,—these are not symptoms of disease, but merely certain assurances that men born with the nervous system which belongs to universal human nature in its ultimate perfection cannot live on the moral and intellectual plane of the generation into which they are born, except at the expense of torture and the risk of death.

After leaving the university De Quincey was dependent on his pen for a livelihood, and his "Confessions of an Opium Eater" were first published as contributions to the London Magazine. When republished in book form in 1821, they gave him almost immediately the high rank as a prose writer he has since held. He died December 8th, 1859, and some of his best essays were published posthumously.

W. V. B.

ON THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE IN "MACBETH"

From my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in "Macbeth." It was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was, that it reflected back upon the murderer a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yet, however obstinately I endeavored with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see why it should produce such an effect.

Here I pause for one moment, to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding, when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind, and the most to be distrusted; and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else, which may do for

ordinary life, but not for philosophical purposes. Of this out of ten thousand instances that I might produce, I will cite one. Ask of any person whatsoever, who is not previously prepared for the demand by a knowledge of the perspective, to draw in the rudest way the commonest appearance which depends upon the laws of that science; as, for instance, to represent the effect of two walls standing at right angles to each other, or the appearance of the houses on each side of a street, as seen by a person looking down the street from one extremity. Now in all cases, unless the person has happened to observe in pictures how it is that artists produce these effects, he will be utterly unable to make the smallest approximation to it. Yet why? For he has actually seen the effect every day of his life. The reason is — that he allows his understanding to overrule his eyes. His understanding, which includes no intuitive knowledge of the laws of vision, can furnish him with no reason why a line which is known and can be proved to be a horizontal line, should not appear a horizontal line; a line that made any angle with the perpendicular, less than a right angle, would seem to him to indicate that his houses were all tumbling down together. Accordingly, he makes the line of his houses a horizontal line, and fails, of course, to produce the effect demanded. Here, then, is one instance out of many, in which not only the understanding is allowed to overrule the eyes, but where the understanding is positively allowed to obliterate the eyes, as it were; for not only does the man believe the evidence of his understanding in opposition to that of his eyes, but (what is monstrous!) the idiot is not aware that his eyes ever gave such evidence. He does not know that he has seen (and therefore *quoad* his consciousness has not seen) that which he has seen every day of his life.

But to return from this digression, my understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in "Macbeth" should produce any effect, direct or reflected. In fact, my understanding said positively that it could not produce any effect. But I knew better: I felt that it did; and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. At length, in 1812, Mr. Williams made his début on the stage of Ratcliff Highway, and executed those unparalleled murders which have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. On which murders, by the way, I must observe, that in one respect they have had an ill effect, by making the connoisseur

in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied by anything that has been since done in that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his; and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone, "There has been absolutely nothing doing since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of." But this is wrong; for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great artists, and born with the genius of Mr. Williams. Now it will be remembered that in the first of these murders (that of the Marrs), the same incident (of a knocking at the door, soon after the work of extermination was complete) did actually occur, which the genius of Shakespeare has invented; and all good judges, and the most eminent dilettanti, acknowledged the felicity of Shakespeare's suggestion, as soon as it was actually realized. Here, then, was a fresh proof that I was right in relying on my own feeling, in opposition to my understanding; and I again set myself to study the problem; at length I solved it to my own satisfaction, and my solution is this: Murder, in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures: this instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of "the poor beetle that we tread upon," exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with him (of course, I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them — not a sympathy of pity or approbation). In the murdered person, all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic; the fear of instant death smites him "with its petrific mace." But in a murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion — jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred — which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

In "Macbeth," for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakespeare has introduced two mur-

derers; and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated; but, though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her — yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, "the gracious Duncan," and adequately to expound "the deep damnation of his taking off," this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, *i. e.*, the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man — was gone, vanished, extinct! and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvelously accomplished in the dialogues and soliloquies themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration: and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is that in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and chancing to walk near the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully in the silence and desertion of the streets, and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man — if all at once he should hear the deathlike stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible by reaction. Now, apply this to the case in "Macbeth." Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart, and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes,

human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is "unsexed"; Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time dissappear. The murderers and the murder must be insulated — cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs — locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested — laid asleep — tranced — racked into a dread armistice; time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is, that, when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art: but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers; like frost and snow, rain and dew, hailstorm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert — but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!

Complete.

THE PAINS OF OPIUM

———— as when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.
—*Shelley's "Revolt of Islam."*

READER, who have thus far accompanied me, I must request your attention to a brief explanatory note on three points:—

1. For several reasons I have not been able to compose the notes for this part of my narrative into any regular and connected shape. I give the notes disjointed as I find them, or have now drawn them up from memory. Some of them point to their own date; some I have dated; and some are undated. Whenever it could answer my purpose to transplant them from the natural or chronological order, I have not scrupled to do so. Sometimes I speak in the present, sometimes in the past tense. Few of the notes, perhaps, were written exactly at the period of time to which they relate; but this can little affect their accuracy, as the impressions were such that they can never fade from my mind. Much has been omitted. I could not, without effort, constrain myself to the task of either recalling, or constructing into a regular narrative, the whole burden of horrors which lies upon my brain. This feeling, partly, I plead in excuse, and partly that I am not in London, and am a helpless sort of person who cannot even arrange his own papers without assistance; and I am separated from the hands which are wont to perform for me the offices of an amanuensis.

2. You will think, perhaps, that I am too confidential and communicative of my own private history. It may be so. But my way of writing is rather to think aloud, and follow my own humors than much to consider who is listening to me; and if I stop to consider what is proper to be said to this or that person, I shall soon come to doubt whether any part at all is proper. The fact is, I place myself at a distance of fifteen or twenty years ahead of this time, and suppose myself writing to those who will be interested about me hereafter; and wishing to have some record of a time, the entire history of which no one can know but myself, I do it as fully as I am able with the efforts I am now capable of making, because I know not whether I can ever find time to do it again.

3. It will occur to you often to ask why did I not release myself from the horrors of opium, by leaving it off, or diminishing it. To this I must answer briefly; it might be supposed that I yielded to the fascinations of opium too easily; it cannot be supposed that any man can be charmed by its terrors. The reader may be sure, therefore, that I made attempts innumerable to reduce the quantity. I add, that those who witnessed the agonies of those attempts, and not myself, were the first to beg me to desist. But could not I have reduced it a drop a day, or, by adding water, have bisected or trisected a drop? A thousand drops bisected would thus have taken nearly six years to reduce; and that they would certainly not have answered. But this is a common mistake of those who know nothing of opium experimentally; I appeal to those who do, whether it is not always found that down to a certain point it can be reduced with ease, and even pleasure, but that, after that point, further reduction causes intense suffering. Yes, say many thoughtless persons, who know not what they are talking of, you will suffer a little low spirits and dejection, for a few days. I answer, No; there is nothing like low spirits; on the contrary, the mere animal spirits are uncommonly raised, the pulse is improved, the health is better. It is not there that the suffering lies. It has no resemblance to the sufferings caused by renouncing wine. It is a state of unutterable irritation of stomach (which surely is not much like dejection), accompanied by intense perspirations, and feelings such as I shall not attempt to describe without more space at my command.

I shall now enter *in medias res*, and shall anticipate, from a time when my opium pains might be said to be at their acme, an account of their palsying effects on the intellectual faculties.

My studies have now been long interrupted. I cannot read to myself with any pleasure, hardly with a moment's endurance. Yet I read aloud sometimes for the pleasure of others; because reading is an accomplishment of mine, and, in the slang use of the word accomplishment as a superficial and ornamental attainment, almost the only one I possess; and formerly, if I had any vanity at all connected with any endowment or attainment of mine, it was with this; for I had observed that no accomplishment was so rare. Players are the worst readers of all: —— reads vilely; and Mrs. ——, who is so celebrated, can read noth-

ing well but dramatic compositions; Milton she cannot read sufferably. People in general either read poetry without any passion at all, or else overstep the modesty of nature, and read not like scholars. Of late, if I have felt moved by anything in books, it has been by the grand lamentations of Samson Agonistes, or the great harmonies of the Satanic speeches in "Paradise Regained," when read aloud by myself. A young lady sometimes comes and drinks tea with us; at her request and M.'s, I now and then read Wordsworth's poems to them. (W., by the by, is the only poet I ever met who could read his own verses; often, indeed, he reads admirably.)

For nearly two years I believe that I read no book but one; and I owe it to the author, in discharge of a great debt of gratitude, to mention what that was. The sublimer and more passionate poets I still read, as I have said, by snatches, and occasionally. But my proper vocation, as I well knew, was the exercise of the analytic understanding. Now, for the most part, analytic studies are continuous, and not to be pursued by fits and starts, or fragmentary efforts. Mathematics, for instance, intellectual philosophy, etc., were all become insupportable to me; I shrunk from them with a sense of powerless and infantine feebleness that gave me an anguish the greater from remembering the time when I grappled with them to my own hourly delight; and for this further reason, because I had devoted the labor of my whole life, and had dedicated my intellect, blossoms, and fruits, to the slow and elaborate toil of constructing one single work, to which I had presumed to give the title of an unfinished work of Spinoza's, namely, "De Emendatione Humani Intellectûs." This was now lying locked up as by frost, like any Spanish bridge or aqueduct, begun upon too great a scale for the resources of the architect; and, instead of surviving me as a monument of wishes at least, and aspirations, and a life of labor dedicated to the exaltation of human nature in that way in which God had best fitted me to promote so great an object, it was likely to stand a memorial to my children of hopes defeated, of baffled efforts, of materials uselessly accumulated, of foundations laid that were never to support a superstructure, of the grief and the ruin of the architect. In this state of imbecility, I had, for amusement, turned my attention to political economy; my understanding, which formerly had been as active and restless as a hyena, could not, I suppose (so long as I lived at all), sink

into utter lethargy; and political economy offers this advantage to a person in my state, that though it is eminently an organic science (no part, that is to say, but what acts on the whole, as the whole again reacts on each part), yet the several parts may be detached and contemplated singly. Great as was the prostration of my powers at this time, yet I could not forget my knowledge; and my understanding had been for too many years intimate with severe thinkers, with logic, and the great masters of knowledge, not to be aware of the utter feebleness of the main herd of modern economists. I had been led in 1811 to look into loads of books and pamphlets on many branches of economy; and, at my desire, M. sometimes read to me chapters from more recent works, or parts of parliamentary debates. I saw that these were generally the very dregs and rinsings of the human intellect; and that any man of sound head, and practiced in wielding logic with scholastic adroitness, might take up the whole academy of modern economists, and throttle them between heaven and earth with his finger and thumb, or bray their fungous heads to powder with a lady's fan. At length, in 1819, a friend in Edinburgh sent me down Mr. Ricardo's book; and, recurring to my own prophetic anticipation of the advent of some legislator for this science, I said, before I had finished the first chapter, "Thou art the man!" Wonder and curiosity were emotions that had long been dead to me. Yet I wondered once more: I wondered at myself that I could once again be stimulated to the effort of reading; and much more I wondered at the book. Had this profound work been really written in England during the nineteenth century? Was it possible? I supposed thinking had been extinct in England. Could it be that an Englishman, and he not in academic bowers, but oppressed by mercantile and senatorial cares, had accomplished what all the universities of Europe, and a century of thought, had failed even to advance by one hair's breadth? All other writers had been crushed and overlaid by the enormous weights of facts and documents; Mr. Ricardo had deduced, *à priori*, from the understanding itself, laws which first gave a ray of light into the unwieldy chaos of materials, and had constructed what had been but a collection of tentative discussions into a science of regular proportions, now first standing on an eternal basis.

Thus did one simple work of a profound understanding avail to give me a pleasure and an activity which I had not known

for years; it roused me even to write, or at least to dictate what M. wrote for me. It seemed to me that some important truths had escaped even "the inevitable eye" of Mr. Ricardo; and as these were for the most part of such a nature that I could express or illustrate them more briefly and elegantly by algebraic symbols than in the usual clumsy and loitering diction of economists, the whole would not have filled a pocketbook; and being so brief, with M. for my amanuensis, even at this time, incapable as I was of all general exertion, I drew up my "Prolegomena to All Future Systems of Political Economy." I hope it will not be found redolent of opium; though, indeed, to most people the subject itself is a sufficient opiate.

This exertion, however, was but a temporary flash, as the sequel showed; for I designed to publish my work. Arrangements were made at a provincial press, about eighteen miles distant, for printing it. An additional compositor was retained for some days on this account. The work was even twice advertised; and I was in a manner pledged to the fulfillment of my intention. But I had a preface to write; and a dedication, which I wished to make a splendid one, to Mr. Ricardo. I found myself quite unable to accomplish all this. The arrangements were countermanded, the compositor dismissed, and my "Prolegomena" rested peacefully by the side of its elder and more dignified brother.

I have thus described and illustrated my intellectual torpor in terms that apply more or less to every part of the four years during which I was under the Circean spells of opium. But for misery and suffering, I might, indeed, be said to have existed in a dormant state. I seldom could prevail on myself to write a letter; an answer of a few words to any that I received was the utmost that I could accomplish; and often that not until the letter had lain weeks, or even months, on my writing table. Without the aid of M., all records of bills paid, or to be paid, must have perished; and my whole domestic economy, whatever became of political economy, must have gone into irretrievable confusion. I shall not afterwards allude to this part of the case; it is one, however, which the opium eater will find in the end as oppressive and tormenting as any other, from the sense of incapacity and feebleness, from the direct embarrassments incident to the neglect or procrastination of each day's appropriate duties, and from the remorse which must often exasperate the stings of these evils to a reflective and conscientious mind. The opium

eater loses none of his moral sensibilities or aspirations; he wishes and longs as earnestly as ever to realize what he believes possible, and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even of power to attempt. He lies under the weight of incubus and nightmare; he lies in sight of all that he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mortal languor of a relaxing disease who is compelled to witness injury or outrage offered to some object of his tenderest love: — he curses the spells which chain him down from motion; he would lay down his life if he might but get up and walk; but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise.

I now pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions, — to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams; for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy was from the re-awaking of a state of eye generally incident to childhood, or exalted states of irritability. I know not whether my reader is aware that many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness, all sorts of phantoms: in some that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye; others have a voluntary or semi-voluntary power to dismiss or summon them; or as a child once said to me when I questioned him on this matter, "I can tell them to go, and they go; but sometimes they come when I don't tell them to come." Whereupon I told him that he had almost as unlimited a command over apparitions as a Roman centurion over his soldiers. In the middle of 1817, I think it was that this faculty became positively distressing to me: at night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions passed along in mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before Œdipus or Priam, before Tyre, before Memphis. And, at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented, nightly, spectacles of more than earthly splendor. And the four following facts may be mentioned as noticeable at this time: —

I. That, as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states

of the brain in one point,—that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams; so that I feared to exercise this faculty; for, as Midas turned all things to gold, that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye; and, by a process apparently no less inevitable, when thus once traced in faint and visionary colors, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out, by the fierce chemistry of my dreams, into insufferable splendor that fretted my heart.

II. For this, and all other changes in my dreams, were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend—not metaphorically, but literally to descend—into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever reascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I had reascended. This I do not dwell upon; because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at least to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.

III. The sense of space, and in the end the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, etc., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time. I sometimes seemed to have lived for seventy or one hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium, passed in that time; or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

IV. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived. I could not be said to recollect them; for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I recognized them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a stupor, and being on the verge of death but

for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe; I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true, namely, that the dread book of account, which the Scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind. Accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil; and that they are waiting to be revealed, when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

Having noticed these four facts as memorably distinguishing my dreams from those of health, I shall now cite a case illustrative of the first fact; and shall then cite any others that I remember, either in their chronological order, or any other that may give them more effect as pictures to the reader.

I had been in youth, and ever since, for occasional amusement, a great reader of Livy, whom I confess that I prefer, both for style and matter, to any other of the Roman historians; and I had often felt as most solemn and appalling sounds, and most emphatically representative of the majesty of the Roman people, the two words so often occurring in Livy—*Consul Romanus;* especially when the consul is introduced in his military character. I mean to say that the words king, sultan, regent, etc., or any other titles of those who embody in their own persons the collective majesty of a great people, had less power over my reverential feelings. I had, also, though no great reader of history, made myself minutely and critically familiar with one period of English history, namely, the period of the Parliamentary War, having been attracted by the moral grandeur of some who figured in that day, and by the many interesting memoirs which survive those unquiet times. Both these parts of my lighter reading, having furnished me often with matter of reflection, now furnish me with matter for my dreams. Often I used to see, after paint-

ing upon the blank darkness a sort of rehearsal whilst waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival and dances. And I heard it said, or I said to myself, "These are English ladies from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and daughters of those who met in peace, and sat at the same tables, and were allied by marriage or by blood; and yet, after a certain day in August, 1642, never smiled upon each other again, nor met but in the field of battle; and at Marston Moor, at Newbury, or at Naseby, cut asunder all ties of love by the cruel sabre, and washed away in blood the memory of ancient friendship." The ladies danced, and looked as lovely as the court of George IV. Yet I knew, even in my dream, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries. This pageant would suddenly dissolve; and, at a clapping of hands, would be heard the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus* and immediately came "sweeping by," in gorgeous paludaments, Paulus or Marius, girt around by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the *alalagmos* of the Roman legions.

Many years ago, when I was looking over Piranesi's "Antiquities of Rome," Mr. Coleridge, who was standing by, described to me a set of plates by that artist, called his "Dreams," and which record the scenery of his own visions during the delirium of a fever. Some of them (I describe only from memory of Mr. Coleridge's account) represented vast Gothic halls; on the floor of which stood all sorts of engines and machinery, wheels, cables, pulleys, levers, catapults, etc., expressive of enormous power put forth and resistance overcome. Creeping along the sides of the walls, you perceive a staircase; and upon it, groping his way upwards, was Piranesi himself. Follow the stairs a little further, and you perceive it to come to a sudden, abrupt termination, without any balustrade, and allowing no step onwards to him who had reached the extremity, except into the depths below. Whatever is to become of poor Piranesi? You suppose, at least, that his labors must in some way terminate here. But raise your eyes, and behold a second flight of stairs still higher; on which again Piranesi is perceived, by this time standing on the very brink of the abyss. Again elevate your eye, and a still more aërial flight of stairs is beheld; and again is poor Piranesi busy on his aspiring labors; and so on, until the unfinished stairs and Piranesi both are lost in the upper gloom of the hall. With the same power of endless growth and self-reproduction did my

architecture proceed in dreams. In the early stage of my malady, the splendor of my dreams was indeed chiefly architectural; and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. From a great modern poet I cite the part of a passage which describes, as an appearance actually beheld in the clouds, what in many of its circumstances I saw frequently in sleep: —

> "The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
> Was of a mighty city — boldly say
> A wilderness of building, sinking far
> And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
> Far sinking into splendor — without end!
> Fabric it seemed of diamond, and of gold,
> With alabaster domes and silver spires,
> And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
> Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
> In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
> With battlements that on their restless fronts
> Bore stars — illumination of all gems!
> By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
> Upon the dark materials of the storm
> Now pacified; on them, and on the coves,
> And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
> The vapors had receded — taking there
> Their station under a cerulean sky."

The sublime circumstance — "battlements that on their restless fronts bore stars" — might have been copied from my architectural dreams, for it often occurred. We hear it reported of Dryden, and of Fuseli in modern times, that they thought proper to eat raw meat for the sake of obtaining splendid dreams: how much better, for such a purpose, to have eaten opium, which yet I do not remember that any poet is recorded to have done, except the dramatist Shadwell; and in ancient days, Homer is, I think, rightly reputed to have known the virtues of opium.

To my architecture succeeded dreams of lakes, and silvery expanses of water; these haunted me so much that I feared (though possibly it will appear ludicrous to a medical man) that some dropsical state or tendency of the brain might thus be making itself (to use a metaphysical word) objective, and the sentient organ project itself as its own object. For two months I suffered greatly in my head — a part of my bodily structure

which had hitherto been so clear from all touch or taint of weakness (physically, I mean), that I used to say of it, as the last Lord Orford said of his stomach, that it seemed likely to survive the rest of my person. Till now I had never felt a headache even, or any the slightest pain, except rheumatic pains caused by my own folly. However, I got over this attack, though it must have been verging on something very dangerous.

The waters now changed their character,—from translucent lakes, shining like mirrors, they now became seas and oceans. And now came a tremendous change, which, unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months, promised an abiding torment; and, in fact, it never left me until the winding up of my case. Hitherto the human face had often mixed in my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this. Be that as it may, now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear; the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens; faces, imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries; my agitation was infinite, my mind tossed and swayed with the ocean.

May, 1818.—The Malay had been a fearful enemy for months. I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep, and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, etc. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, etc., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian

man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of castes that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges, or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life, the great *officina gentium.* Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into, before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshiped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahma through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Siva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my Oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed for a while in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swal-

lowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim, sightless, incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles, especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was always the case, almost, in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses with cane tables, etc. All the feet of the tables, sofas, etc., soon became instinct with life; the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions; and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside; come to show me their colored shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the d——d crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent human natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

JUNE, 1819.—I have had occasion to remark, at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and, indeed, the contemplation of death generally, is (*cæteris paribus*) more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are these three, I think: first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more distant, and (if such a solecism may be excused) more infinite; the clouds by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads are in summer more voluminous, massed, and accumulated in far grander and more towering piles: secondly, the light and the appearances of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the infinite; and thirdly (which is the main reason), the exuberant and riotous

prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the antagonistic thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. For it may be observed, generally, that wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist, as it were, by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest each other. On these accounts it is that I find it impossible to banish the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer; and any particular death, if not more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and besiegingly in that season. Perhaps this cause, and a slight incident which I omit, might have been the immediate occasions of the following dream, to which, however, a predisposition must always have existed in my mind; but having been once roused, it never left me, and split into a thousand fantastic varieties, which often suddenly re-united, and comprised again the original dream.

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May; that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnized by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to a more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise, in the same summer, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and said aloud (as I thought) to myself, "It yet wants much of sunrise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven; and the forest glades are as quiet as the churchyard; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer." And I turned, as if to open my garden gate; and I immediately saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony with the other. The scene was an Ori-

ental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city — an image of faint abstraction, caught, perhaps, in childhood, from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bowshot from me, upon a stone, and shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked, and it was — Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her, at length, "So, then, I have found you, at last." I waited; but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last; and yet again, how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamplight fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted!), her eyes were streaming with tears; — her tears were now wiped away; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression, and I now gazed upon her with some awe; but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapors rolling between us; in a moment, all had vanished; thick darkness came on, and in the twinkling of an eye I was far away from mountains, and by lamplight, in Oxford Street, walking again with Ann — just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children.

As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character, from 1820: —

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams — a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day — a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where — somehow, I knew not how — by some beings, I knew not whom — a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting, — was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it;

and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives. I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heartbreaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—"I will sleep no more!"

But I am now called upon to wind up a narrative which has already extended to an unreasonable length. Within more spacious limits, the materials which I have used might have been better unfolded; and much which I have not used might have been added with effect. Perhaps, however, enough has been given. It now remains that I should say something of the way in which this conflict of horrors was finally brought to its crisis. The reader is already aware (from a passage near the beginning of the introduction to the first part) that the opium eater has, in some way or other, "unwound, almost to its final links, the accursed chain which bound him." By what means? To have narrated this, according to the original intention, would have far exceeded the space which can now be allowed. It is fortunate, as such a cogent reason exists for abridging it, that I should, on a maturer view of the case, have been exceedingly unwilling to injure, by any such unaffecting details, the impression of the history itself, as an appeal to the prudence and the conscience of the yet unconfirmed opium eater, or even (though a very inferior consideration) to injure its effect as a composition. The interest of the judicious reader will not attach itself chiefly to the subject of the fascinating spells, but to the fascinating power. Not the opium eater, but the opium, is the true hero of the tale, and the legitimate centre on which the interest revolves. The object was

to display the marvelous agency of opium, whether for pleasure or for pain; if that is done, the action of the piece has closed.

However, as some people, in spite of all laws to the contrary, will persist in asking what became of the opium eater, and in what state he now is, I answer for him thus: The reader is aware that opium had long ceased to found its empire on spells of pleasure; it was solely by the tortures connected with the attempt to abjure it, that it kept its hold. Yet, as other tortures, no less, it may be thought, attended the nonabjuration of such a tyrant, a choice only of evils was left; and that might as well have been adopted, which, however terrific in itself, held out a prospect of final restoration to happiness. This appears true; but good logic gave the author no strength to act upon it. However, a crisis arrived for the author's life, and a crisis for other objects still dearer to him, and which will always be far dearer to him than his life, even now that it is again a happy one. I saw that I must die if I continued the opium: I determined, therefore, if that should be required, to die in throwing it off. How much I was at that time taking, I cannot say; for the opium which I used had been purchased for me by a friend, who afterwards refused to let me pay him; so that I could not ascertain even what quantity I had used within a year. I apprehend, however, that I took it very irregularly, and that I varied from about fifty or sixty grains to one hundred and fifty a day. My first task was to reduce it to forty, to thirty, and, as fast as I could, to twelve grains.

I triumphed; but think not, reader, that therefore my sufferings were ended; nor think of me as of one sitting in a dejected state. Think of me as of one, even when four months had passed, still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered; and much, perhaps, in the situation of him who has been racked, as I collect the torments of that state from the affecting account of them left by the most innocent sufferer of the time of James I. Meantime I derived no benefit from any medicine, except one prescribed to me by an Edinburgh surgeon of great eminence, namely, ammoniated tincture of valerian. Medical account, therefore, of my emancipation, I have not much to give; and even that little, as managed by a man so ignorant of medicine as myself, would probably tend only to mislead. At all events, it would be misplaced in this situation. The moral of the narrative is addressed to the opium eater; and therefore, of necessity, limited

in its application. If he is taught to fear and tremble, enough has been effected. But he may say that the issue of my case is at least a proof that opium, after a seventeen years' use, and an eight years' abuse of its powers, may still be renounced; and that he may chance to bring to the task greater energy than I did, or that, with a stronger constitution than mine, he may obtain the same results with less. This may be true; I would not presume to measure the efforts of other men by my own. I heartily wish him more energy; I wish him the same success. Nevertheless, I had motives external to myself which he may unfortunately want; and these supplied me with conscientious supports, which mere personal interests might fail to supply to a mind debilitated by opium.

Jeremy Taylor conjectures that it may be as painful to be born as to die. I think it probable; and, during the whole period of diminishing the opium, I had the torments of a man passing out of one mode of existence into another. The issue was not death, but a sort of physical regeneration, and I may add that ever since, at intervals, I have had a restoration of more than youthful spirits, though under the pressure of difficulties, which, in a less happy state of mind, I should have called misfortunes.

One memorial of my former condition still remains; my dreams are not yet perfectly calm; the dread swell and agitation of the storm have not wholly subsided; the legions that encamped in them are drawing off, but not all departed; my sleep is tumultuous, and, like the gates of Paradise to our first parents when looking back from afar, it is still, in the tremendous line of Milton —

"With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms."

Complete. From "The Confessions of an Opium Eater."

ANECDOTAGE

(On Miss Hawkins's "Anecdotes"*)

This orange we mean to squeeze for the public use. Where an author is poor, this is wrong; but Miss Hawkins being upon her own acknowledgment rich (p. 125), keeping a "carriage, to the *propreté* of which she is not indifferent" (p. 253), and being able to give away manors worth more than £1,000 per annum (p. 140), it is most clear that her interests ought to bend to those of the public; the public being really in very low circumstances, and quite unable to buy books of luxury and anecdotage.

Who is the author, and what is the book? The author has descended to us from the last century, and has heard little that has happened since the American war. She is the daughter of Sir John Hawkins, known to the world: first, as the historian of music; second, as the acquaintance and biographer of Dr. Johnson; third, as the object of some vulgar gossip and calumnies made current by Mr. Boswell. Her era being determined, the reader can be at no loss to deduce the rest; her chronology known, all is known. She belongs to the literati of those early ages who saw Dr. Johnson in the body, and conversed in the flesh with Goldsmith, Garrick, Bennet, Langton, Wilkes and liberty, Sir Joshua Hawkesworth, etc., etc. All of these good people she "found" (to use her own lively expression) at her father's house: that is, upon her earliest introduction to her father's drawing-room at Twickenham, most of them were already in possession. Amongst the "etc., etc.," as we have classed them, were some who really ought not to have been thus slurred over, such as Bishop Percy, Tyrwhitt, Dean Tucker, and Hurd: but others absolutely pose us. For instance, does the reader know anything of one Israel Mauduit? We profess to know nothing; no, nor at all the more for his having been the author of "Considerations on the German War" (p. 7): in fact, there have been so many German wars since Mr. Mauduit's epoch, and the public have since then been called on to "consider" so many "considerations," that Miss Hawkins must pardon us for declaring that the illustrious Mauduit (though we remember his name in Lord Orford's "Memoirs") is

*"Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs," collected by Letitia Matilda Hawkins. London 1823.

now defunct, and that his works have followed him. Not less defunct than Mauduit is the not less illustrious Brettell. Brettell! What Brettell? What Brettell! Why, "Wonderful old Colonel Brettell of the Middlesex Militia" (p. 10), who, on my requesting him, at eighty-five years of age, to be careful in getting over a five-barred gate replied, Take care of what? Time was when I could have jumped over it. "Time was!" he says, was; but how will that satisfy posterity? What proof has the nineteenth century that he did it, or could have done it? So much for Brettell and Mauduit. But last comes one who "hight Costard": and here we are posed indeed. Can this be Shakespeare's Costard—everybody's Costard—the Costard of "Love's Labor's Lost"? But how is that possible? says a grave and learned friend at our elbow. I will affirm it to be impossible. How can any man celebrated by Shakespeare have visited at Twickenham with Dr. Johnson? That indeed, we answer, deserves consideration: yet, if he can, where would Costard be more naturally found than at Sir John Hawkins's house, who had himself annotated on Shakespeare, and lived in company with so many other annotators, as Percy, Tyrwhitt, Stevens, etc.? Yet again, at p. 10, and at p. 24, he is called "the learned Costard." Now this is an objection; for Shakespeare's Costard, the old Original Costard, is far from learned. But what of that? He had plenty of time to mend his manners, and fit himself for the company of Dr. Johnson; and at p. 80, where Miss Hawkins again affirms that his name was "always preceded by the epithet learned," she candidly admits that "he was a feeble, ailing, emaciated man who had all the appearance of having sacrificed his health to his studies," as well he might, if he had studied from Shakespeare's time to Dr. Johnson's. With all his learning, however, Costard could make nothing of a case which occurred in Sir John Hawkins's grounds; and we confess that we can make no more of it than Costard. "In a paddock," says Miss Hawkins, "we had an oblong piece of water supplied by a sluice. Keeping poultry, this was very convenient for ducks: on a sudden, a prodigious consternation was perceived among the ducks: they were with great difficulty persuaded to take to the water; and, when there, shuddered, grew wet, and were drowned. They were supposed diseased; others were bought at other places; but in vain! none of our ducks could swim. I remember the circumstance calling out much thought and conjecture. The learned George Costard, Dr. Morton,

and the medical advisers of the neighborhood were consulted: every one had a different supposition, and I well recollect my own dissatisfaction with all I heard. It was told of course to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. Mrs. Garrick would not give credit to it; Garrick himself was not incredulous, and after a discussion he turned to my father with his jocose impetuosity, and said, 'There's my wife, who will not believe the story of these ducks, and yet she believes in the eleven thousand virgins.' Most probably the ducks were descended from that 'which Samuel Johnson trod on,' which, 'if it had lived and had not died, had surely been an odd one'; its posterity therefore would be odd ones. However, Costard could make nothing of it; and to this hour the case is an unsolved problem, like the longitude of the Northwest Passage." But enough of Costard.

Of Lord Orford, who like Costard was a neighbor and an acquaintance of her father, Miss Hawkins gives us a very long account, no less than thirty pages (pp. 87–117) being dedicated to him on his first introduction. Amongst his eccentricities, she mentions that "he made no scruple of avowing his thorough want of taste for Don Quixote." This was already known from the "Walpoliana," where it may be seen that his objection was singularly disingenuous, because built on an incident (the windmill adventure), which, if it were as extravagant as it seems (though it has been palliated by the peculiar appearance of Spanish mills), is yet of no weight, because not characteristic of the work: it contradicts its general character. We shall extract her account of Lord Orford's person and abord, his dress and his address, which is remarkably lively and picturesque, as might have been expected from the pen of a female observer, who was at that time young: —

"His figure was, as every one knows, not merely tall, but more properly long, and slender to excess; his complexion, and particularly his hands, of a most unhealthy paleness. I speak of him before the year 1772. His eyes were remarkably bright and penetrating, very dark and lively; his voice was not strong; but his tones were extremely pleasant, and, if I may so say, highly gentlemanly. I do not remember his common gait: he always entered a room in that style of affected delicacy which fashion had then made almost natural; *chapeau bras* between his hands, as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm; knees bent; and feet on tiptoe, as if afraid of a wet floor. His dress in

visiting was most usually (in summer when I most saw him) a lavender suit; the waistcoat embroidered with a little silver, or of white silk worked in the tambour; partridge silk stockings; and gold buckles; ruffles and frill generally lace. I remember when a child thinking him very much underdressed, if at any time, except in mourning, he wore hemmed cambric. In summer, no powder; but his wig combed straight, and showing his very smooth, pale forehead, and queued behind; in winter, powder." What an amusing old coxcomb!

Of Dr. Johnson we have but one anecdote; but it is very good, and good in the best way — because characteristic; being, in fact, somewhat brutal and very witty. "Miss Knight, the author of 'Dinarbas' and of 'Marcus Flaminius,' used to pay him a farewell visit on quitting England for the Continent: this lady (then a young lady) is remarkably large in person; so the old savage dismisses her with the following memorial of his good-nature:—'Go, go, my dear; for you are too big for an island.'" As may be supposed, the Doctor is no favorite with Miss Hawkins; but she is really too hard upon our old friend, for she declares "that she never heard him say in any visit six words that could compensate for the trouble of getting to his den, and the disgust of seeing such squalidness as she saw nowhere else." One thing at least Miss Hawkins might have learned from Dr. Johnson; and let her not suppose that we say it in ill-nature: she might have learned to weed her pages of many barbarisms of language which now disfigure them; for instance, the barbarism of "compensate for the trouble"—in the very sentence before us — instead of "compensate the trouble."

Dr. Farmer disappointed Miss Hawkins by "the homeliness of his external." But surely when a man comes to that supper at which he does not eat but is eaten, we have a deeper interest in his wit, which may chance to survive him, than in his beauty, which posterity cannot possibly enjoy any more than the *petits soupers* which it adorned. Had the Doctor been a very Adonis, he could not have done Miss Hawkins so much service as by two of his *propos* which she records: One was, that on a report being mentioned, at her father's table, of Sir Joshua Reynolds having shared the gains arising from the exhibition of his pictures with his manservant, who was fortunately called Ralph, Dr. Farmer quoted against Sir Joshua these two lines from "Hudibras":

"A squire he had whose name was Ralph,
Who in the adventure went his half."

The other was that, speaking of Dr. Parr, he said that "he seemed to have been at a feast of learning [for learning, read languages] from which he had carried off all the scraps." Miss Hawkins does not seem to be aware that this is taken from Shakespeare: but, what is still more surprising, she declares herself "absolutely ignorant whether it be praise or censure." All we shall say on that question is that we most seriously advise her not to ask Dr. Parr.

Of Paul Whitehead, we are told that his wife "was so nearly idiotic, that she would call his attention in conversation to look at a cow, not as one of singular beauty, but in the words — 'Mr. Whitehead, there's a cow.'" On this Miss Hawkins moralizes in a very eccentric way: "He took it," says she, "most patiently, as he did all such trials of his temper." Trials of his temper! why, was he jealous of the cow? Had he any personal animosity to the cow? Not only, however, was Paul very patient (at least under his bovine afflictions, and his "trials" in regard to horned cattle), but also Paul was very devout; of which he gave this pleasant assurance: "When I go," said he, "into St. Paul's, I admire it as a very fine, grand, beautiful building; and when I have contemplated its beauty, I come out: but if I go into Westminster Abbey, —— me, I'm all devotion." So, by his own account, Paul appears to have been a very pretty fellow; —— patient and —— devout.

For practical purposes, we recommend to all physicians the following anecdote, which Sir Richard Jebb used to tell of himself. As Miss Hawkins observes, it makes even rapacity comical, and it suggests a very useful and practical hint. "He was attending a nobleman, from whom he had a right to expect a fee of five guineas; he received only three. Suspecting some trick on the part of the steward, from whom he received it, he at the next visit contrived to drop the three guineas. They were picked up, and again deposited in his hand; but he still continued to look on the carpet. His lordship asked if all the guineas were found. 'There must be two guineas still on the carpet,' replied Sir Richard, 'for I have but three.' The hint was taken as he meant."

But of all medical stratagems commend us to that practiced by Dr. Munckley, who had lived with Sir J. Hawkins during his

bachelor days in quality of "chum": and a chum he was, in Miss Hawkins's words, "not at all calculated to render the chum state happy." This Dr. Munckley, by the by, was so huge a man-mountain, that Miss Hawkins supposes the blank in the well-know epigram,

> "When —— walks the streets, the paviors cry,
> 'God bless you, sir!' and lay their rammers by."

to have been originally filled up with his name,— but in this she is mistaken. The epigram was written before he was born; and for about one hundred and forty years has this empty epigram, like other epigrams to be let, been occupied by a succession of big men: we believe that the original tenant was Dr. Ralph Bathurst. Munckley, however, might have been the original tenant, if it had pleased God to let him be born eighty years sooner; for he was quite as well qualified as Bathurst to draw down the blessings of paviors, and to play the part of a "three-man beetle." Of this Miss Hawkins gives a proof which is droll enough: "accidently encountering suddenly a stout manservant in a narrow passage they literally stuck." Each, like Horatius Cocles, in the words of Seneca, *solus implevit pontis angustias.* One of them, it is clear, must have backed; unless, indeed, they are sticking there yet. It would be curious to ascertain which of them backed. For the dignity of science, one would hope it was not Munckley. Yet we fear he was capable of any meanness, if Miss Hawkins reports accurately his stratagems upon her father's purse; a direct attack failing, he attacked it indirectly. But Miss Hawkins shall tell her own tale: "He was extremely rapacious, and a very bad economist; and, soon after my father's marriage, having been foiled in his attempt to borrow money of him, he endeavored to atone to himself for this disappointment by protracting the duration of a low fever in which he attended him; making unnecessary visits, and with his hand ever open for a fee." Was there ever such a fellow on this terraqueous globe? Sir John's purse not yielding to a storm, he approaches by mining and sapping, under cover of a low fever. Did this Munckley really exist, or is he but the coinage of Miss Hawkins's brain? If the reader wishes to know what became of this "great" man, we will gratify him. He was "foiled," as we have seen, "in his attempt to borrow money" of Sir J. H.; he was also soon after "foiled" in his attempt to live. Munckley, big Munckley, being "too big for an

island," we suppose, was compelled to die; he gave up the ghost: and what seems very absurd both to us and to Miss Hawkins, he continued talking to the last, and went off in the very act of uttering a most prosaic truism, which yet happened to be false in his case; for his final words were, that it was "hard to be taken off just then, when he was beginning to get into practice." Not at all, with such practices as his: where men enter into partnerships with low fevers, it is very fit that they should "back" out of this world as fast as possible; as fast as, in all probability, he had backed down the narrow passage before the stout manservant. So much for Munckley — big Munckley.

It does not strike us as any "singular feature" (p. 273), in the history of Bartleman, the great singer, "that he lived to occupy the identical house in Berners Street in which his first patron resided." Knowing the house, its pros and cons, its landlord, etc., surely it was very natural that he should avail himself of his knowledge for his own convenience. But it is a very singular fact (p. 160), that our government should, "merely for want of caution, have sent the Culloden ship of war to convoy Cardinal York from Naples." This we suppose Miss Hawkins looks upon as ominous of some disaster; for she considers it "fortunate" that his Eminence "had sailed before it arrived." Of this same Cardinal York, Miss Hawkins tells us further that a friend of hers having been invited to dine with him, as all Englishmen were while he kept a table, "found him, as all others did, a good-natured, almost superannuated gentleman, who had his round of civilities and jokes. He introduced some roast beef by saying that it might not be as good as that in England; 'for,' said he, 'you know we are but pretenders.'" Yes, the Cardinal was a pretender; but his beef was "legitimate," unless, indeed, his bulls pretended to be oxen.

On the subject of the Pretender, by the way, we have (at p. 63) as fine a bonmot as the celebrated toast of Dr. Byron, the Manchester Jacobite. "The Marchioness (the Marchioness of Tweeddale) had been Lady Frances Carteret, a daughter of the Earl of Granville, and had been brought up by her Jacobite aunt, Lady Worsley, one of the most zealous of that party. The Marchioness herself told my father that, on her aunt's upbraiding her when a child with not attending prayers, she answered that she heard her ladyship did not pray for the king. 'Not pray for the king?' said Lady Worsley; 'who says this? I will have you and those who

sent you know that I do pray for the king; but I do not think it necessary to tell God Almighty who is king.'"

This is naïveté, which becomes wit to the bystander, though simply the natural expression of the thought to him who utters it. Another instance, no less lively, is the following, mentioned at Strawberry Hill by "the sister of one of our first statesmen, now deceased." "She had heard a boy, humored to excess, tease his mother for the remains of a favorite dish; mamma at length replied, 'Then do take it and have done teasing me.' He then flew into a passion, roaring out, 'What do you give it me for? I wanted to have snatched it.'"

The next passage we shall cite relates to a very eminent character, indeed, truly respectable, and entirely English, *viz.*, plum pudding. The obstinate and inveterate ignorance of Frenchmen on this subject is well known. Their errors are grievous, pitiable, and matter of scorn and detestation to every enlightened mind. In civilization, in trial by jury, and many other features of social happiness, it has been affirmed that the French are two centuries behind us. We believe it. But with regard to plum pudding they are at least five centuries in arrear. In the "Omniana," we think it is, Mr. Southey has recorded one of their insane attempts at constructing such a pudding: the monstrous abortion which on that occasion issued to the light the reader may imagine; and will be at no loss to understand that volley of "*Diables*," "*Sacres*," and "*Morbleus*," which it called forth, when we mention that these deluded Frenchmen made cheese the basis of their infernal preparation. Now, under these circumstances of national infatuation, how admirable must have been the art of an English party, who, in the very city of Paris (that centre of darkness on this interesting subject), and in the very teeth of Frenchmen, did absolutely extort from French hands a real English plum pudding: yes, compelled a French apothecary, unknowing what he did, to produce an excellent plum pudding, and had the luxury of a hoax into the bargain. Verily the ruse was *magnifique;* and though it was nearly terminating in bloodshed, yet, doubtless, so superb a story would have been cheaply purchased by one or two lives. Here it follows in Miss Hawkins's own words: "Dr. Schonberg of Reading, in the early part of his life, spent a Christmas at Paris with some English friends. They were desirous to celebrate the season in the manner of their own country, by having as one dish at their table an English plum

pudding; but no cook was found equal to the task of compounding it. A clergyman of the party had indeed an old receipt book; but this did not sufficiently explain the process. Dr. Schonberg, however, supplied all that was wanting by throwing the recipe into the form of a prescription, and sending it to an apothecary to be made up. To prevent all possibility of error, he directed that it should be boiled in a cloth, and sent in the same cloth to be applied at an hour specified. At this hour it arrived, borne by the apothecary's assistant and preceded" (sweet heavens!) "by the apothecary himself, dressed, according to the professional formality of the time, with a sword. Seeing, when he entered the apartment, instead of signs of sickness, a table well filled and surrounded by very merry faces, he perceived that he was made a party in a joke that turned on himself, and indignantly laid his hand on his sword; but an invitation to taste his own cookery appeased him, and all was well."

This story we pronounce altogether unique: for as, on the one hand, the art was divine by which the benefits of medical punctuality and accuracy were pressed into the service of a Christmas dinner; so, on the other hand, it is strictly and satirically probable, when told of a French apothecary; for who but a Frenchman, whose pharmacopœia still teems with the monstrous compounds of our ancestors, could have believed that such a preparation was seriously designed for a cataplasm.

In our next extracts we come upon ground rather tender and unsafe for obstinate skeptics. We have often heard of learned doctors, from Shrewsbury, suppose, going by way of Birmingham to Oxford; and at Birmingham, under the unfortunate ambiguity of "the Oxford coach," getting into that from Oxford, which by nightfall safely restores the astonished doctor to astonished Shrewsbury. Such a case is sad and pitiful; but what is that to the case (p. 164) of Wilkes the painter, who, being "anxious to get a likeness" of "good Dr. Foster" (the same whom Pope has honored with the couplet:—

> "Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
> Ten metropolitans in preaching well."),

"attended his meeting one Sunday evening"; and very naturally, not being acquainted with Dr. Foster's person, sketched a likeness of the clergyman whom he found officiating; which clergyman happened unfortunately to be — not the Doctor — but Mr.

Morris, an occasional substitute of his. The mistake remained undiscovered: the sketch was elaborately copied in a regular picture; the picture was elaborately engraved in mezzotinto; and to this day the picture of one Mr. Morris "officiates" for that of the celebrated Dr. Foster. Living and dead he was Dr. Foster's substitute. Even this, however, is a trifle to what follows: the case "of a Baronet, who must be nameless, who proposed to visit Rome, and previously to learn the language; but by some mistake or imposition engaged a German, who taught only his own language, and proceeded in the study of it vigorously for three months before he discovered his error." With all deference to the authority of Horace Walpole, from whom the anecdote originally comes, we confess that we are staggered; and must take leave, in the stoical phrase, to "suspend"; in fact, we must consult our friends before we can contract for believing it: at present all we shall say about it is that we greatly fear the Baronet "must," as Miss Hawkins observes, "be nameless."

We must also consult our friends on the propriety of believing the little incident which follows, though attributed to "a very worthy, modest young man"; for it is remarkable that of this very modest young man is recorded but one act, *viz.*, the most impudent in the book. "He was walking in the mall of St. James's Park, when they met two fine young women, dressed in straw hats, and, at least to appearance, unattended. His friend offered him a bet that he did not go up to one of those rustic beauties, and salute her. He accepted the bet; and in a very civil manner, and probably explaining the cause of his boldness, he thought himself sure of success, when he became aware that it was the Princess Caroline, daughter of George II., who, with one of her sisters, was taking the refreshment of a walk in complete disguise. In the utmost confusion he bowed, begged pardon, and retreated; whilst their Royal Highnesses, with great good-humor, laughed at his mistake."

We shall conclude our extracts with the following story, as likely to interest our fair readers:—

"Lady Lucy Meyrick was by birth the Lady Lucy Pitt, daughter to the Earl of Londonderry, and sister to the last who bore that title. She was, of course, nearly related to all the great families of that name; and, losing her parents very early in life, was left under the guardianship of an uncle, who lived in James Street, Buckingham Gate. This house was a most singu-

larly uncouth, dismal dwelling, in appearance very much of the Vanburgh style of building; and the very sight of it would justify almost any measure to get out of it. It excited every one's curiosity to ask, What is this place? What can it be for? It had a front of very dark, heavy brickwork; very small windows, with sashes immensely thick. In this gay mansion, which looked against the blank window side of the large house in St. James's Park, twenty years ago Lord Milford's, but backwards into a market gardener's ground, was Lady Lucy Meyrick to reside with her uncle and his daughter, a girl a little older than herself. The young ladies, who had formed a strict friendship, were kept under great restraint, which they bore as two lively girls may be supposed to have done. Their endurances soon reached the ears of two Westminster scholars of one of the Welsh families of Meyrick, who, in the true spirit of Knight-errantry, concerted with them a plan for escaping, which they carried into effect. Having gone thus far, there was nothing for the courteous knights to do but to marry the fair damsels to whom they had rendered this essential service; and for this purpose they took them to the Fleet, or to May-Fair, in both which places marriages were solemnized in the utmost privacy. Here the two couples presented themselves, a baker's wife attending upon the ladies. Lady Lucy was then, and to the end of her life, one of the smallest women I ever saw: she was at the same time not more than fourteen years of age; and, being in the dress of a child, the person officiating objected to performing the ceremony for her. This extraordinary scrupulosity was distressing; but her ladyship met it by a lively reply — that her cousin might be married first, and then lend her her gown, which would make her look more womanly; but I suppose her right of precedence was regarded, for she used to say herself that she was at last married in the baker's wife's gown. Yet even now, if report be true, an obstacle intervened: the young ladies turned fickle; not, indeed, on the question 'to be or not to be' married, but on their choice of partners; and I was assured that they actually changed — Lady Lucy taking to herself, or acquiescing in taking, the elder brother. What their next step was to have been I know not: the ladies, who had not been missed, returned to their place of endurance; the young gentlemen to school, where they remained, keeping the secret close. When the school next broke up, they went home: and, probably, whilst waiting for courage to

avow, or opportunity to disclose, or accident to betray for them the matter, a newly arrived guest fresh from London, in reply, perhaps, to the usual question — What news from town? reported an odd story of two Westminster scholars, names unknown, who had (it was said) married two girls in the neighborhood of the school. The countenances of the two lads drew suspicions upon them; and, confession being made, Lady Lucy was fetched to the house of her father-in-law. His lady, seeing her so very much of a child in appearance, said, on receiving her, in a tone of vexation — 'Why, child, what can we do with you? Such a baby as you are, what can you know?' With equal humility and frankness Lady Lucy replied — 'It is very true, Madam, that I am very young and very ignorant; but whatever you will teach me I will learn.' All the good lady's prejudice was now overcome; and Lady Lucy's conduct proved the sincerity of her submission. She lived seven years in Wales under the tuition of her mother-in-law, conforming to the manners, tempers, and prejudices of her new relations."

We have now "squeezed" a volume of three hundred and fifty-one pages, according to our promise: we hope Miss Hawkins will forgive us. She must also forgive us for gently blaming her diction. She says (p. 277), "I read but little English." We thought as much; and wish she read more. The words "duple" (p. 145) and "decadence" (p. 123) point to another language than English; as to "*maux*" (p. 254), we know not what language it belongs to, unless it be Coptic.

It is certainly not "too big for an island"; but it will not do for this island, and we beg it may be transported. Miss Hawkins says a worse thing, however, of the English language than that she reads it but little: "Instead of admiring my native language," says she, "I feel fettered by it." That may be; but her inability to use it without difficulty and constraint is the very reason why she ought not to pronounce upon its merits. We cannot allow of any person's deciding on the value of an instrument until he has shown himself master of its powers in their whole compass. For some purposes (and these the highest), the English language is a divine instrument; no language is so for all.

When Miss Hawkins says that she reads "little English," the form of the expression implies that she reads a good deal of some more favored language. May we take the liberty of asking — what? It is not Welsh, we hope? nor Syriac? nor Sungskrita?

We say hope, for none of these will yield her anything for her next volume: throughout the Asiatic Researches no soul has been able to unearth a Sanskrit bonmot. Is it Latin? or Greek? Perhaps both, for, besides some sprinklings of both throughout the volume, she gives us at the end several copies of Latin and Greek verses. These, she says, are her brother's: be they whose they may, we must overhaul them. The Latin are chiefly Sapphics, the Greek chiefly Iambics; the following is a specimen of the Sapphics: —

"One a penny, two a penny, hot cross-buns;
If your daughters will not eat them, give them to your sons.
But if you have none of those pretty little elves,
You cannot do better than eat them yourselves."

"*Idem Latine redditum a Viro Clariss.*" — *Henrico Hawkins.*

"*Asse placentam cupiasne solam?*
Asse placentas cupiasne binas?
Ecce placentæ, teneræ, tepentes,
Et cruce gratæ.

"*Respuant natæ? dato, quæso, natis:*
Parvulos tales tibi si negârint
Fata, tu tandem (*superest quid ultra?*)
Sumito præsto est."

Our opinion of this translation is that it is worthy of the original. We hope this criticism will prove satisfactory. At the same time without offense to Mr. Hawkins, may we suggest that the baker's man has rather the advantage in delicacy of expression and structure of verse? He has also distinguished clearly the alternative of sons and daughters, which the unfortunate ambiguity of na*tis* has prevented Mr. Hawkins from doing. Perhaps Mr. Hawkins will consider this against a future edition. Another, *viz.*, a single hexameter, is entitled, "De Amandâ, clavibus amissis." Here we must confess to a single mortification, the table of "Contents" having prepared us to look for some sport; for the title is there printed (by mistake as it turns out), "de Amandâ, *clavis* amissis," *i. e.*, On Amanda, upon the loss of her cudgels; whereas it ought to have been *clavibus amissis*, on the loss of her keys. Shenstone used to thank God that his name was not adapted to the vile designs of the punster: perhaps some future punster may take the conceit out of him on

that point by extracting a compound pun from his name combined with some other word. The next best thing, however, to having a name, or title, that is absolutely pun-proof, is the having one which yields only to Greek puns, or Carthaginian (*i. e.*, *Punic*) puns. Lady Moira has that felicity, on whom Mr. Hawkins has thus punned very seriously in a Greek hexameter:—

"On the death of the Countess of Moira's newborn infant."

"*Μοιρα καλη, μ' ετεκες μ' ανελες μεν, Μοιρα κρατατη*"

Of the Iambics we shall give one specimen:—

"Impromptu returned with my lead pencil, which I had left on his table."

"*Βοηθος ειμι καλλιω παντ' εξ εμου*
Ἐκ του μολιβδου ἡ νοησις ερχεται"

The thought is pretty: some little errors there certainly are, as in the contest with the baker's man; and in this, as in all his iambics (especially in the three from the Arabic), some little hiatuses in the metre, not adapted to the fastidious race of an Athenian audience. But these little hiatuses, these "little enormities" (to borrow a phrase from the sermon of a country clergyman), will occur in the best-regulated verses. On the whole, our opinion of Mr. Hawkins, as a Greek poet, is that in seven hundred, or say seven hundred and fifty years, he may become a pretty—yes, we will say a very pretty poet: as he cannot be more than one-tenth of that age at present, we look upon his performances as singularly promising. *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.*

To return to Miss Hawkins: there are some blunders in facts up and down her book: such, for instance, as that of supposing Sir Francis Drake to have commanded in the succession of engagements with the Spanish Armada of 1588, which is the more remarkable as her own ancestor was so distinguished a person in those engagements. But, upon the whole, her work, if weeded of some trifling tales (as what relates to the young Marquis of Tweeddale's dress, etc.), is creditable to her talents. Her opportunities of observation have been great; she has generally made good use of them; and her tact for the ludicrous is striking and

useful in a book of this kind. We hope that she will soon favor us with a second volume; and, in that case, we cannot doubt that we shall again have an orange to squeeze for the public use.

Complete.

ON MADNESS

I AM persuaded myself that all madness, or nearly all, takes its rise in some part of the apparatus connected with the digestive organs, most probably in the liver. That the brain is usually supposed to be the seat of madness has arisen from two causes: first, because the brain is universally considered the organ of thought; on which account, any disease which disturbs the thinking principle is naturally held to be seated there: secondly, because in dissections of lunatics some lesion or disorganization of the brain has been generally found. Now, as to the first argument, I am of opinion that the brain has been considered the organ of thought chiefly in consequence of the strong direction of the attention to the head arising out of the circumstance that four of the senses, but especially that the two most intellectual of the senses, have their organs seated in that part of our structure. But if we must use the phrase "organ of thought" at all, on many grounds I should be disposed to say that the brain and the stomach apparatus through their reciprocal action and reaction jointly make up the compound organ of thought. Secondly, as to the post-mortem appearances in the brains of lunatics, no fact is better ascertained in modern pathology than the metastasis, or translation to some near or remote organ, of a disease which had primarily affected the liver — generally from sympathy, as it is called, but sometimes, in the case of neighboring organs, from absolute pressure when the liver is enlarged. In such cases the sympathetic disorder, which at first is only apparent, soon becomes real, and unrealizes the original one. The brain and the lungs are in all cases of diseased liver, I believe, liable beyond any other organs to this morbid sympathy; and supposing a peculiar mode of diseased liver to be the origin of madness, this particular mode we may assume to have as one part of its peculiarity a more uniform determination than other modes to this general tendency of the liver to generate a secondary disease in the brain. Admitting all this, however, it will be alleged that it

merely weakens or destroys the objections to such a theory; but what is the positive argument in its behalf? I answer — my own long experience, and, latterly, my own experiments directed to this very question, under the use of opium. For some years opium had simply affected the tone of my stomach, but as this went off, and the stomach, by medicine and exercise, etc., began to recover its strength, I observed that the liver began to suffer. Under the affection of this organ I was sensible that the genial spirits decayed far more rapidly and deeply; and that with this decay the intellectual faculties had a much closer sympathy. Upon this I tried some scores of experiments, raising and lowering alternately, for periods of forty-eight, sixty, seventy-two, or eighty-four hours, the quantity of opium. The result I may perhaps describe more particularly elsewhere — in substance it amounted to this, that as the opium began to take effect, the whole living principle of the intellectual motions began to lose its elasticity, and, as it were, to petrify; I began to comprehend the tendency of madness to eddy about one idea, and the loss of power to abstract — to hold abstractions steadily before me — or to exercise many other intellectual acts, was in due proportion to the degree in which the biliary system seemed to suffer. It is impossible in a short compass to describe all that took place; it is sufficient to say that the power of the biliary functions to affect and to modify the power of thinking according to the degree in which they were themselves affected, and in a way far different from the action of good or bad spirits, was prodigious, and gave me a full revelation of the way in which insanity begins to collect and form itself. During all this time my head was unaffected. And I am now more than ever disposed to think that some affection of the liver is in most cases the sole proximate cause, or, if not, an indispensable previous condition of madness.

Complete.

ON ENGLISH PHYSIOLOGY

In spite of our great advantages for prosecuting Physiology in England, the whole science is yet in a languishing condition amongst us; and purely for the want of first principles and a more philosophic spirit of study. Perhaps at this moment the best service which could be rendered to this subject would be to

translate, and to exhibit in a very luminous aspect, all that Kant has written on the question of teleology, or the doctrine of Final Causes. Certainly the *prima philosophia* of the science must be in a deplorable condition, when it could be supposed that Mr. Lawrence's book brought forward any new arguments in behalf of materialism; or that in the old argument which he has used (an argument proceeding everywhere on a metaphysical confusion which I will notice in a separate paper) there was anything very formidable. I have mentioned this book, however, not for the purpose of criticizing it generally, but of pointing out one unphilosophic remark of a practical tendency, which may serve to strengthen prejudices that are already too strong. On examining certain African skulls, Mr. Lawrence is disposed, with many other physiologists, to find the indications of inferior intellectual faculties in the bony structure as compared with that of the Caucasian skull. In this conclusion I am disposed to coincide; for there is nothing unphilosophic in supposing a scale of intellectual gradations amongst different races of men, any more than in supposing such a gradation amongst the different individuals of the same nation. But it is in a high degree unphilosophic to suppose that nature ever varies her workmanship for the sake of absolute degradation. Through all differences of degree she pursues some difference of kind, which could not perhaps have coexisted with a higher degree. If, therefore, the negro intellect be in some of the higher qualities inferior to that of the European, we may reasonably presume that this inferiority exists for the purpose of obtaining some compensatory excellence in lower qualities that could not else have existed. This would be agreeable to the analogy of nature's procedure in other instances: for, by thus creating no absolute and entire superiority in any quarter — but distributing her gifts in parts, and making the several divisions of men the complements, as it were, of each other, she would point to that same intermixture of all the races with each other, which on other grounds, *à priori* as well as empirical, we have reason to suppose one of her final purposes, and which the course of human events is manifestly preparing.

Complete.

ON SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE

It is asserted that this is the age of superficial knowledge; and amongst the proofs of this assertion we find encyclopædias and other popular abstracts of knowledge particularly insisted on. But in this notion and in its alleged proofs there is equal error: — wherever there is much diffusion of knowledge, there must be a good deal of superficiality; prodigious extension implies a due proportion of weak intension; a sealike expansion of knowledge will cover large shallows as well as large depths. But in that quarter in which it is superficially cultivated, the intellect of this age is properly opposed in any just comparison to an intellect without any culture at all: — leaving the deep soils out of the comparison, the shallow ones of the present day would in any preceding one have been barren wastes. Of this our modern encyclopædias are the best proof. For whom are they designed, and by whom used? — By those who in a former age would have gone to the fountain heads? No, but by those who in any age preceding the present would have drunk at no waters at all. Encyclopædias are the growth of the last hundred years; not because those who were formerly students of higher learning have descended, but because those who were below encyclopædias have ascended. The greatness of the ascent is marked by the style in which the more recent encyclopædias are executed; at first they were mere abstracts of existing books — well or ill executed; at present they contain many original articles of great merit. As in the periodical literature of the age, so in the encyclopædias it has become a matter of ambition with the publishers to retain the most eminent writers in each several department. And hence it is that our encyclopædias now display one characteristic of this age — the very opposite of superficiality (and which on other grounds we are well assured of) — *viz.*, its tendency in science, no less than in other applications of industry, to extreme subdivision. In all the employments which are dependent in any degree upon the political economy of nations, this tendency is too obvious to have been overlooked. Accordingly, it has long been noticed for congratulation in manufactures and the useful arts — and for censure in the learned professions. We have now, it is alleged, no great and comprehensive lawyers like Coke; and the study of medicine is subdividing itself into a dis-

tinct ministry (as it were) not merely upon the several organs of the body (oculists, aurists, dentists, chiropodists, etc.), but almost upon the several diseases of the same organ; one man is distinguished for the treatment of liver complaints of one class — a second for those of another class: one man for asthma — another for phthisis; and so on. As to the law, the evil (if it be one) lies in the complex state of society, which of necessity makes the laws complex: law itself is become unwieldy and beyond the grasp of one man's term of life and possible range of experience; and will never again come within them. With respect to medicine, the case is no evil, but a great benefit — so long as the subdividing principle does not descend too low to allow of a perpetual reascent into the generalizing principle (the τὸ commune) which secures the unity of the science. In ancient times all the evil of such a subdivision was no doubt realized in Egypt: for there a distinct body of professors took charge of each organ of the body, not (as we may be assured) from any progress of the science outgrowing the time and attention of the general professor, but simply from an ignorance of the organic structure of the human body and the reciprocal action of the whole upon each part and the parts upon the whole; an ignorance of the same kind which has led sailors seriously (and not merely, as may sometimes have happened, by way of joke) to reserve one ulcerated leg to their own management, whilst the other was given up to the management of the surgeon. With respect to law and medicine then, the difference between ourselves and our ancestors is not subjective but objective; not, *i. e.*, in our faculties who study them, but in the things themselves which are the objects of study: not we (the students) are grown less, but they (the studies) are grown bigger; — and that our ancestors did not subdivide as much as we do — was something of their luck, but no part of their merit. Simply as subdividers therefore to the extent which now prevails, we are less superficial than any former age. In all parts of science the same principle of subdivision holds: here, therefore, no less than in those parts of knowledge which are the subject of distinct civil professions, we are of necessity more profound than our ancestors; but, for the same reason, less comprehensive than they. Is it better to be a profound student or a comprehensive one? In some degree this must depend upon the direction of the studies: but generally, I think it is better for the interests of knowledge that the scholar

should aim at profundity, and better for the interests of the individual that he should aim at comprehensiveness. A due balance and equilibrium of the mind is but preserved by a large and multiform knowledge: but knowledge itself is but served by an exclusive (or at least paramount) dedication of one mind to one science. The first proposition is perhaps unconditionally true: but the second with some limitations. There are such people as Leibnitzes on this earth; and their office seems not that of planets — to revolve within the limits of one system, but that of comets (according to the theory of some speculators) — to connect different systems together. No doubt there is much truth in this: a few Leibnitzes in every age would be of much use: but neither are many men fitted by nature for the part of Leibnitz; nor would the aspect of knowledge be better, if they were. We should then have a state of Grecian life amongst us, in which every man individually would attain in a moderate degree all the purposes of the sane understanding — but in which all the purposes of the sane understanding would be but moderately attained. What I mean is this: — let all the objects of the understanding in civil life or in science be represented by the letters of the alphabet; in Grecian life each man would separately go through all the letters in a tolerable way; whereas at present each letter is served by a distinct body of men. Consequently the Grecian individual is superior to the modern; but the Grecian whole is inferior: for the whole is made up of the individuals; and the Grecian individual repeats himself. Whereas in modern life the whole derives its superiority from the very circumstances which constitute the inferiority of the parts: for modern life is cast dramatically; and the difference is as between an army consisting of soldiers who should each individually be competent to go through the duties of a dragoon — of a hussar — of a sharpshooter — of an artilleryman — of a pioneer, etc., and an army on its present composition, where the very inferiority of the soldier as an individual — his inferiority in compass and versatility of power and knowledge — is the very ground from which the army derives its superiority as a whole — *viz.*, because it is the condition of the possibility of a total surrender of the individual to one exclusive pursuit. In science, therefore, and (to speak more generally) in the whole evolution of the human faculties, no less than in political economy, the progress of society brings with it a necessity of sacrificing the ideal of what is excellent

for the individual to the ideal of what is excellent for the whole. We need, therefore, not trouble ourselves (except as a speculative question) with the comparison of the two states; because, as a practical question, it is precluded by the overruling tendencies of the age — which no man could counteract except in his own single case, *i. e.*, by refusing to adapt himself as a part to the whole, and thus foregoing the advantages of either one state or the other.

Complete.

THE LOVELIEST SIGHT FOR WOMAN'S EYES

THE loveliest sight that a woman's eye opens upon in this world is her firstborn child; and the holiest sight upon which the eyes of God settle in Almighty sanction and perfect blessing is the love which soon kindles between the mother and her infant: mute and speechless on the one side, with no language but tears and kisses and looks. Beautiful is the philosophy . . . which arises out of that reflection or passion connected with the transition that has produced it. First comes the whole mighty drama of love, purified ever more and more, how often from grosser feelings, yet of necessity through its very elements, oscillating between the finite and infinite; the haughtiness of womanly pride, so dignified, yet not always free from the near contagion of error; the romance so ennobling, yet not always entirely reasonable; the tender dawn of opening sentiments, pointing to an idea in all this which it neither can reach nor could long sustain. Think of the great storm of agitation and fear and hope, through which, in her earliest days of womanhood, every woman must naturally pass, fulfilling a law of her Creator, yet a law which rests upon her mixed constitution; animal, though indefinitely ascending to what is nonanimal — as a daughter of man, frail . . . and imperfect, yet also as a daughter of God, standing erect, with eyes to the heavens. Next, when the great vernal passover of sexual tenderness and romance has fulfilled its purpose, we see rising as a Phœnix from this great mystery of ennobled instincts, another mystery, much more profound, more affecting, more divine — not so much a rapture as a blissful repose of a Sabbath, which swallows up the more perishing story of the first; forcing the vast heart of female nature through stages of ascent, forcing it to pursue the trans-

migrations of the Psyche from the aurelic condition, so glowing in its color, into the winged creature which mixes with the mystery of the dawn, and ascends to the altar of the infinite heavens, rising by a ladder of light from that sympathy which God surveys with approbation; and even more so as he beholds it self-purifying under his Christianity to that sympathy which needs no purification, but is the holiest of things on this earth, and that in which God reveals himself through the nature of humanity.

Well it is for the glorification of human nature that through these the vast majority of women must forever pass; well also that by placing its sublime germs near to female youth, God thus turns away by anticipation the divinest of disciplines from the rapacious absoption of the grave. Time is found — how often — for those who are early summoned into rendering back their glorious privilege, who yet have tasted in its first fruits the paradise of maternal love.

And pertaining also to this part of the subject, I will tell you a result of my own observations of no light importance to women.

It is this: nineteen times out of twenty I have remarked that the true paradise of a female life in all ranks, not too elevated for constant intercourse with the children, is by no means the years of courtship, nor the earliest period of marriage, but that sequestered chamber of her experience, in which a mother is left alone through the day, with servants perhaps in a distant part of the house, and (God be thanked!) chiefly where there are no servants at all, she is attended by one sole companion, her little first-born angel, as yet clinging to her robe, imperfectly able to walk, still more imperfect in its prattling and innocent thoughts, clinging to her, haunting her wherever she goes as her shadow, catching from her eye the total inspiration of its little palpitating heart, and sending to hers a thrill of secret pleasure so often as its little fingers fasten on her own. Left alone from morning to night with this one companion, or even with three, still wearing the graces of infancy; buds of various stages upon the self-same tree, a woman, if she have the great blessing of approaching such a luxury of paradise, is moving — too often not aware that she is moving — through the divinest section of her life. As evening sets in, the husband, through all walks of life, from the highest professional down to that of common labor, returns home to vary her modes of conversation by such thoughts and interests

as are more consonant with his more extensive capacities of intellect. But by that time her child (or her children) will be reposing on the little couch, and in the morning, duly as the sun ascends in power, she sees before her a long, long day of perfect pleasure in this society which evening will bring to her, but which is interwoven with every fibre of her sensibilities. This condition of noiseless, quiet love is that, above all, which God blesses and smiles upon.

From De Quincey's posthumous works.

GREAT FORGERS: CHATTERTON, WALPOLE, AND "JUNIUS"

I HAVE ever been disposed to regard as the most venial of deceptions such impositions as Chatterton had practiced on the public credulity. Whom did he deceive? Nobody but those who well deserved to be deceived, *viz.*, shallow antiquaries, who pretended to a sort of knowledge which they had not so much as tasted. And it always struck me as a judicial infatuation in Horace Walpole, that he, who had so brutally pronounced the death of this marvelous boy to be a matter of little consequence, since otherwise he would have come to be hanged for forgery, should himself, not as a boy under eighteen (and I think under seventeen at the first issuing of the Rowley fraud), slaving for a few guineas that he might procure the simplest food for himself, and then buy presents for the dear mother and sister whom he had left in Bristol, but as an elderly man, with a clear six thousand per annum, commit a far more deliberate and audacious forgery than that imputed (if even accurately imputed) to Chatterton. I know of no published document, or none published under Chatterton's sanction, in which he formally declared the Rowley poems to have been the compositions of a priest living in the days of Henry IV., *viz.*, in or about the year 1400. Undoubtedly he suffered people to understand that he had found MSS. of that period in the tower of St. Mary Redcliff at Bristol, which he really had done; and whether he simply tolerated them in running off with the idea that these particular poems, written on discolored parchments by way of coloring the hoax, were amongst the St. Mary treasures, or positively said so, in either view, considering the circumstances of the case, no man of kind feelings will much condemn him.

But Horace Walpole roundly and audaciously affirmed in the first sentence of his preface to the poor romance of "Otranto," that it had been translated from the Italian of "Onuphrio Muralto," and that the MS. was still preserved in the library of an English Catholic family; circumstantiating his needless falsehood by other most superfluous details. Needless, I say, because a book with the Walpole name on the title-page was as sure of selling as one with Chatterton's obscure name was at that time sure of not selling. Possibly Horace Walpole did not care about selling, but wished to measure his own intrinsic power as a novelist, for which purpose it was a better course to preserve his incognito. But this he might have preserved without telling a circumstantial falsehood; whereas Chatterton knew that his only chance of emerging from the obscure station of a gravedigger's son, and carrying into comfort the dear female relatives that had half-starved themselves for him (I speak of things which have since come to my knowledge thirty-five years after Chatterton and his woes had been buried in a pauper's coffin), lay in bribing public attention by some extrinsic attraction. Macpherson had recently engaged the public gaze by his "Ossian"—an abortion fathered upon the fourth century after Christ. What so natural as to attempt other abortions—ideas and refinements of the eighteenth century—referring themselves to the fifteenth? Had this harmless hoax succeeded, he would have delivered those from poverty who delivered him from ignorance; he would have raised those from the dust who raised him to an aërial height—yes, to a height from which (but it was after his death), like Ate or Eris, come to cause another Trojan war, he threw down an apple of discord amongst the leading scholars of England, and seemed to say: "There, Dean of Exeter! there, Laureate! there, Tyrwhitt, my man! Me you have murdered amongst you. Now fight to death for the boy that living you would not have hired as a shoeblack. My blood be upon you!" Rise up, martyred blood! rise to heaven for a testimony against these men and this generation, or else burrow in the earth, and from that spring up like the stones thrown by Deucalion and Pyrrha into harvests of feud, into armies of self-exterminating foes. Poor child! immortal child! Slight were thy trespasses on this earth, heavy was thy punishment, and it is to be hoped, nay, it is certain, that this disproportion did not escape the eye which, in the algebra of human actions, estimates both sides of the equation.

Lord Byron was of opinion that people abused Horace Walpole for several sinister reasons, of which the first is represented to be that he was a gentleman. Now, I, on the contrary, am of opinion that he was not always a gentleman, as particularly seen in his correspondence with Chatterton. On the other hand, it is but just to recollect that in retaining Chatterton's MSS. (otherwise an unfeeling act, yet chiefly imputable to indolence), the worst aggravation of the case under the poor boy's construction, *viz.*, that if Walpole had not known his low rank "he would not have dared to treat him in that way," though a very natural feeling, was really an unfounded one. Horace Walpole (I call him so, because he was not then Lord Orford) certainly had not been aware that Chatterton was other than a gentleman by birth and station. The natural dignity of the boy, which had not condescended to any degrading applications, misled this practiced man of the world. But recurring to Lord Byron's insinuations as to a systematic design of running Lord Orford down, I beg to say that I am no party to any such design. It is not likely that a furious Conservative like myself, who has the misfortune also to be the most bigoted of Tories, would be so. I disclaim all participation in any clamor against Lord Orford which may have arisen on democratic feeling. Feeling the profoundest pity for the "marvelous boy" of Bristol, and even love, if it be possible to feel love for one who was in his unhonored grave before I was born, I resent the conduct of Lord Orford, in this one instance, as universally the English public has resented it. But generally, as a writer, I admire Lord Orford in a very high degree. As a letter writer, and as a brilliant sketcher of social aspects and situations, he is far superior to any French author who could possibly be named as a competitor. And as a writer of personal or anecdotic history, let the reader turn to Voltaire's "Siècle de Louis Quatorze" in order to appreciate his extraordinary merit.

Next will occur to the reader the forgery of "Junius." Who did that? Oh, villains that have ever doubted since "'Junius' Identified"! Oh, scamps — oh, pitiful scamps! You reader, perhaps, belong to this wretched corps. But, if so, understand that you belong to it under false information. I have heard myriads talk upon this subject. One man said to me, "My dear friend, I sympathize with your fury. You are right. Righter a man cannot be. Rightest of all men you are." I was right — righter — rightest! That had happened to few men. But again

this flattering man went on, "Yes, my excellent friend, right you are, and evidently Sir Philip Francis was the man. His backer proved it. The day after his book appeared, if any man had offered me exactly two thousand to one in guineas, that Sir Philip was not the man, by Jupiter! I would have declined the bet. So divine, so exquisite, so Grecian in its perfection, was the demonstration, the *apodeixis* (or what do you call it in Greek?), that this brilliant Sir Philip — who, by the way, wore his order of the Bath as universally as ever he taxed Sir William Draper with doing — had been the author of 'Junius.' But here lay the perplexity of the matter. At the least five-and-twenty excellent men proved by posthumous friends that they, every mother's son of them, had also perpetrated 'Junius.'" "Then they were liars," I answered. "Oh no, my right friend," he interrupted, "not liars at all; amiable men, some of whom confessed on their deathbeds (three to my certain knowledge) that, alas! they had erred against the law of charity." "But how?" said the clergyman. "Why, by that infernal magazine of sneers and all uncharitableness, the 'Letters of Junius.'" "Let me understand you," said the clergyman: "You wrote 'Junius'?" "Alas! I did," replied A. Two years after another clergyman said to another penitent, "And so you wrote 'Junius'?" "Too true, my dear sir. Alas! I did," replied B. One year later a third penitent was going off, and upon the clergyman saying, "Bless me, is it possible? Did you write 'Junius?'" he replied, "Ah, worshipful sir, you touch a painful chord in my remembrances — I now wish I had not. Alas! reverend sir, I did." "Now you see," went on my friend, "so many men at the New Drop, as you may say, having with tears and groans taxed themselves with 'Junius' as the climax of their offenses, one begins to think that perhaps all men wrote 'Junius.'" Well, so far there was reason. But when my friend contended also that the proofs arrayed in pamphlets proved the whole alphabet to have written "Junius," I could not stand his absurdities. Deathbed confessions, I admitted, were strong. But as to these wretched pamphlets, some time or other I will muster them all for a field day; I will brigade them, as if the general of the district were coming to review them; and then, if I do not mow them down to the last man by opening a treacherous battery of grapeshot, may all my household die under a fiercer "Junius"! The true reasons why any man fancies that "Junius" is an open question must be these three: —

Firstly, that they have never read the proofs arrayed against Sir Philip Francis; this is the general case.

Secondly, that, according to Sancho's proverb, they want better bread than is made of wheat. They are not content with proofs or absolute demonstrations. They require you, like the witch of Endor, to raise Sir Philip from the grave, that they may cross-examine him.

Thirdly (and this is the fault of the able writer who unmasked Sir Philip), there happened to be the strongest argument that ever picked a Bramah lock against the unknown writer of "Junius"; apply this, and if it fits the wards, oh, Gemini! my dear friend, but you are right — righter — rightest; you have caught "Junius" in a rabbit snare.

Complete. From De Quincey's posthumous works.

RENÈ DESCARTES

(1596–1650)

RENÉ DESCARTES, one of the greatest philosophers and mathematicians of Europe, was born at La Haye, France, March 31st, 1596. After graduating at the Jesuit College of La Flèche, he spent five years in Paris and eleven years in traveling, or, in the life of a soldier, witnessing the horrors of the wars with which Europe was then being wasted as a result of the growth of power of the people and the attempt to maintain the feudal system against it. At thirty-three, Descartes, convinced of the pressing need of intellect in the world to hold such brutality in check, retired to Holland determined to think out a way to higher civilization. "*Je pense — donc je suis*"* — "I think — hence I exist," is the basis of his system, and it means much more than a mere statement of fact, for the system of Descartes, logically interpreted, makes the reality of existence depend on thought, and cease when thought ceases. Very early in life Descartes had formed a habit of profound meditation, and he relied on it for results rather than on scholarship. In the ordinary sense he was not a scholar, for he did not seek knowledge through assimilating the thoughts of others, but through stimulating his own. The deduction from his reasoning is that if real thought is actually persisted in, it must lead to a knowledge of truth, no matter what the starting point. "I think — therefore I exist" — by beginning to become conscious, step by step, of everything in the universe. That is, the individual mind in thinking takes hold on the universal mind progressively, as it takes hold of the phenomena of nature in the visible universe through which the universal mind manifests itself. Hence the individual mind, existing because it thinks, exists in the universal order, and the individual thought demonstrates the universal. Descartes reasoned that under all complexities which result from the attempt to group and define the infinite order of the universe, there are primitive simplicities recognized by the mind as self-evident, absolute truths, the keys of all the rest. His effort was to teach a method of reaching these with certainty, and the object of the "Meditations" and "The Discourse on Method" was "to find a simple and indecomposable point or absolute element which gives to the world and thought their order and systematization." In

* "Cogito, ergo sum."*

other words, he sought a scientific method of reaching an intellectual knowledge of God, whom he recognized as the origin not merely of knowledge, but of thought itself. What he attempted to prevent was the perversion of thought by the reaction of the mind upon itself, its refusal to take actual hold on the phenomena of nature, and its relapse through such refusal into inertia and practical nonexistence—*i. e.*, "thoughtlessness."

Descartes has been called "the founder of modern philosophy," but in the nineteenth century it departed far from his postulate that truth becomes knowable as God, its author, is knowable through harmonizing the individual intellect with the universal thought of creation. Descartes died at Stockholm, February 11th, 1650. The list of his metaphysical, mathematical, and scientific works is a long one, but his "Meditations" are doubtlessly the most characteristic illustration of his attempt to think his way to the central truth of things. It should be remembered in reading them, however, that Descartes was no believer in the power of mere abstraction. He believed in and assiduously practiced concrete experiment. He experimented to test his preconceived ideas of truth—as it is the privilege of every great intellect to do. It is humiliating to remember, however, that the most far-reaching discoveries are a result of the mere object teaching of experiment, and that the greatest minds have done most, not through the vindication of preconceived ideas, but through what they have learned in spite of them. W. V. B.

THE FIFTH "MEDITATION"—"OF THE ESSENCE OF MATERIAL THINGS; AND, AGAIN, OF GOD,—THAT HE EXISTS"

SEVERAL questions remain for consideration respecting the attributes of God and my own nature or mind. I will, however, on some other occasion perhaps resume the investigation of these. Meanwhile, as I have discovered what must be done and what avoided to arrive at the knowledge of truth, what I have chiefly to do is to essay to emerge from the state of doubt in which I have for some time been, and to discover whether anything can be known with certainty regarding material objects. But before considering whether such objects as I conceive exist without me, I must examine their ideas in so far as these are to be found in my consciousness, and discover which of them are distinct and which confused.

In the first place, I distinctly imagine that quantity which the philosophers commonly call continuous, or the extension in length,

breadth, and depth that is in this quantity, or rather in the object to which it is attributed. Further, I can enumerate in it many diverse parts, and attribute to each of these all sorts of sizes, figures, situations, and local motions; and, in fine, I can assign to each of these motions all degrees of duration. And I not only distinctly know these things when I thus consider them in general; but besides, by a little attention, I discover innumerable particulars respecting figures, numbers, motion, and the like, which are so evidently true, and so accordant with my nature, that when I now discover them I do not so much appear to learn anything new as to call to remembrance what I before knew, or for the first time to remark what was before in my mind, but to which I had not hitherto directed my attention. And what I here find of most importance is, that I discover in my mind innumerable ideas of certain objects, which cannot be esteemed pure negations, although perhaps they possess no reality beyond my thought, and which are not framed by me, though it may be in my power to think, or not to think them, but possess true and immutable natures of their own. As, for example, when I imagine a triangle, although there is not perhaps and never was in any place in the universe apart from my thought one such figure, it remains true, nevertheless, that this figure possesses a certain determinate nature, form, or essence, which is immutable and eternal, and not framed by me, nor in any degree dependent on my thought; as appears from the circumstance, that diverse properties of the triangle may be demonstrated, *viz.*, that its three angles are equal to two right, that its greatest side is subtended by its greatest angle, and the like, which, whether I will or not, I now clearly discern to belong to it, although before I did not at all think of them, when, for the first time, I imagined a triangle, and which accordingly cannot be said to have been invented by me. Nor is it a valid objection to allege that perhaps this idea of a triangle came into my mind by the medium of the senses, through my having seen bodies of a triangular figure; for I am able to form in thought an innumerable variety of figures with regard to which it cannot be supposed that they were ever objects of sense, and I can nevertheless demonstrate diverse properties of their nature no less than of the triangle, all of which are assuredly true since I clearly conceive them: and they are therefore something, and not mere negations; for it is highly evident that all that is true is some-

thing (truth being identical with existence); and I have already fully shown the truth of the principle, that whatever is clearly and distinctly known is true. And although this had not been demonstrated, yet the nature of my mind is such as to compel me to assent to what I clearly conceive while I so conceive it; and I recollect that even when I still strongly adhered to the objects of sense, I reckoned among the number of the most certain truths those I clearly conceived relating to figures, numbers, and other matters that pertain to arithmetic and geometry, and in general to the pure mathematics.

But now if because I can draw from my thought the idea of an object it follows that all I clearly and distinctly apprehend to pertain to this object does in truth belong to it, may I not from this derive an argument for the existence of God? It is certain that I no less find the idea of a God in my consciousness, that is, the idea of a being supremely perfect, than that of any figure or number whatever: and I know with not less clearness and distinctness that an (actual and) eternal existence pertains to his nature than that all which is demonstrable of any figure or number really belongs to the nature of that figure or number; and, therefore, although all the conclusions of the preceding "Meditations" were false, the existence of God would pass with me for a truth at least as certain as I ever judged any truth of mathematics to be, although indeed such a doctrine may at first sight appear to contain more sophistry than truth. For, as I have been accustomed in every other matter to distinguish between existence and essence, I easily believe that the existence can be separated from the essence of God, and that thus God may be conceived as not actually existing. But, nevertheless, when I think of it more attentively, it appears that the existence can no more be separated from the essence of God than the idea of a mountain from that of a valley, or the equality of its three angles to two right angles, from the essence of a (rectilineal) triangle; so that it is not less impossible to conceive a God, that is, a being supremely perfect, to whom existence is wanting, or who is devoid of a certain perfection, than to conceive a mountain without a valley.

But though, in truth, I cannot conceive a God unless as existing, any more than I can a mountain without a valley, yet, just as it does not follow that there is any mountain in the world merely because I conceive a mountain with a valley, so likewise,

though I conceive God as existing, it does not seem to follow on that account that God exists; for my thought imposes no necessity on things; and as I may imagine a winged horse, though there be none such, so I could perhaps attribute existence to God, though no God existed. But the cases are not analogous, and a fallacy lurks under the semblance of this objection: for because I cannot conceive a mountain without a valley, it does not follow that there is any mountain or valley in existence, but simply that the mountain or valley, whether they do or do not exist, are inseparable from each other; whereas, on the other hand, because I cannot conceive God unless as existing, it follows that existence is inseparable from him, and therefore that he really exists: not that this is brought about by my thought, or that it imposes any necessity on things, but, on the contrary, the necessity which lies in the thing itself, that is, the necessity of the existence of God, determines me to think in this way: for it is not in my power to conceive a God without existence, that is, a being supremely perfect, and yet devoid of an absolute perfection, as I am free to imagine a horse with or without wings.

Nor must it be alleged here as an objection, that it is in truth necessary to admit that God exists, after having supposed him to possess all perfections, since existence is one of them, but that my original supposition was not necessary; just as it is not necessary to think that all quadrilateral figures can be inscribed in the circle, since, if I supposed this, I should be constrained to admit that the rhombus, being a figure of four sides, can be therein inscribed, which, however, is manifestly false. This objection is, I say, incompetent; for although it may not be necessary that I shall at any time entertain the notion of Deity, yet each time I happen to think of a first and sovereign being, and to draw, so to speak, the idea of him from the storehouse of the mind, I am necessitated to attribute to him all kinds of perfections, though I may not then enumerate them all, nor think of each of them in particular. And this necessity is sufficient, as soon as I discover that existence is a perfection, to cause me to infer the existence of this first and sovereign being: just as it is not necessary that I should ever imagine any triangle, but whenever I am desirous of considering a rectilineal figure composed of only three angles, it is absolutely necessary to attribute those properties to it from which it is correctly inferred that its three angles are not greater than two right angles, although perhaps I

may not then advert to this relation in particular. But when I consider what figures are capable of being inscribed in the circle, it is by no means necessary to hold that all quadrilateral figures are of this number; on the contrary, I cannot even imagine such to be the case so long as I shall be unwilling to accept in thought aught that I do not clearly and distinctly conceive: and consequently there is a vast difference between false suppositions, as is the one in question, and the true ideas that were born with me, the first and chief of which is the idea of God. For indeed I discern on many grounds that this idea is not factitious, depending simply on my thought, but that it is the representation of a true and immutable nature: in the first place, because I can conceive no other being, except God, to whose essence existence (necessarily) pertains; in the second, because it is impossible to conceive two or more gods of this kind; and it being supposed that one such God exists, I clearly see that he must have existed from all eternity, and will exist to all eternity; and finally, because I apprehend many other properties in God, none of which I can either diminish or change.

But, indeed, whatever mode of probation I in the end adopt, it always returns to this, that it is only the things I clearly and distinctly conceive which have the power of completely persuading me. And, although, of the objects I conceive in this manner, some, indeed, are obvious to every one, while others are only discovered after close and careful investigation, nevertheless, after they are once discovered, the latter are not esteemed less certain than the former. Thus, for example, to take the case of a right-angled triangle, although it is not so manifest at first that the square of the base is equal to the squares of the other two sides, as that the base is opposite to the greatest angle; nevertheless, after it is once apprehended, we are as firmly persuaded of the truth of the former as of the latter. And, with respect to God, if I were not preoccupied by prejudices, and my thought beset on all sides by the continual presence of the images of sensible objects, I should know nothing sooner or more easily than the fact of his being. For is there any truth more clear than the existence of a Supreme Being, or of God, seeing it is his essence alone that (necessary and eternal) existence pertains? And although the right conception of this truth has cost me much close thinking, nevertheless at present I feel not only as assured of it as of what I deem most certain, but I remark further that the

certitude of all other truths is so absolutely dependent on it, that without this knowledge it is impossible ever to know anything perfectly.

For although I am of such a nature as to be unable, while I possess a very clear and distinct apprehension of a matter, to resist the conviction of its truth, yet because my constitution is also such as to incapacitate me from keeping my mind continually fixed on the same object, and as I frequently recollect a past judgment without at the same time being able to recall the grounds of it, it may happen meanwhile that other reasons are presented to me which would readily cause me to change my opinion, if I did not know that God existed; and thus I should possess no true and certain knowledge, but merely vague and vacillating opinions. Thus, for example, when I consider the nature of the (rectilineal) triangle, it most clearly appears to me, who have been instructed in the principles of geometry, that its three angles are equal to two right angles, and I find it impossible to believe otherwise, while I apply my mind to the demonstration; but as soon as I cease from attending to the process of proof, although I still remember that I had a clear comprehension of it, yet I may readily come to doubt of the truth demonstrated, if I do not know that there is a God: for I may persuade myself that I have been so constituted by nature as to be sometimes deceived, even in matters which I think I apprehend with the greatest evidence and certitude, especially when I recollect that I frequently considered many things to be true and certain which other reasons afterwards constrained me to reckon as wholly false.

But after I have discovered that God exists, seeing I also at the same time observed that all things depend on him, and that he is no deceiver, and thence inferred that all which I clearly and distinctly perceive is of necessity true: although I no longer attend to the grounds of a judgment, no opposite reason can be alleged sufficient to lead me to doubt of its truth, provided only I remember that I once possessed a clear and distinct comprehension of it. My knowledge of it thus becomes true and certain. And this same knowledge extends likewise to whatever I remember to have formerly demonstrated, as the truths of geometry and the like: for what can be alleged against them to lead me to doubt of them? Will it be that my nature is such that I may be frequently deceived? But I already know that I cannot be

deceived in judgments of the grounds of which I possess a clear knowledge. Will it be that I formerly deemed things to be true and certain which I afterwards discovered to be false? But I had no clear and distinct knowledge of any of those things, and, being as yet ignorant of the rule by which I am assured of the truth of a judgment, I was led to give my assent to them on grounds which I afterwards discovered were less strong than at the time I imagined them to be. What further objection, then, is there? Will it be said that perhaps I am dreaming (an objection I myself lately raised), or that all the thoughts of which I am now conscious have no more truth than the reveries of my dreams? But, although, in truth, I should be dreaming, the rule still holds that all which is clearly presented to my intellect is indisputably true.

And thus I very clearly see that the certitude and truth of all science depends on the knowledge alone of the true God, insomuch that, before I knew him, I could have no perfect knowledge of any other thing. And now that I know him, I possess the means of acquiring a perfect knowledge respecting innumerable matters, as well relative to God himself and other intellectual objects as to corporeal nature, in so far as it is the object of pure mathematics (which do not consider whether it exists or not).

Meditation V. complete. From the «Meditations,» translated by John Veitch, LL. D.

THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN

(1776–1847)

DIBDIN not only defined the symptoms of Bibliomania as a disease, but so systematized them that it may be said he reduced the disease to a science. He was born at Calcutta in 1776, and was educated at Oxford for the bar; but not finding law to his taste, he gave it up for the Church. From 1804 until his death, November 18th, 1847, he was professionally a clergyman of the Church of England, but his love for old and rare books made him a "bibliomaniac," and perhaps the most celebrated of all bibliographers as well. His "Introduction to a Knowledge of the Rare and Valuable Editions of the Latin and Greek Classics" appeared in 1803, and in 1809 his "Bibliomania,"—deservedly the most popular of his works. He published also "The Library Companion" (1824), "Reminiscences of a Literary Life" (1836), and "Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in the Northern Counties of England and Scotland" (1838).

THE BIBLIOMANIA

(An Essay on the Disease by a Victim)

WHEN the poetical Epistle of Dr. Ferriar, under the popular title of the "Bibliomania," was announced for publication, I honestly confess that, in common with many of my book-loving acquaintance, a strong sensation of fear and of hope possessed me: of fear, that I might have been accused, however indirectly, of having contributed towards the increase of this Mania; and of hope, that the true object of book collecting, and literary pursuits, might have been fully and fairly developed. The perusal of this elegant epistle dissipated alike my fears and my hopes; for, instead of caustic verses and satirical notes, I found a smooth, melodious, and persuasive panegyric,—unmixed, however, with any rules for the choice of books, or the regulation of study.

To say that I was not gratified by the perusal of it would be a confession contrary to the truth; but to say how ardently I

anticipated an amplification of the subject, how eagerly I looked forward to a number of curious, apposite, and amusing anecdotes and found them not therein, is an avowal of which I need not fear the rashness, when the known talents of the detector of Sterne's plagiarisms are considered. I will not, however, disguise to you that I read it with uniform delight, and that I rose from the perusal with a keener appetite for —

> The small, rare volume, black with tarnished gold.
> — *Dr. Ferriar.* Epistle V. 138.

Whoever undertakes to write down the follies which grow out of an excessive attachment to any particular pursuit, be that pursuit horses, hawks, dogs, guns, snuffboxes, old china, coins, or rusty armor, may be thought to have little consulted the best means of insuring success for his labors, when he adopts the dull vehicle of Prose for the communication of his ideas, not considering that from Poetry ten thousand bright scintillations are struck off, which please and convince while they attract and astonish. Thus when Pope talks of allotting for —

> "Pembroke statues, dirty Gods and Coins;
> Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone;
> And books to Mead and butterflies to Sloane,"

when he says that —

> "These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound"

moreover that —

> "For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look;
> These shelves admit not any modern book";

he not only seems to illustrate the propriety of the foregoing remark by showing the immense superiority of verse to prose, in ridiculing reigning absurdities, but he seems to have had a pretty strong foresight of the Bibliomania which rages at the present day. However, as the Ancients tell us that a Poet cannot be a manufactured creature, and as I have not the smallest pretensions to the "rhyming art" (although in former times I did venture to dabble with it), I must of necessity have recourse to Prose; and, at the same time, to your candor and forbearance in perusing the pages which ensue.

If ever there was a country upon the face of the globe — from the days of Nimrod the beast to Bagford the book hunter — distinguished for the variety, the justness, and magnanimity of its views; if ever there was a nation which really and unceasingly "felt for another's woe" (I call to witness our Infirmaries, Hospitals, Asylums, and other public and private institutions of a charitable nature, that, like so many belts of adamant, unite and strengthen us in the great cause of Humanity); if ever there was a country and a set of human beings pre-eminently distinguished for all the social virtues which soften and animate the soul of man, surely Old England and Englishmen are they! The common cant, it may be urged, of all writers in favor of the country where they chance to live! And what, you will say, has this to do with Book Collectors and Books? — Much, every way: a nation thus glorious is, at this present eventful moment, afflicted not only with the Dog, but the Book, disease —

> "Fire in each eye, and paper in each hand,
> They rave, recite," ———

Let us inquire, therefore, into the origin and tendency of the Bibliomania.

In this inquiry I purpose considering the subject under three points of view: I. The History of the Disease, — or an account of the eminent men who have fallen victims to it; II. The Nature or Symptoms of the Disease; and III. The Probable Means of Its Cure. We are to consider, then,

I. The History of the Disease. — In treating of the history of this disease, it will be found to have been attended with this remarkable circumstance; namely, that it has almost uniformly confined its attacks to the male sex, and, among these, to people in the higher and middling classes of society, while the artificer, laborer, and peasant have escaped wholly uninjured. It has raged chiefly in palaces, castles, halls, and gay mansions; and those things which in general are supposed not to be inimical to health, such as cleanliness, spaciousness, and splendor, are only so many inducements towards the introduction and propagation of the Bibliomania! What renders it particularly formidable is that it rages in all seasons of the year and at all periods of human existence. The emotions of friendship or of love are weakened or subdued as old age advances; but the influence of this passion, or rather

disease, admits of no mitigation: "it grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength"; and is ofttimes—

"The ruling passion strong in death."

We will now, my dear sir, begin "Making out the catalogue" of victims to the Bibliomania! The first eminent character who appears to have been infected with this disease was Richard de Bury, one of the tutors of Edward III., and afterwards Bishop of Durham; a man who has been uniformly praised for the variety of his erudition and the intenseness of his ardor in book collecting. I discover no other notorious example of the fatality of the Bibliomania until the time of Henry VII., when the monarch himself may be considered as having added to the number. Although our venerable typographer, Caxton, lauds and magnifies, with equal sincerity, the whole line of British kings, from Edward IV. to Henry VII. (under whose patronage he would seem, in some measure, to have carried on his printing business), yet, of all these monarchs, the latter alone was so unfortunate as to fall a victim to this disease. His library must have been a magnificent one, if we may judge from the splendid specimens of it which now remain. It would appear too, that, about this time, the Bibliomania was increased by the introduction of foreign printed books; and it is not very improbable that a portion of Henry's immense wealth was devoted towards the purchase of vellum copies, which were now beginning to be published by the great typographical triumvirate, Verard, Eustace, and Pigouchet.

During the reign of Henry VIII., I should suppose that the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt were a little attached to book collecting; and that Dean Colet and his friend Sir Thomas More and Erasmus were downright Bibliomaniacs. There can be little doubt but that neither the great Leland nor his biographer Bale were able to escape the contagion; and that, in the ensuing period, Roger Ascham became notorious for the Book disease. He purchased probably, during his travels abroad, many a fine copy of the "Greek and Latin Classics," from which he read to his illustrious pupils, Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth; but whether he made use of an *editio princeps*, or a large paper copy, I have hitherto not been lucky enough to discover. This learned character died in the vigor of life, and in the bloom of reputation; and, as I suspect, in consequence of the Bibliomania,—for

he was always collecting books and always studying them. His "Schoolmaster," is a work which can only perish with our language.

If we are to judge from the beautiful Missal lying open before Lady Jane Grey, in Mr. Copley's elegant picture now exhibiting at the British Institution, it would seem rational to infer that this amiable and learned female was slightly attacked by the disease. It is to be taken for granted that Queen Elizabeth was not exempt from it; and that her great secretary, Cecil, sympathized with her! In regard to Elizabeth, her Prayer Book is quite evidence sufficient for me that she found the Bibliomania irresistible! During her reign, how vast and how frightful were the ravages of the Book madness! If we are to credit Laneham's celebrated Letter, it had extended far into the country, and infected some of the worthy inhabitants of Coventry; for one "Captain Cox, by profession a mason, and that right skillful," had "as fair a library of sciences, and as many goodly monuments both in Prose and Poetry, and at afternoon could talk as much without book, as any Innholder betwixt Brentford and Bagshot, what degree soever he be!"

While the country was thus giving proofs of the prevalence of this disorder, the two Harringtons (especially the younger) and the illustrious Spenser were unfortunately seized with it in the metropolis.

In the seventeenth century, from the death of Elizabeth to the commencement of Anne's reign, it seems to have made considerable havoc; yet, such was our blindness to it that we scrupled not to engage in overtures for the purchase of Isaac Vossius's fine library, enriched with many treasures from the Queen of Sweden's, which this versatile genius scrupled not to pillage without confession or apology. During this century our great reasoners and philosophers began to be in motion; and, like the fumes of tobacco, which drive the concealed and clotted insects from the interior to the extremity of the leaves, the infectious particles of the Bibliomania set a thousand busy brains a-thinking, and produced ten thousand capricious works, which, overshadowed by the majestic remains of Bacon, Locke, and Boyle, perished for want of air, and warmth, and moisture.

The reign of Queen Anne was not exempt from the influence of this disease; for during this period, Maittaire began to lay the foundation of his extensive library, and to publish some biblio-

graphical works which may be thought to have rather increased, than diminished, its force. Meanwhile Harley, Earl of Oxford, watched its progress with an anxious eye; and although he might have learned experience from the fatal examples of R. Smith and T. Baker, and the more recent ones of Thomas Rawlinson, Bridges, and Collins, yet he seemed resolved to brave and to baffle it; but, like his predecessors, he was suddenly crushed within the gripe of the demon, and fell one of the most splendid of his victims. Even the unrivaled medical skill of Mead could save neither his friend nor himself. The Doctor survived his Lordship about twelve years, dying of the complaint called the Bibliomania! He left behind an illustrious character; sufficient to flatter and soothe those who may tread in his footsteps, and fall victims to a similar disorder.

The years 1755 and 1756 were singularly remarkable for the mortality excited by the Bibliomania; and the well-known names of Folkes and Rawlinson might have supplied a modern Holbein a hint for the introduction of a new subject in the "Dance of Death." The close of George the Second's reign witnessed another instance of the fatality of this disease. Henley "bawled till he was hoarse" against the cruelty of its attack, while his library has informed posterity how severely and how mortally he suffered from it.

We are now, my dear sir, descending rapidly to our own times; and, in a manner sufficiently rough, have traced the history of the Bibliomania to the commencement of the present illustrious reign: when we discover, among its victims, a General, who had probably faced many a cannon and stormed many a rampart uninjured. The name of Dormer will remind you of the small but choice library which affords such a melancholy proof of its owner's fate; while the more splendid examples of Smith and West serve to show the increased ravages of a disease, which seemed to threaten the lives of all, into whose ears (like those of "Visto") some demon had whispered the sound of "Taste." These three striking instances of the fatality of the Bibliomania occurred,—the first in the year 1764, and the latter in 1773. The following year witnessed the sale of the Fletewode library; so that nothing but despair and havoc appeared to move in the train of this pestiferous malady. In the year 1775 died the famous Dr. Anthony Askew, another illustrious victim to the Bibliomania. Those who recollect the zeal and scholarship of this great book collector, and

the precious gems with which his library was stored from the cabinets of De Boze and Gaignat, as well as of Mead and Folkes, cannot but sigh, with grief of heart, on the thought of such a victim! How ardently, and how kindly (as I remember to have heard his friend Dr. Burges say), would Askew unfold his glittering stores — open the magnificent folio, or the shining duodecimo, upon vellum, embossed and fast held together with golden knobs and silver clasps! How carefully would he unroll the curious manuscript — decipher the half-effaced characters — and then, casting an eye of ecstasy over the shelves upon which similar treasures were lodged, exult in the glittering prospect before him! But Death — who, as Horace tells us, raps equally at the palaces of kings and cottages of peasants, made no scruple to exercise the knocker of the Doctor's door, and sent, as his avant-courier, this Deplorable Mania! It appeared; and even Askew, with all his skill in medicine and books, fell lifeless before it — bewailed, as he was beloved and respected!

After this melancholy event, one would have thought that future virtuosi would have barricaded their doors and fumigated their chambers, to keep out such a pest: — but how few are they who profit by experience, even when dearly obtained! The subsequent history of the disease is a striking proof of the truth of this remark; for the madness of book collecting rather increased — and the work of death still went on. In the year 1776 died John Ratcliffe, another, and a very singular, instance of the fatality of the Bibliomania. If he had contented himself with his former occupation, and frequented the butter and cheese, instead of the book, market — if he could have fancied himself in a brown peruke and Russian apron, instead of an embroidered waistcoat, velvet breeches, and flowing periwig, he might, perhaps, have enjoyed greater longevity; but, infatuated by the Caxtons and Wynkin de Wordes of Fleetwood and of West, he fell into the snare; and the more he struggled to disentangle himself the more certainly did he become a prey to the disease.

Thirty years have been considered by Addison (somewhere in his Spectator) as a pretty accurate period for the passing away of one generation and the coming on of another. We have brought down our researches to within a similar period of the present times; but, as Addison has not made out the proofs of such assertion, and as many of the relatives and friends of those who have fallen victims to the Bibliomania, since the days of

Ratcliffe, may yet be alive; moreover, as it is the part of humanity not to tear open wounds which have been just closed, or awaken painful sensibilities which have been well nigh laid to rest, so, my dear sir, in giving you a further account of this fatal disorder, I deem it the most prudent method not to expatiate upon the subsequent examples of its mortality. We can only mourn over such names as Beauclerk, Crofts, Pearson, Lort, Mason, Farmer, Steevens, Woodhouse, Brand, and Reed, and fondly hope that the list may not be increased by those of living characters.

We are, in the second place, to describe the Symptoms of the Disease.

The ingenious Peignot, in the first volume of his "Dictionnaire Bibliologie," p. 51, defines the Bibliomania to be "a passion for possessing books; not so much to be instructed by them, as to gratify the eye by looking on them. He who is affected by this mania knows books only by their titles and dates, and is rather seduced by the exterior than the interior." This is, perhaps, too general and vague a definition to be of much benefit in the knowledge and consequent prevention of the disease; let us, therefore, describe it more certainly and intelligibly.

Symptoms of this disease are instantly known by a passion for; 1. *Large Paper Copies;* 2. *Uncut Copies;* 3. *Illustrated Copies;* 4. *Unique Copies;* 5. *Copies Printed upon Vellum;* 6. *First Editions;* 7. *True Editions;* 8. *A General Desire for the Black Letter.* We will describe these symptoms more particularly:—

1. *Large Paper Copies.*—These are a certain set or limited number of the work printed in a superior manner, both in regard to ink and press work, on paper of a larger size, and better quality, than the ordinary copies. Their price is enhanced in proportion to their beauty and rarity.

This symptom of the Bibliomania is, at the present day, both general and violent, and threatens to extend still more widely. Even modern publications are not exempt from its calamitous influence; and when Mr. Miller, the bookseller, told me with what eagerness the large paper copies of Lord Valentia's "Travels" were bespoke, and Mr. Evans showed me that every similar copy of his new edition of "Burnett's History of His Own Times" was disposed of, I could not help elevating my eyes and hands, in token of commiseration at the prevalence of this symptom of the Bibliomania.

2. *Uncut Copies.*— Of all the symptoms of the Bibliomania, this is probably the most extraordinary. It may be defined as a passion to possess books of which the edges have never been sheared by the binder's tools. And here, my dear sir, I find myself walking upon doubtful ground;—your uncut Hearnes rise up in "rough majesty" before me, and almost "push me from my stool." Indeed, when I look around in my book-lined tub, I cannot but be conscious that this symptom of the disorder has reached my own threshold; but when it is known that a few of my bibliographical books are left with the edges uncut merely to please my friends (as one must sometimes study their tastes and appetites as well as one's own), I trust that no very serious conclusions will be drawn about the probable fatality of my own case. As to uncut copies, although their inconvenience (an uncut lexicon to wit!) and deformity must be acknowledged, and although a rational man can want for nothing better than a book once well bound, yet we find that the extraordinary passion for collecting them not only obtains with full force, but is attended with very serious consequences to those *qui n'ont point des pistoles* (to borrow the language of Clement, Vol. VI., p. 36). I dare say an uncut first Shakespeare, as well as an uncut first Homer, would produce a little annuity!

3. *Illustrated Copies.*— A passion for books illustrated or adorned with numerous prints, representing characters or circumstances mentioned in the work, is a very general and violent symptom of the Bibliomania, which has been known chiefly within the last half-century. The origin, or first appearance, of this symptom has been traced by some to the publication of Granger's "Biographical History of England"; but whoever will be at the pains of reading the preface of this work will see that Granger sheltered himself under the authorities of Evelyn, Ashmole, and others; and that he alone is not to be considered as responsible for all the mischief which passion for collecting prints has occasioned. Granger, however, was the first who introduced it in the form of a treatise, and surely "in an evil hour" was this treatise published—although its amiable author must be acquitted of "malice prepense." His "History of England" seems to have sounded the tocsin for a general rummage after, and slaughter of, old prints; venerable philosophers and veteran heroes, who had long reposed in unmolested dignity within the magnificent folio volumes which recorded their achievements,

were instantly dragged from their peaceful abodes to be inlaid by the side of some spruce, modern engraving, within an Illustrated Granger! Nor did the madness stop here. Illustration was the order of the day; and Shakespeare and Clarendon became the next objects of its attack. From these it has glanced off in a variety of directions, to adorn the pages of humbler wights; and the passion, or rather this symptom of the Bibliomania, yet rages with undiminished force. If judiciously treated, it is, of all the symptoms, the least liable to mischief. To possess a series of well-executed portraits of illustrious men at different periods of their lives, from blooming boyhood to phlegmatic old age, is sufficiently amusing; but to possess every portrait, bad, indifferent, and unlike, betrays such a dangerous and alarming symptom as to render the case almost incurable!

There is another mode of illustrating copies by which this symptom of the Bibliomania may be known: it consists in bringing together, from different works (by means of the scissors, or otherwise by transcription), every page or paragraph which has any connection with the character or subject under discussion. This is a useful and entertaining mode of illustrating a favorite author; and copies of works of this nature, when executed by skillful hands, should be preserved in public repositories. I almost ridiculed the idea of an Illustrated Chatterton, in this way, till I saw Mr. Haslewood's copy, in twenty-one volumes, which riveted me to my seat!

4. *Unique Copies.*—A passion for a book which has any peculiarity about it, by either or both of the foregoing methods of illustration—or which is remarkable for its size, beauty, and condition—is indicative of a rage for unique copies and is unquestionably a strong prevailing symptom of the Bibliomania. Let me therefore urge every sober and cautious collector not to be fascinated by the terms "Matchless and Unique"; which, "in slim Italicks" (to copy Dr. Ferriar's happy expression) are studiously introduced into booksellers' catalogues to lead the unwary astray. Such a collector may fancy himself proof against the temptation; and will, in consequence, call only to look at this unique book or set of books; but, when he views the morocco binding, silk water-tabby lining, blazing gilt edges—when he turns over the white and spotless leaves—gazes on the amplitude of margin—on a rare and lovely print introduced—and is charmed with the soft and coaxing manner in which, by the skill

of Herring or Mackinlay, "leaf succeeds to leaf"—he can no longer bear up against the temptation—and, confessing himself vanquished, purchases and retreats—exclaiming with Virgil's shepherd—

"*Ut vidi, ut perii—ut me malus abstulit error!*"

5. *Copies Printed on Vellum.*—A desire for works printed in this manner is an equally strong and general symptom of the Bibliomania; but as these works are rarely to be obtained of modern date, the collector is obliged to have recourse to specimens executed three centuries ago in the printing offices of Aldus, Verard, and the Juntæ. Although the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris, and the library of Count Macarty at Toulouse, are said to contain the greatest number of books printed upon vellum, yet those who have been fortunate enough to see copies of this kind in the libraries of his Majesty, the Duke of Marlborough, Earl Spencer, Mr. Johnes, and the late Mr. Cracherode (now in the British Museum), need not travel on the Continent for the sake of being convinced of their exquisite beauty and splendor. Mr. Edward's unique copy (he will forgive the epithet) of the first Livy upon vellum is a library of itself!—and the recent discovery of a vellum copy of Wynkin de Worde's reprint of Juliana Barnes's book, complete in every respect (to say nothing of his Majesty's similar copy of Caxton's "Doctrinal of Sapience," 1489, in the finest preservation) are, to be sure, sufficient demonstrations of the prevalence of this symptom of the Bibliomania in the times of our forefathers; so that it cannot be said, as some have asserted, to have appeared entirely within the last half-century.

6. *First Editions.*—From the time of Ancillon to Askew, there has been a very strong desire expressed for the possession of original or first published editions of works, as they are in general superintended and corrected by the author himself; and, like the first impressions of prints, are considered more valuable. Whoever is possessed with a passion for collecting books of this kind may unquestionably be said to exhibit a strong symptom of the Bibliomania; but such a case is not quite hopeless, nor is it deserving of severe treatment or censure. All bibliographers have dwelt on the importance of these editions, for the sake of collation with subsequent ones, and detecting, as is frequently the case, the carelessness displayed by future editors. Of such

importance is the first edition of Shakespeare considered, that a facsimile reprint of it has been published with success. In regard to the Greek and Latin classics, the possession of these original editions is of the first consequence to editors who are anxious to republish the legitimate text of an author. Wakefield, I believe, always regretted that the first edition of Lucretius had not been earlier inspected by him. When he began his edition, the *editio princeps* was not (as I have understood) in the library of Earl Spencer — the storehouse of almost everything that is exquisite and rare in ancient classical literature!

It must not, however, be forgotten that if first editions are, in some instances, of great importance, they are in many respects superfluous, and an incumbrance to the shelves of a collector; inasmuch as the labors of subsequent editors have corrected their errors, and superseded, by a great fund of additional matter, the necessity of consulting them. Thus, not to mention other instances (which present themselves while noticing the present one), all the fine things which Colomies and Remannus have said about the rarity of La Croix du Maine's "Bibliotheque," published in 1584, are now unnecessary to be attended to, since the ample and excellent edition of this work by De La Monnoye and Juvigny, in six quarto volumes, 1772, has appeared. Nor will any one be tempted to hunt for Gesner's "Bibliotheca" of 1545–48, whatever may be its rarity, who has attended to Morhof's and Vogt's recommendation of the last and best edition of 1583.

7. *True Editions.*— Some copies of a work are struck off with deviations from the usually received ones, and, though these deviations have neither sense nor beauty to recommend them (and indeed are principally defects), yet copies of this description are eagerly sought after by collectors of a certain class. This particular pursuit may therefore be called another, or the seventh, symptom of the Bibliomania.

8. *Books Printed in the Black Letter.*— Of all the symptoms of the Bibliomania, this eighth symptom (and the last which I shall notice) is at present the most powerful and prevailing. Whether it was not imported into this country from Holland, by the subtlety of Schelhorn (a knowing writer upon rare and curious books) may be shrewdly suspected. Whatever be its origin, certain it is, my dear sir, that books printed in the black letter are now coveted with an eagerness unknown to our collectors in the last century. If the spirits of West, Ratcliffe,

Farmer, and Brand, have as yet held any intercourse with each other, in that place "from whose bourn no traveler returns," what must be the surprise of the three former, on being told by the latter, of the prices given for some of the books in his library, as mentioned below!

A perusal of these articles may probably not impress the reader with any lofty notions of the superiority of the black letter; but this symptom of the Bibliomania is, nevertheless, not to be considered as incurable, or wholly unproductive of good. Under a proper spirit of modification it has done, and will continue to do, essential service to the cause of English literature. It guided the taste, and strengthened the judgment, of Tyrwhitt in his researches after Chaucerian lore. It stimulated the studies of Farmer and of Steevens, and enabled them to twine many a beauteous flower round the brow of their beloved Shakespeare. It has since operated, to the same effect, in the labors of Mr. Douce, the Porson of old English and French literature; and in the editions of Milton and Spenser by my amiable and excellent friend Mr. Todd, the public have had a specimen of what the black letter may perform, when temperately and skillfully exercised.

I could bring to your recollection other instances; but your own copious reading and exact memory will better furnish you with them. Let me not, however, omit remarking that the beautiful pages of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and Sir Trestrem, exhibit, in the notes (now and then thickly studded with black-letter references), a proof that the author of "The Lay" and "Marmion" has not disdained to enrich his stores of information by such intelligence as black-lettered books impart. In short, though this be also a strong and general symptom of the Bibliomania, it is certainly not attended with injurious effects when regulated by prudence and discretion. An undistinguishable voracious appetite to swallow everything printed in the black letter can only bring on unconquerable disease, if not death, to the patient.

Having in the two preceding divisions of this letter discoursed somewhat largely upon the history and symptoms of the Bibliomania, it now remains, according to the original plan, to say a few words upon the probable means of its cure. And, indeed, I am driven to this view of the subject from every laudable motive; for it would be highly censurable to leave any reflecting

mind impressed with melancholy emotions concerning the misery and mortality that have been occasioned by the abuse of those pursuits, to which the most soothing and important considerations ought to be attached. Far from me and my friends be such a cruel, if not criminal, conduct; let us then, my dear sir, seriously discourse upon the—

III. Probable Means of the Cure of the Bibliomania.—He will surely be numbered among the philanthropists of his day who has, more successfully than myself, traced and described the ravages of this disease, and fortified the sufferer with the means of its cure. But as this is a disorder of quite a recent date, and as its characteristics, in consequence, cannot be yet fully known or described, great candor must be allowed that physician who offers a prescription for so obscure and complicated a case. It is in vain that you search the works (aye, even the best editions) of Hippocrates and Galen for a description of this malady; nor will you find it hinted at in the more philosophical treatises of Sydenham and Heberden. It had, till the medical skill of Dr. Ferriar first noticed it to the public, escaped the observations of all our pathologists. With a trembling hand and fearful apprehension, therefore, I throw out the following suggestions for the cure, or mitigation, of this disorder: In the first place, the disease of the Bibliomania is materially softened, or rendered mild, by directing our studies to useful and profitable works,—whether these be printed upon small or large paper, in the Gothic, Roman, or Italic type. To consider purely the intrinsic excellence, and not the exterior splendor, or adventitious value, of any production, will keep us perhaps wholly free from this disease. Let the midnight lamp be burned to illuminate the stores of antiquity—whether they be romances, or chronicles, or legends, and whether they be printed by Aldus or by Caxton—if a brighter lustre can thence be thrown upon the pages of modern learning. To trace genius to its source, or to see how she has been influenced or modified by "the lore of past times" is both a pleasing and profitable pursuit. To see how Shakespeare has here and there plucked a flower from some old ballad or popular tale, to enrich his own unperishable garland—to follow Spenser and Milton in their delightful labyrinths 'midst the splendor of Italian literature—are studies which stamp a dignity upon our intellectual characters. But, in such a pursuit, let us not overlook the wisdom of modern times, nor fancy that what is only ancient can be excellent. We

must remember that Bacon, Boyle, Locke, Taylor, Chillingworth, Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, and Paley are names which always command attention from the wise, and remind us of the improved state of reason and acquired knowledge during the two last centuries.

In the second place, the reprinting of scarce intrinsically valuable works is another means of preventing the propagation of this disorder. Amidst all our present sufferings under the Bibliomania, it is some consolation to find discerning and spirited booksellers republishing the valuable "Chronicles" of Froissart, Holinshed, and Hall, and the collections known by the names of "The Harleian Miscellany," and "Lord Somer's Tracts." These are noble efforts, and richly deserve the public patronage.

In the third place, the editing of our best ancient authors, whether in prose or poetry, is another means of effectually counteracting the progress of the Bibliomania, as it has been described under its several symptoms.

In the fourth place, the erecting of public institutions is a very powerful antidote against the prevalence of several symptoms of this disease.

In the fifth place, the encouragement of the study of Bibliography, in its legitimate sense, and towards its true object, may be numbered among the most efficacious cures for this destructive malady. To place competent librarians over the several departments of a large public library, or to submit a library, on a more confined scale, to one diligent, enthusiastic, well-informed, well-bred, bibliographer or librarian (of which in this metropolis we have so many examples), is doing a vast deal towards directing the channels of literature to flow in their proper courses.

Thus briefly and guardedly have I thrown out a few suggestions, which may enable us to avoid, or mitigate the severity of, the disease called the Bibliomania. Happy indeed shall I deem myself, if, in the description of its symptoms, and in the recommendation of the means of cure, I may have snatched any one from a premature grave, or lightened the load of years that are yet to come.

You, my dear sir, who, in your observations upon society, as well as in your knowledge of ancient times, must have met with numerous instances of the miseries which "flesh is heir to," may be disposed perhaps to confess that, of all species of afflictions, the present one under consideration has the least moral turpitude

attached to it. True, it may be so: for, in the examples which have been adduced, there will be found neither suicides, nor gamesters, nor profligates. No woman's heart has been broken from midnight debaucheries; no marriage vow has been violated; no child has been compelled to pine in poverty or neglect; no patrimony has been wasted; and no ancestor's fame tarnished. If men have erred under the influence of this disease, their aberrations have been marked with an excess arising from intellectual fever, and not from a desire of baser gratifications.

If, therefore, in the wide survey which a philosopher may take of the "Miseries of Human Life" the prevalence of this disorder may appear to be less mischievous than that of others, and, if some of the most amiable and learned of mortals seemed to have been both unwilling, as well as unable, to avoid its contagion, you will probably feel the less alarmed if symptoms of it should appear within the sequestered abode of Hodnet! Recollecting that even in remoter situations its influence has been felt — and that neither the pure atmosphere of Hafod nor of Sledmere has completely subdued its power — you will be disposed to exclaim with violence, at the intrusion of Bibliomaniacs —

> "What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
> They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide!
> By land, by water, they renew the charge;
> They stop the chariot, and they board the barge."

Upon the whole, therefore, attending closely to the symptoms of this disorder as they have been described, and practicing such means of cure as have been recommended, we may rationally hope that its virulence may abate and the number of its victims annually diminish. But if the more discerning part of the community anticipate a different result, and the preceding observations appear to have presented but a narrow and partial view of the mischiefs of the Bibliomania, my only consolation is that to advance something upon the subject is better than to preserve a sullen and invincible silence. Let it be the task of more experienced bibliographers to correct and amplify the foregoing outline!

Complete. Original edition 1809.

CHARLES DICKENS

(1812–1870)

T IS hard to find a true essay among the miscellanies and sketches which Dickens left in such abundance. He is essentially a story-teller and a descriptive writer, but his "Child's Dream of a Star" approximates the essay of that most popular type invented by Addison and Steele in which a plot is introduced as a vehicle to carry the idea gratis to those who love to get new ideas at the least possible expense of thought. "The Vision of Mirza" itself is scarcely a better example of its class than this masterpiece by Dickens. His humor is well illustrated in "The Noble Savage," an essay interesting in itself and valuable for its bearing on "the problem of civilizing the inferior races."

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers; and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear, shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves.

It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so very weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and soon came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither: —

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining in the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the open star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said:—

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessings on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was re-united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by his fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago:—

"I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And O my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

Complete. From "Reprinted Pieces."

THE NOBLE SAVAGE

To come to the point at once, I beg to say that I have not the least belief in the Noble Savage. I consider him a prodigious nuisance and an enormous superstition. His calling rum fire-water, and me a pale face, wholly fail to reconcile me to him. I don't care what he calls me. I call him a savage, and I call a savage a something highly desirable to be civilized off the face of the earth. I think a mere gent (which I take to be the lowest form of civilization) better than a howling, whistling, clucking, stamping, jumping, tearing savage. It is all one to me whether he sticks a fish bone through his visage, or bits of trees through the lobes of his ears, or birds' feathers in his head; whether he flattens his hair between two boards, or spreads his nose over the breadth of his face, or drags his lower lip down by great weights, or blackens his teeth, or knocks them out, paints one cheek red and the other blue, or tattoos himself, or oils himself, or rubs his body with fat, or crimps it with knives. Yielding to whichsoever of these agreeable eccentricities, he is a savage — cruel, false, thievish, murderous; addicted more or less

to grease, entrails, and beastly customs; a wild animal with the questionable gift of boasting; a conceited, tiresome, bloodthirsty, monotonous humbug.

Yet it is extraordinary to observe how some people will talk about him, as they talk about the good old times; how they will regret his disappearance, in the course of this world's development, from such and such lands where his absence is a blessed relief and an indispensable preparation for the sowing of the very first seeds of any influence that can exalt humanity; how, even with the evidence of himself before them, they will either be determined to believe, or will suffer themselves to be persuaded into believing, that he is something which their five senses tell them he is not.

There was Mr. Catlin, some few years ago, with his Ojibbeway Indians. Mr. Catlin was an energetic, earnest man, who had lived among more tribes of Indians than I need reckon up here, and who had written a picturesque and glowing book about them. With his party of Indians squatting and spitting on the table before him, or dancing their miserable jigs after their own dreary manner, he called, in all good faith, upon his civilized audience to take notice of their symmetry and grace, their perfect limbs, and the exquisite expression of their pantomime; and his civilized audience, in all good faith, complied and admired. Whereas, as mere animals, they were wretched creatures, very low in the scale and very poorly formed; and as men and women possessing any power of truthful dramatic expression by means of action, they were no better than the chorus at an Italian Opera in England—and would have been worse, if such a thing were possible.

Mine are no new views of the noble savage. The greatest writers on natural history found him out long ago. Buffon knew what he was, and showed why he is the sulky tyrant that he is to his women, and how it happens (Heaven be praised!) that his race is spare in numbers. For evidence of the quality of his moral nature, pass himself for a moment and refer to his "faithful dog." Has he ever improved a dog, or attached a dog, since his nobility first ran wild in woods, and was brought down (at a very long shot) by Pope? Or does the animal that is the friend of man always degenerate in his low society?

It is not the miserable nature of the noble savage that is the new thing; it is the whimpering over him with maudlin admira-

tion, and the affecting to regret him, and the drawing of any comparison of advantage between the blemishes of civilization and the tenor of his swinish life. There may have been a change now and then in those diseased absurdities, but there is none in him.

Think of the Bushmen. Think of the two men and the two women who have been exhibited about England for some years. Are the majority of persons — who remember the horrid little leader of that party in his festering bundle of hides, with his filth and his antipathy to water, and his straddled legs, and his odious eyes shaded by his brutal hand, and his cry of "Qu-u-u-u-aaa!" (Bosjesman for something desperately insulting I have no doubt) — conscious of an affectionate yearning toward that noble savage, or is it idiosyncratic in me to abhor, detest, abominate, and abjure him? I have no reserve on this subject, and will frankly state that, setting aside that stage of the entertainment when he counterfeited the death of some creature he had shot, by laying his head on his hand and shaking his left leg — at which time I think it would have been justifiable homicide to slay him — I have never seen that group sleeping, smoking, and expectorating round their brazier, but I have sincerely desired that something might happen to the charcoal smoldering therein which would cause the immediate suffocation of the whole of the noble strangers.

There is at present a party of Zulu Kaffirs exhibiting at the St. George's Gallery, Hyde Park Corner, London. These noble savages are represented in a most agreeable manner; they are seen in an elegant theatre, fitted with appropriate scenery of great beauty, and they are described in a very sensible and unpretending lecture, delivered with a modesty which is quite a pattern to all similar exponents. Though extremely ugly, they are much better shaped than such of their predecessors as I have referred to; and they are rather picturesque to the eye, though far from odoriferous to the nose. What a visitor left to his own interpretings and imaginings might suppose these noblemen to be about, when they give vent to that pantomimic expression which is quite settled to be the natural gift of the noble savage, I cannot possibly conceive; for it is so much too luminous for my personal civilization that it conveys no idea to my mind beyond a general stamping, ramping, and raving, remarkable (as everything in savage life is) for its dire uniformity. But let us —

with the interpreter's assistance, of which I for one stand so much in need — see what the noble savage does in Zulu Kaffirland.

The noble savage sets a king to reign over him, to whom he submits his life and limbs without a murmur or question, and whose whole life is passed chin deep in a lake of blood; but who, after killing incessantly, is in his turn killed by his relations and friends, the moment a gray hair appears on his head. All the noble savage's wars with his fellow-savages (and he takes no pleasure in anything else) are wars of extermination — which is the best thing I know of him, and the most comfortable to my mind when I look at him. He has no moral feelings of any kind, sort, or description; and his "mission" may be summed up as simply diabolical.

The ceremonies with which he faintly diversifies his life are, of course, of a kindred nature. If he wants a wife he appears before the kennel of the gentleman whom he has selected for his father-in-law, attended by a party of male friends of a very strong flavor, who screech and whistle and stamp an offer of so many cows for the young lady's hand. The chosen father-in-law — also supported by a high-flavored party of male friends — screeches, whistles, and yells (being seated on the ground, he can't stamp) that there never was such a daughter in the market as his daughter, and that he must have six more cows. The son-in-law and his select circle of backers, screech, whistle, stamp, and yell in reply, that they will give three more cows. The father-in-law (an old deluder, overpaid at the beginning) accepts four, and rises to bind the bargain. The whole party, the young lady included, then falling into epileptic convulsions, and screeching, whistling, stamping, and yelling together — and nobody taking any notice of the young lady (whose charms are not to be thought of without a shudder) — the noble savage is considered married, and his friends make demoniacal leaps at him by way of congratulation.

When the noble savage finds himself a little unwell, and mentions the circumstance to his friends, it is immediately perceived that he is under the influence of witchcraft. A learned personage, called an Imyanger or Witch Doctor, is immediately sent for to Nooker the Umtargartie, or smell out the witch. The male inhabitants of the kraal being seated on the ground, the learned doctor, got up like a grizzly bear, appears, and adminis-

ters a dance of a most terrific nature, during the exhibition of which remedy he incessantly gnashes his teeth, and howls: — "I am the original physician to Nooker the Umtargartie. Yow yow yow! No connection with any other establishment. Till till till! All other Umtargarties are feigned Umtargarties, Boroo Boroo! but I perceive here a genuine and real Umtargartie, Hoosh Hoosh Hoosh! in whose blood I, the original Imyanger and Nookerer, Blizzerum Boo! will wash these bear's claws of mine. O yow yow yow!" All this time the learned physician is looking out among the attentive faces for some unfortunate man who owes him a cow, or who has given him any small offense, or against whom, without offense, he has conceived a spite. Him he never fails to Nooker as the Umtargartie, and he is instantly killed. In the absence of such an individual, the usual practice is to Nooker the quietest and most gentlemanly person in company. But the Nookering is invariably followed on the spot by the butchering.

Some of the noble savages in whom Mr. Catlin was so strongly interested, and the diminution of whose numbers, by rum and smallpox, greatly affected him, had a custom not unlike this, though much more appalling and disgusting in its odious details.

The women being at work in the fields, hoeing the Indian corn, and the noble savage being asleep in the shade, the chief has sometimes the condescension to come forth and lighten the labor by looking at it. On these occasions he seats himself in his own savage chair and is attended by his shield-bearer, who holds over his head a shield of cowhide — in shape like an immense mussel shell — fearfully and wonderfully, after the manner of a theatrical supernumerary. But lest the great man should forget his greatness in the contemplation of the humble works of agriculture, there suddenly rushes in a poet, retained for the purpose, called a Praiser. This literary gentleman wears a leopard's head over his own, and a dress of tigers' tails; he has the appearance of having come express on his hind legs from the Zoölogical Gardens; and he incontinently strikes up the chief's praises, plunging and tearing all the while. There is a frantic wickedness in this brute's manner of worrying the air, and gnashing out: "O what a delightful chief he is! O what a delicious quantity of blood he sheds! O how majestically he laps it up! O how charmingly cruel he is! O how he tears the flesh of his enemies

and crunches the bones! O how like the tiger and the leopard and the wolf and the bear he is! O row row row row, how fond I am of him!" which might tempt the Society of Friends to charge at a hand gallop into the Swartz-Kop location and exterminate the whole kraal.

When war is afoot among the noble savages — which is always — the chief holds a council to ascertain whether it is the opinion of his brothers and friends in general that the enemy shall be exterminated. On this occasion, after the performance of an Umsebeuza or war song, — which is exactly like all the other songs, — the chief makes a speech to his brothers and friends, arranged in single file. No particular order is observed during the delivery of this address, but every gentleman who finds himself excited by the subject, instead of crying, "Hear, hear!" as is the custom with us, darts from the rank and tramples out the life, or crushes the skull, or mashes the face, or scoops out the eyes, or breaks the limbs, or performs a whirlwind of atrocities on the body, of an imaginary enemy. Several gentlemen becoming thus excited at once, and pounding away without the least regard to the orator, that illustrious person is rather in the position of an orator in an Irish House of Commons. But several of these scenes of savage life bear a strong generic resemblance to an Irish election, and I think would be extremely well received and understood at Cork.

In all these ceremonies the noble savage holds forth to the utmost possible extent about himself; from which (to turn him to some civilized account) we may learn, I think, that as egotism is one of the most offensive and contemptible littlenesses a civilized man can exhibit, so it is really incompatible with the interchange of ideas; inasmuch as if we all talked about ourselves we should soon have no listeners, and must be all yelling and screeching at once on our own separate accounts: making society hideous. It is my opinion that if we retained in us anything of the noble savage, we could not get rid of it too soon. But the fact is clearly otherwise. Upon the wife and dowry question, substituting coin for cows, we have assuredly nothing of the Zulu Kaffir left. The endurance of despotism is one great distinguishing mark of a savage always. The improving world has quite got the better of that too. In like manner, Paris is a civilized city, and the Théâtre Français a highly civilized theatre; and we shall never hear, and never have heard in these later days

(of course) of the Praiser there. No, no, civilized poets have better work to do. As to Nookering Umtargarties, there are no pretended Umtargarties in Europe and no European powers to Nooker them; that would be mere spydom, subornation, small malice, superstition, and false pretense. And as to private Umtargarties, are we not in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three, with spirits rapping at our doors?

To conclude as I began. My position is, that if we have anything to learn from the noble savage, it is what to avoid. His virtues are a fable; his happiness is a delusion; his nobility, nonsense. We have no greater justification for being cruel to the miserable object than for being cruel to a William Shakespeare or an Isaac Newton; but he passes away before an immeasurably better and higher power than ever ran wild in any earthly woods, and the world will be all the better when his place knows him no more.

Complete. From «Reprinted Pieces.»

DENIS DIDEROT

(1713–1784)

DENIS DIDEROT, one of the thinkers whose pens overthrew the Bourbon monarchy in France, was born at Langres, October 5th, 1713. His father, who was a cutler by trade, gave him a classical education and put him in a lawyer's office, where, instead of studying law, Diderot perfected himself in the modern languages and in literature. Quarreling with his father because of this, he was forced into literature as a profession. His first work was translating; but making the acquaintance of D'Alembert, they began together the great French Encyclopedia, the publication of which occupied more than twenty years. The Encyclopedia was chiefly his, and the most important work of his life was done in this connection; but he was also a voluminous writer of criticisms and essays. Catherine of Russia, who was fond of French philosophy until she saw that it threatened royalty, patronized Diderot, and he spent a year (1773–74) at her court. He died at Paris, July 30th, 1784.

COMPASSION A LAW OF THE SURVIVAL OF SPECIES

(Suggested by Rousseau's "Discourse on Inequality")

I BELIEVE I need fear no contradiction in granting to man that unique natural virtue which the most outré detractors of human nature have been forced to accord him. I speak of compassion, a state of mind suitable to beings weak and subject as we are to so many misfortunes,— a virtue so universal and so useful to man, that it precedes in him the use of all reflection,— and so natural, that even animals sometimes give perceptible signs of it. Without mentioning the tenderness of mothers for their young, and the perils they face to protect them, we notice every day the repugnance horses have to trample under foot a living body. An animal does not pass without uneasiness a dead animal of its own species; there are some even who give them a kind of burial; and the mournful bellowing of cattle in entering the slaughterhouse shows the impression that is made on

them. One sees with pleasure that the author of "The Fable of the Bees" (Mandeville) is obliged to acknowledge man as a sensitive and compassionate being, and that he departs in the illustrations he gives in this connection from his cold and subtle style, offering us the pathetic image of a man under lock and key who sees in the open a ferocious beast tearing a child from its mother's bosom, crushing with its murderous teeth its feeble members, and tearing with its nails the child's palpitating vitals. What dreadful agitation does not the witness of such an event feel, although it is something in which he has no selfish interest; — what anguish does he not suffer at such a sight, feeling himself unable to carry assistance to the mother lying in a faint, or to the expiring child!

Such is the pure movement of nature anterior to any reflection, such is the force of a natural compassion, which the most depraved morals have a hard task to destroy, that we can see every day in our plays men become moved and shed tears who, were they in the place of the tyrant they condemn, would still aggravate the tortures of their enemies; — like the sanguinary Sylla, who was so sensitive to misfortunes he himself had not caused, or like the tyrant who could not be present at the representation of any tragedy, for fear that he might be seen moaning and weeping with Andromache and Priam, though he heard without emotion the shrieks of so many citizens who were murdered daily by his orders.

Mollissima corda
Humano generi dare se natura fatetur,
Quæ lachrymas dedit.—Juvenal XV., v. 131.

Mandeville very properly felt that with all their morals men would have been nothing but monsters, if nature had not given them compassion to strengthen their reason; but he failed to see that from that sole quality are derived all the social virtues which he denies them. In reality, what is generosity, clemency, humanity, if not compassion applied to the weak, to the guilty, or to the human species in general? Kindness and friendship themselves, are, after all, the production of a constant compassion, aimed at a particular object; for to wish that some one should not suffer, what else is it than to wish that he should be happy? Were it true that commiseration were a mere sentiment that puts us in the place of him that suffers (a sentiment obscure but alive

in the savage man, developed though weak in civilized man), what difference would this idea make to the truth I am speaking of, if not to give it more force? In point of fact, compassion will be so much more energetic as the animal spectator is able to identify itself more intimately with the suffering animal. Now, it is evident that this identification must have been infinitely narrower in the state of reason. It is reason which begets self-love, and reflection strengthens it; it is through reason that man enters into himself; it is reason which separates him from every thing that cramps or afflicts him. It is philosophy which isolates him; it is through philosophy that at the sight of a sufferer, he says secretly: "Perish if you wish; I am in safety." There is nothing more than the dangers to society at large to trouble the tranquil slumbers of the philosopher and tear him from his bed. His neighbor may be murdered under his window; he has but to close his ears with his hands, and argue somewhat with himself, to prevent the nature which revolts in him from identifying him with the one who is being assassinated. The savage man has none of this admirable talent; and, for want of wisdom and reason, we see him rashly giving himself up to the first sentiment of humanity. In mobs, in street fights, the populace congregate, the prudent man keeps at a distance; it is the street mob, *la canaille*, it is the women of the slums who separate the fighters, and prevent respectable people from cutting each other's throat.

It is therefore quite certain that compassion is a natural sentiment, which, moderating in each individual the activity of self-love, co-operates for the mutual preservation of the entire species. It is through compassion that we are carried without reflection to the assistance of those we see suffer; it is again compassion which, in a state of nature, stands instead of laws, of morals, and of virtue, with this advantage that none are tempted to disobey her sweet voice. It is compassion which will turn the robust savage from taking from a feeble child or from an infirm old man their substance painfully acquired, if he himself expects to be able to find his own elsewhere. It is compassion which, in place of that sublime maxim of reasoned justice: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," suggests to all men that other maxim of natural goodness, much less perfect, but more useful than the former: "Do thy good with the least possible evil to others."

It is, in one word, in natural sentiments more than in subtle arguments that we have to look for the cause of that repugnance which every man would feel in doing wrong even independently of all the maxims of education. Although it may belong to Socrates and to souls of his temper to acquire virtue by reason, the human species would have ceased to exist long ago if its preservation had depended on the reason of the individuals of whom the race is composed.

THE PROPHETIC QUALITY OF GENIUS

There is in men of genius, poets, philosophers, painters, orators, musicians, I know not what special quality of the soul, secret, indefinable, without which nothing very great or beautiful is ever created. Is it the imagination? No. I have seen fine and strong imaginations which promised much, and fulfilled nothing or very little. Is it judgment? No. Nothing is more common than men of good judgment, whose productions are sluggish, tame, and cold. Is it the mind? No. The mind speaks of great things, but brings forth but small ones. Is it enthusiasm, vivacity, or even dash? No. Enthusiastic people give themselves a deal of trouble to do things that are not good for anything. Is it sensitiveness? No. I have seen those whose soul was promptly and deeply affected, who were unable to listen to a recitation of a high order without getting beside themselves, — transported, intoxicated, crazy; who could not read a pathetic paragraph without shedding tears, and who stammered like children when they spoke or when they wrote. Is it taste? No. Taste effaces defects rather than produces beauties; it is a gift which one acquires more or less; it is not an endowment of nature. Is it a certain conformation of the head and the viscera, a certain constitution of the fancy? I give my consent, but on the condition that it shall be acknowledged that neither I nor any one has any precise notion of it, and that there be added to it an observing mind. When I speak of the observing mind, I do not mean that petty daily spying into words, acts, and looks,— that tact so familiar to womenkind, who possess it in a greater degree than the strongest minds, than the greatest wits, than the most vigorous geniuses. The subtilty which I might well compare to the art of passing millet seeds through the eye of a needle is a

miserable, petty, daily study whose entire utility is minute and domestic, by means of which the valet deceives his master, and the master deceives those whose valet he is, by outwitting them. The observing mind of which I speak puts forth its energies without effort, without contention; it does not look,—it sees; it improves itself; it expands without studying; . . . it is a machine that says, "This is going to succeed," and it will succeed; "It is not going to succeed," and it does not succeed; "This is true," or "That is false," and it turns out as it has told it would. It is noticed both in great and small things. This kind of prophetic mind is not the same in all conditions of life; each state has its own. It is not always a safeguard against falls, but the fall which it brings about never carries contempt with it.

SIR KENELM DIGBY

(1603–1665)

Sir Kenelm Digby's "Observations upon Religio Medici," addressed to the Earl of Dorset and published in 1643, is perhaps the closest approximation made during the seventeenth century to the critical review of the nineteenth. Though not an original thinker, Digby has a clear and interesting style, and when he writes it is from the fullness of a highly diversified experience. Born in Buckinghamshire, England, in 1603, he had the disadvantage of the ill repute attaching to his father's part in the Guy Fawkes plot, but he overcame it and was in high favor with the Stuarts. Banished as a royalist in 1643, he returned after the Restoration, as chancellor to Queen Henrietta Maria. He had traveled extensively in Europe, visiting celebrated philosophers, and he seems to have persuaded himself that he had occult powers such as were claimed by the Rosicrucians. Besides the "Observations upon Religio Medici," he wrote "A Treatise of the Nature of Bodies," "A Treatise Declaring the Operation of Man's Soul," and "A Discourse Concerning the Vegetation of Plants."

ON BROWNE'S RELIGIO MEDICI

It falleth fit in this place to examine our author's apprehension of the end of such honest worthies and philosophers (as he calleth them) that died before Christ's incarnation, whether any of them could be saved, or no. Truly, my lord, I make no doubt at all but if any followed in the whole tenor of their lives, the dictamens of right reason, but that their journey was secure to heaven. Out of the former discourse appeareth what temper of mind is necessary to get thither. And that reason would dictate such a temper to a perfectly judicious man (though but in the state of nature), as the best and most rational for him, I make no doubt at all. But it is most true, they are exceeding few, if any, in whom reason worketh clearly, and is not overswayed by passion and terrene affections; they are few that can discern what is reasonable to be done in every circumstance.

——— "*Pauci, quos æquus amavit*
Jupiter, aut ardens evixit ad æthera virtus,
Diis geniti, potuere." ———

And fewer, that knowing what is best, can win of themselves to do accordingly (*video meliora proboque deteriora sequor*, being most men's cases); so that after all that can be expected at the hands of nature and reason in their best habit, since the lapse of them, we may conclude it would have been a most difficult thing for any man, and a most impossible one for mankind, to attain unto beatitude, if Christ had not come to teach, and by his example to show us the way.

And this was the reason of his incarnation, teaching life and death. For being God, we could not doubt his veracity, when he told us news of the other world; having all things in his power, and yet enjoying none of the delights of this life, no man should stick at foregoing them, since his example showeth all men that such a course is best, whereas few are capable of the reason of it: and for his last act, dying in such an afflicted manner; he taught us how the securest way to step immediately into perfect happiness is to be crucified to all the desires, delights, and contentments of this world.

But to come back to our physician. Truly, my lord, I must needs pay him, as a due, the acknowledging his pious discourses to be excellent and pathetical ones, containing worthy motives to incite one to virtue, and to deter one from vice; thereby to gain heaven and to avoid hell. Assuredly he is owner of a solid head and of a strong, generous heart. Where he employeth his thoughts upon such things as resort to no higher or more abstruse principles than such as occur in ordinary conversation with the world, or in the common track of study and learning, I know no man would say better. But when he meeteth with such difficulties as his next, concerning the resurrection of the body, wherein, after deep meditation upon the most abstracted principles and speculations of the metaphysics, one hath much ado to solve the appearing contradictions in nature, there I do not at all wonder he should tread a little awry, and go astray in the dark: for I conceive his course of life hath not permitted him to allow much time unto the unwinding of such entangled and abstracted subtleties. But if it had, I believe his natural parts are such, as he might have kept the chair from most men I know:

for even where he roveth widest, it is with so much wit and sharpness, as putteth me in mind of a great man's censure upon Joseph Scaliger's Cyclometrica, a matter he was not well versed in; that he had rather err so ingeniously, as he did, than hit upon truth in that heavy manner, as the Jesuit, his antagonist, stuffeth his books. Most assuredly his wit and smartness in this discourse is of the finest standard, and his insight into severer learning will appear as piercing unto such as use not strictly the touchstone and the test to examine every piece of glittering coin he payeth his reader with. But to come to the resurrection, methinks it is but a gross conception, to think that every atom of the present individual matter of a body, every grain of ashes of a burned cadaver, scattered by the wind throughout the world, and, after numerous variations, changed peradventure into the body of another man, should at the sounding of the last trumpet be raked together again from all the corners of the earth, and be made up anew into the same body it was before of the first man. Yet if we will be Christians, and rely upon God's promises, we must believe that we shall rise again with the same body that walked about, did eat, drink, and live here on earth; and that we shall see our Savior and Redeemer with the same, the very same eyes, wherewith we now look upon the fading glories of this contemptible world.

From a review of «Religio Medici» addressed to the Earl of Dorset.

ISAAC D'ISRAELI

(1766–1848)

THE man who is content to please while others insist on being admired is so rare in literature that he is certain never to be forgotten. No one has ever thought of calling the author of "The Curiosities of Literature" a great writer, but who that ever knew him would wish him to be great at the expense of ceasing to be what he is? He has not the delicate wit of Addison, the humor of Lamb, or the brilliancy of De Quincey, but there are times when he can make the reader forget that there is, or that there need be, better writing than his. Like Robert Chambers, he is unobtrusively friendly; and at the same time he is wholly free from the vice of the critical style, which avoids stating facts except by involution and indirection. He writes as if he had an open book before him and were modestly answering a friend's question of what had most interested him in it. This, indeed, is what he does do, except that the open book is the literature of the world, in which he so immersed himself that it was the only world he lived in.

He was born at Enfield, England, May, 1766, from a family of Jewish origin. His father, who removed from Venice to England, wished him to become a merchant, but his distaste for trade was so great that one of his first literary attempts was a poem denouncing it. His father finally consented to allow him to follow his own inclinations, and he passed his subsequent life almost wholly in libraries. His son, the celebrated Earl of Beaconsfield, says that in the country he scarcely ever left his room "but to saunter in abstraction upon a terrace, muse over a chapter, or coin a sentence." He died January 19th, 1848. Among his works are "The Recreations of Authors," "The Calamities of Authors," "The Quarrels of Authors," and "The Amenities of Literature," all approximating the quality of "The Curiosities of Literature," but none of them equaling it. It was a masterpiece of its kind which even its own author could produce but once. Many of its essays are models worthy of imitation by all who, when they have something to say, are willing to give up admiration and be wholly forgotten by their hearers for the sake of saying it and having it remembered rather than wondered at.

THE MAN OF ONE BOOK

MR. MAURICE, in his animated memoirs, has recently acquainted us with a fact which may be deemed important in the life of a literary man. He tells us, "We have just been informed that Sir William Jones invariably read through every year the works of Cicero, whose life indeed was the great exemplar of his own." The same passion for the works of Cicero has been participated in by others. When the best means of forming a good style were inquired of the learned Arnauld, he advised the daily study of Cicero; but it was observed that the object was not to form a Latin, but a French style; "In that case," replied Arnauld, "you must still read Cicero."

A predilection for some great author, among the vast number which must transiently occupy our attention, seems to be the happiest preservative for our taste; accustomed to that excellent author whom we have chosen for our favorite, we may in this intimacy possibly resemble him. It is to be feared that if we do not form such a permanent attachment, we may be acquiring knowledge, while our elevated taste becomes less and less lively. Taste embalms the knowledge which otherwise cannot preserve itself. He who has long been intimate with one great author will always be found to be a formidable antagonist; he has saturated his mind with the excellencies of genius; he has shaped his faculties insensibly to himself by his model, and he is like a man who even sleeps in armor, ready at a moment! The old Latin proverb reminds us of this fact: *Cave ab homine unius libri;* be cautious of the man of one book!

Pliny and Seneca give very safe advice on reading; that we should read much, but not very many books—but they had no "monthly lists of new publications!" Since their days others have favored us with "Methods of study" and "Catalogues of books to be read." Vain attempts to circumscribe that invisible circle of human knowledge which is perpetually enlarging itself! The multiplicity of books is an evil for the many; for we now find an *helluo librorum*, not only among the learned, but, with their pardon, among the unlearned; for those who, even to the prejudice of their health, persist only in reading the incessant book novelties of our own time, will after many years acquire a sort of learned ignorance. We are now in want of an art to teach how books are to be read, rather than not to read them; such

an art is practicable. But amidst this vast multitude still let us be "the man of one book," and preserve an uninterrupted intercourse with that great author with whose mode of thinking we sympathize and whose charms of composition we can habitually retain.

It is remarkable that every great writer appears to have a predilection for some favorite author; and with Alexander, had they possessed a golden casket, would have enshrined the works they so constantly turned over. Demosthenes felt such delight in the history of Thucydides, that to obtain a familiar and perfect mastery of his style, he recopied his history eight times; while Brutus not only was constantly perusing Polybius even amidst the most busy periods of his life, but was abridging a copy of that author on the last awful night of his existence, when on the following day he was to try his fate against Antony and Octavius. Selim II. had the "Commentaries" of Cæsar translated for his use; and it is recorded that his military ardor was heightened by the perusal. We are told that Scipio Africanus was made a hero by the writings of Xenophon. When Clarendon was employed in writing his history, he was in a constant study of Livy and Tacitus, to acquire the full and flowing style of the one and the portrait painting of the other; he records this circumstance in a letter. Voltaire had usually on his table the "Athalie" of Racine, and the "Petit Careme" of Massillon; the tragedies of the one were the finest model of French verse, the sermons of the other of French prose. "Were I obliged to sell my library," exclaimed Diderot, "I would keep back Moses, Homer, and Richardson"; and by the éloge which this enthusiastic writer composed on our English novelist, it is doubtful, had the Frenchman been obliged to have lost two of them, whether Richardson had not been the elected favorite. Monsieur Thomas, a French writer, who at times displays high eloquence and profound thinking, Herault de Sechelles tells us, studied chiefly one author, but that author was Cicero; and never went into the country unaccompanied by some of his works. Fénelon was constantly employed on his Homer; he left a translation of the greater part of the "Odyssey," without any design of publication, but merely as an exercise for style. Montesquieu was a constant student of Tacitus, of whom he must be considered a forcible imitator. He has, in the manner of Tacitus, characterized Tacitus. "That historian," he says, "who abridged everything, because he saw

every thing." The famous Bourdaloue reperused every year St. Paul, St. Chrysostom, and Cicero. "These," says a French critic, "were the sources of his masculine and solid eloquence." Grotius had such a taste for Lucan, that he always carried a pocket edition about him, and has been seen to kiss his handbook with the rapture of a true votary. If this anecdote be true, the elevated sentiments of the stern Roman were probably the attraction with the Batavian republican. The diversified reading of Leibnitz is well known; but he still attached himself to one or two favorites; Virgil was always in his hand when at leisure, and Leibnitz had read Virgil so often, that even in his old age he could repeat whole books by heart; Barclay's "Argenis" was his model for prose; when he was found dead in his chair, the "Argenis" had fallen from his hands. Rabelais and Marot were the perpetual favorites of La Fontaine; from one he borrowed his humor, and from the other his style. Quevedo was so passionately fond of the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes, that often in reading that unrivaled work he felt an impulse to burn his own inferior compositions; to be a sincere admirer and a hopeless rival is a case of authorship the hardest imaginable. Few writers can venture to anticipate the award of posterity; yet perhaps Quevedo had not even been what he was, without the perpetual excitement he received from his great master. Horace was the friend of his heart to Malherbe; he laid the Roman poet on his pillow, took him in the fields, and called his Horace his breviary. Plutarch, Montaigne, and Locke, were the three authors constantly in the hands of Rosseau, and he has drawn from them the groundwork of his ideas in his "Emilie." The favorite author of the great Earl of Chatham was Barrow; on his style he had formed his eloquence, and had read his great master so constantly, as to be able to repeat his elaborate sermons from memory. The great Lord Burleigh always carried Tully's "Offices" in his pocket; Charles V. and Bonaparte had Machiavel frequently in their hands; and Davila was the perpetual study of Hampden; he seemed to have discovered in that historian of civil wars those which he anticipated in the land of his fathers.

These facts sufficiently illustrate the recorded circumstance of Sir William Jones's invariable habit of reading his Cicero through every year, and exemplify the happy result for him, who, amidst the multiplicity of his authors, still continues in this way to be "the man of one book."

ON THE POVERTY OF THE LEARNED

FORTUNE has rarely condescended to be the companion of Genius; others find a hundred byroads to her palace; there is but one open, and that a very indifferent one, for men of letters. Were we to erect an asylum for venerable genius, as we do for the brave and the helpless part of our citizens, it might be inscribed a Hospital for Incurables! When even Fame will not protect the man of genius from famine, Charity ought. Nor should such an act be considered as a debt incurred by the helpless member, but a just tribute we pay in his person to Genius itself. Even in these enlightened times such have lived in obscurity while their reputation was widely spread; and have perished in poverty, while their works were enriching the booksellers.

Of the heroes of modern literature the accounts are as copious as they are melancholy.

Xylander sold his notes on Dion Cassius for a dinner. He tells us that at the age of eighteen he studied to acquire glory, but at twenty-five he studied to get bread.

Cervantes, the immortal genius of Spain, is supposed to have wanted bread; Camœns, the solitary pride of Portugal, deprived of the necessaries of life, perished in a hospital at Lisbon. This fact has been accidentally preserved in an entry in a copy of the first edition of the "Lusiad," in the possession of Lord Holland—in a note written by a friar, who must have been a witness of the dying scene of the poet, and probably received the volume which now preserves the sad memorial, and which recalled it to his mind, from the hands of the unhappy poet: "What a lamentable thing to see so great a genius so ill rewarded! I saw him die in a hospital in Lisbon, without having a sheet or a shroud, *una sauana*, to cover him, after having triumphed in the East Indies, and sailed five thousand five hundred leagues! What good advice for those who weary themselves night and day in study without profit." Camœns, when some hidalgo complained that he had not performed his promise in writing some verses for him, replied, "When I wrote verses I was young, had sufficient food, was a lover, and beloved by many friends, and by the ladies; then I felt poetical ardor; now I have no spirits, no peace of mind. See there my Javanese who asks me for two pieces to purchase firing, and I have them not to give him."

The Portuguese after his death bestowed on the man of genius they had starved the appellation of Great! Vondel, the Dutch Shakespeare, after composing a number of popular tragedies, lived in great poverty and died at ninety years of age; then he had his coffin carried by fourteen poets, who without his genius probably partook of his wretchedness.

The great Tasso was reduced to such a dilemma, that he was obliged to borrow a crown from a friend to subsist through the week. He alludes to his dress in a pretty sonnet, which he addresses to his cat, entreating her to assist him, during the night, with the lustre of her eyes—*Non avendo candele per iscrivere i suoi versi!* having no candle to see to write his verses!

When the liberality of Alphonso enabled Ariosto to build a small house, it seems that it was but ill furnished. When told that such a building was not fit for one who had raised so many fine palaces in his writings, he answered that the structure of words and that of stones was not the same thing. *Che porvile pietre, e porvi le parole, non e il medesimo!* At Ferrara this house is still shown. *Parva sed apta* he calls it, but exults that it was paid with his own money. This was in a moment of good humor, which he did not always enjoy; for in his "Satires" he bitterly complains of the bondage of dependence and poverty. Little thought the poet the commune would order this small house to be purchased with their own funds, that it might be dedicated to his immortal memory!

The illustrious Cardinal Bentivoglio, the ornament of Italy and of literature, languished, in his old age, in the most distressful poverty; and having sold his palace to satisfy his creditors, left nothing behind him but his reputation. The learned Pomponius Lætus lived in such a state of poverty, that his friend Platina, who wrote the lives of the popes, and also a book of cookery, introduces him into the cookery book by a facetious observation, that if Pomponius Lætus should be robbed of a couple of eggs, he would not have wherewithal to purchase two other eggs. The history of Aldrovandus is noble and pathetic; having expended a large fortune in forming his collections of natural history, and employing the first artists in Europe, he was suffered to die in the hospital of that city, to whose fame he had eminently contributed.

Du Ryer, a celebrated French poet, was constrained to labor with rapidity, and to live in the cottage of an obscure village.

His booksellers bought his heroic verses for one hundred sols the hundred lines, and the smaller ones for fifty sols. What an interesting picture has a contemporary given of his reception by a poor and ingenious author in a visit he paid to Du Ryer! "On a fine summer day we went to him, at some distance from town. He received us with joy, talked to us of his numerous projects, and showed us several of his works. But what more interested us was that, though dreading to show us his poverty, he contrived to give us some refreshments. We seated ourselves under a wide oak, the tablecloth was spread on the grass, his wife brought us some milk, with fresh water and brown bread, and he picked a basket of cherries. He welcomed us with gayety, but we could not take leave of this amiable man, now grown old, without tears, to see him so ill treated by fortune, and to have nothing left but literary honor!"

Vaugelas, the most polished writer of the French language, who devoted thirty years to his translation of Quintus Curtius (a circumstance which modern translators can have no conception of), died possessed of nothing valuable but his precious manuscripts. This ingenious scholar left his corpse to the surgeons for the benefit of his creditors!

Louis XIV. honored Racine and Boileau with a private monthly audience. One day the king asked what there was new in the literary world. Racine answered, that he had seen a melancholy spectacle in the house of Corneille, whom he found dying, deprived even of a little broth! The king preserved a profound silence, and sent the dying poet a sum of money.

Dryden for less than three hundred pounds sold Tonson ten thousand verses, as may be seen by the agreement which has been published.

Purchas, who, in the reign of our first James, had spent his life in travels and study to form his "Relation of the World," when he gave it to the public, for the reward of his labors was thrown into prison, at the suit of his printer. Yet this was the book which, he informs us in his dedication to Charles the First, his father read every night with great profit and satisfaction.

The Marquis of Worcester, in a petition to parliament, in the reign of Charles II., offered to publish the hundred processes and machines enumerated in his very curious "Centenary of Inventions," on condition that money should be granted to extricate him from the difficulties in which he had involved himself, by

the prosecution of useful discoveries. The petition does not appear to have been attended to! Many of these admirable inventions were lost. The steam engine and the telegraph may be traced among them.

It appears by the Harleian MSS. 1524, that Rushworth, the author of "Historical Collections," passed the last years of his life in jail, where, indeed, he died. After the Restoration, when he presented to the king several of the privy council's books, which he had preserved from ruin, he received for his only reward the thanks of his Majesty.

Rymer, the collector of the "Fœdera," must have been sadly reduced, by the following letter I found addressed by Peter le Neve, Norroy, to the Earl of Oxford: —

"I am desired by Mr. Rymer, historiographer, to lay before your lordship the circumstances of his affairs. He was forced some years back to part with all his choice printed books to subsist himself; and now, he says, he must be forced for subsistence to sell all his MSS. collections to the best bidder, without your lordship will be pleased to buy them for the queen's library. They are fifty volumes in folio, of public affairs, which he hath collected, but not printed. The price he asks is five hundred pounds."

Simon Ockley, a learned student in Oriental literature, addresses a letter to the same earl, in which he paints his distresses in glowing colors. After having devoted his life to Asiatic researches, then very uncommon, he had the mortification of dating his preface to his great work from Cambridge Castle, where he was confined for debt; and, with an air of triumph, feels a martyr's enthusiasm in the cause in which he perishes.

He published his first volume of the "History of the Saracens," in 1708; and ardently pursuing his Oriental studies, published his second volume ten years afterwards without any patronage. Alluding to the encouragement necessary to bestow on youth, to remove the obstacles to such studies, he observes, that "young men will hardly come in on the prospect of finding leisure, in a prison, to transcribe those papers for the press, which they have collected with indefatigable labor, and oftentimes at the expense of their rest, and all the other conveniences of life, for the service of the public. No, though I were to assure them from my own experience, that I have enjoyed more true liberty, more

happy leisure, and more solid repose, in six months here, than in thrice the same number of years before. Evil is the condition of that historian who undertakes to write the lives of others, before he knows how to live himself! Not that I speak thus as if I thought I had any just cause to be angry with the world — I did always in my judgment give the possession of wisdom the preference to that of riches!" Spencer, the child of Fancy, languished out his life in misery. "Lord Burleigh," says Granger, "who it is said prevented the queen giving him a hundred pounds, seems to have thought the lowest clerk in his office a more deserving person." Mr. Malone attempts to show that Spencer has a small pension; but the poet's querulous verses must not be forgotten: —

> "Full little knowest thou, that hast not try'd
> What hell it is, in suing long to bide."

To lose good days — to waste long nights — and as he feelingly exclaims,

> "To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
> To speed, to give, to want, to be undone!"

How affecting is the death of Sydenham, who had devoted his life to a laborious version of Plato. He died in a sponging house, and it was his death which appears to have given rise to the Literary Fund "for the relief of distressed authors."

Who shall pursue important labors when they read these anecdotes? Dr. Edmund Castell spent a great part of his life in compiling his "Lexicon Heptaglotten," on which he bestowed incredible pains, and expended on it no less than twelve thousand pounds, and broke his constitution, and exhausted his fortune. At length it was printed, but the copies remained unsold on his hands. He exhibits a curious picture of literary labor in his preface. "As for myself, I have been unceasingly occupied for such a number of years in this mass ["Molendino" he calls them], that that day seemed, as it were, a holiday in which I have not labored so much as sixteen or eighteen hours in these enlarging Lexicons and Polyglot Bibles."

Le Sage resided in a little cottage while he supplied the world with their most agreeable novels, and appears to have derived the sources of his existence in his old age from the filial exertions of an excellent son, who was an actor of some genius.

I wish, however, that every man of letters could apply to himself the epitaph of this delightful writer:—

"*Sous ce tombeau git Le Sage abattu,*
Par le ciseau de la Parque importune;
S'il ne fut pas ami de la fortune,
Il fut toujours ami de la vertu."

Complete. From "Curiosities of Literature."

THE SIX FOLLIES OF SCIENCE

NOTHING is so capable of disordering the intellects as an intense application to any one of these six things: the Quadrature of the Circle; the Multiplication of the Cube; the Perpetual Motion; the Philosophical Stone; Magic; and Judicial Astrology. In youth we may exercise our imagination on these curious topics merely to convice us of their impossibility; but it shows a great defect in judgment to be occupied on them in an advanced age. "It is proper, however," Fontenelle remarks, "to apply oneself to these inquiries; because we find, as we proceed, many valuable discoveries of which we were before ignorant." The same thought Cowley has applied, in an address to his mistress, thus:—

"Although I think thou never wilt be found,
Yet I'm resolved to search for thee;
The search itself rewards the pains,
So though the chymist his great secret miss
(For neither it in art or nature is),
Yet things well worth his toil he gains;
And does his charge and labor pay
With good unsought experiments by the way."

The same thought is in Donne. Perhaps Cowley did not suspect that he was an imitator. Fontenelle could not have read either; he struck out the thought by his own reflection; it is very just. Glauber searched long and deeply for the Philosopher's Stone, which though he did not find, yet in his researches he discovered a very useful purging salt, which bears his name.

Maupertuis, in a little volume of letters written by him, observes on the philosophical stone, that we cannot prove the impossibility of obtaining it, but we can easily see the folly of those

who employ their time and money in seeking for it. This price is too great to counterbalance the little probability of succeeding in it. However, it is still a bantling of modern chemistry, who has nodded very affectionately on it!—Of the perpetual motion, he shows the impossibility, at least in the sense of which it is generally received. On the quadrature of the circle, he says he cannot decide if this problem is resolvable or not; but he observes that it is very useless to search for it any more, since we have arrived by approximation to such a point of accuracy, that on a large circle, such as the orbit which the earth describes round the sun, the geometrician will not mistake by the thickness of a hair. The quadrature of the circle is still, however, a favorite game of some visionaries, and several are still imagining that they have discovered the perpetual motion; the Italians nickname them *matto perpetuo;* and Bekker tells us of the fate of one Hartmann, of Leipsic, who was in such despair at having passed his life so vainly, in studying perpetual motion, that at length he became himself one in the "long letter" of Erasmus, by means of the fatal triangle; that is, he hanged himself; for the long letter of Erasmus is the Greek *phi*, which is imagined to bear some resemblance to the suspension of an unlucky mortal.

Complete. From "Curiosities of Literature."

EARLY PRINTING

THERE is some probability that this art originated in China, where it was practiced long before it was known in Europe. Some European traveler might have imported the hint. That the Romans did not practice the art of printing cannot but excite our astonishment, since they really possessed the art, and may be said to have enjoyed it, unconscious of their rich possession. I have seen Roman stereotypes, or printing immovable types, with which they stamped their pottery. How in daily practicing the art, though confined to this object, it did not occur to so ingenious a people to print their literary works, is not easily to be accounted for. Did the wise and grave senate dread those inconveniences which attended its indiscriminate use? Or, perhaps, they did not care to deprive so large a body as their scribes of their business. Not a hint of the art itself appears in their writings.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING

"Gutenberg's First Proof Sheet"—After a Design published by Johnson, Fry & Co.

GUTENBERG's partnership with "Fust" or Faust began in 1450 and lasted five years. The exact date of their "first proof" is not known, but it must have been between 1450 and 1455, as at the close of the five years, Faust, who was a money lender, took possession of their type and presses in satisfaction of his mortgage.

When first the art of printing was discovered, they only made use of one side of a leaf; they had not yet found out the expedient of impressing the other. Specimens of these early printed books are in his Majesty's and Lord Spencer's libraries. Afterwards they thought of pasting the blank sides, which made them appear like one leaf. Their blocks were made of soft woods, and their letters were carved; but frequently breaking, the expense and trouble of carving and gluing new letters suggested our movable types, which have produced an almost miraculous celerity in this art. Our modern stereotype consists of entire pages of solid blocks of metal, and not being liable to break like the soft wood at first used, is profitably employed for works which require to be perpetually reprinted. Printing on carved blocks of wood must have greatly retarded the progress of universal knowledge; for one set of types could only have produced one work, whereas it now serves for hundreds.

When their editions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the first letter of a chapter, for which they left a blank space, that it might be painted or illuminated, to the fancy of a purchaser. Several ancient volumes of these early times have been found where these letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them printed.

The initial carved letter, which is generally a fine woodcut, among our printed books, is evidently a remains or imitation of these ornaments. Among the very earliest books printed, which were religious, the Poor Man's Bible has wooden cuts in a coarse style, without the least shadowing or crossing of strokes, and these they inelegantly daubed over with colors, which they termed illuminating, and sold at a cheap rate to those who could not afford to purchase costly missals, elegantly written and painted in vellum. Specimens of these rude efforts of illuminated prints may be seen in Strutt's "Dictionary of Engravers." The Bodleian library possesses the originals.

In the productions of early printing may be distinguished the various splendid editions they made of Primers or Prayer Books. They were embellished with cuts finished in a most elegant taste; many of them were ludicrous, and several were obscene. In one of them an angel is represented crowning the Virgin Mary, and God the Father himself assisting at the ceremony. Sometimes St. Michael is overcoming Satan; and sometimes St. Anthony is

attacked by various devils of the most clumsy forms — not of the grotesque and limber family of Callot!

Printing was gradually practiced throughout Europe from the year 1440 to 1500. Caxton and his successor Wynkin de Worde were our earliest printers. Caxton was a wealthy merchant, who in 1464, being sent by Edward IV. to negotiate a commercial treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, returned to his country with this invaluable art. Notwithstanding his mercantile habits, he possessed a literary taste, and his first work was a translation from a French historical miscellany.

The tradition of the Devil and Dr. Faustus was derived from the odd circumstance in which the Bibles of the first printer, Fust, appeared to the world. When he had discovered this new art, and printed off a considerable number of copies of the Bible, to imitate those which were commonly sold in MSS., he undertook the sale of them at Paris. It was his interest to conceal this discovery, and to pass off his printed copies for MSS. But as he was enabled to sell his Bibles at sixty crowns, while the other scribes demanded five hundred, this raised universal astonishment; and still more when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and even lowered his price. The uniformity of the copies increased wonder. Informations were given in to the magistrates against him as a magician, and in searching his lodgings a great number of copies were found. The red ink,—and Fust's red ink is peculiarly brilliant,—which embellished his copies was said to be his blood, and it was solemnly adjudged that he was in league with the devil. Fust was at length obliged to save himself from a bonfire, to reveal his art to the parliament at Paris, who discharged him from all prosecution in consideration of this useful invention.

When the art of printing was established, it became the glory of the learned to be correctors of the press to eminent printers. Physicians, lawyers, and bishops themselves, occupied this department. The printers then added frequently to their names those of the correctors of the press; and editions were then valued according to the abilities of the corrector.

The prices of books in these times were considered as an object worthy of the animadversions of the highest powers. This anxiety in favor of the studious appears from a privilege of Pope Leo X. to Aldus Manutius for printing Varro, dated 1553, signed

Cardinal Bembo. Aldus is exhorted to put a moderate price on the work, lest the pope should withdraw the privilege and accord it to others.

Robert Stephens, one of the early printers, surpassed in correctness those who exercised the same profession. It is said that to render his editions immaculate, he hung up the proofs in public places and generously recompensed those who were so fortunate as to detect an errata.

Plantin, though a learned man, is more famous as a printer. His printing office claims our admiration; it was one of the wonders of Europe. This grand building was the chief ornament of the city of Antwerp. Magnificent in its structure, it presented to the spectator a countless number of presses, characters of all figures and all sizes, matrices to cast letters, and all other printing materials; which Baillet assures us amounted to immense sums.

In Italy, the three Manutii were more solicitous of corrections and illustrations than of the beauty of their printing. It was the character of the scholar, not of the printer, of which they were ambitious.

It is much to be regretted that our publishers are not literary men. Among the learned printers formerly a book was valued because it came from the presses of an Aldus or a Stephens, and even in our time the names of Bowyer and Dodsley sanctioned a work. Pellisson in his "History of the French Academy" tells us that Camusat was selected as their bookseller from his reputation for publishing only valuable works. He was a man of some literature and good sense, and rarely printed an indifferent work. When we were young I recollect that we always made it a rule to purchase his publications. His name was the test of the goodness of the work. A publisher of this character would be of the greatest utility to the literary world; at home he would induce a number of ingenious men to become authors, for it would be honorable to be inscribed in his catalogue; and it would be a direction for the continental reader.

So valuable a union of learning and printing did not, unfortunately, last. The printers of the seventeenth century became less charmed with glory than with gain. Their correctors and their letters evinced as little delicacy of choice.

The invention of what is now called the Italic letter in printing was made by Aldus Manutius, to whom learning owes much.

He observed the many inconveniences resulting from the vast number of abbreviations which were then so frequent among the printers, that a book was difficult to understand; a treatise was actually written on the art of reading a printed book, and this addressed to the learned! He contrived an expedient by which these abbreviations might be entirely got rid of and yet books suffer little increase in bulk. This he effected by introducing what is now called Italic letter, though it formerly was distinguished by the name of the inventor, hence called the Aldine.

Complete. From "Curiosities of Literature."

HOW MERIT HAS BEEN REWARDED

It may perhaps be some satisfaction to show the young writer that the most celebrated Ancients have been as rudely subjected to the tyranny of criticism as the Moderns. Detraction has ever poured the "waters of bitterness."

It was given out, that Homer had stolen from anterior poets whatever was most remarkable in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." Naucrates even points out the source, in the library at Memphis in a temple of Vulcan, which, according to him, the blind bard completely pillaged. Undoubtedly there were good poets before Homer; how absurd to conceive that a finished and elaborate poem could be the first. We have, indeed, accounts of anterior poets, and apparently of epics, before Homer; their names have come down to us. Ælian notices Syagrus, who composed a poem on the siege of Troy; and Suidas the poem of Corinnus, from which it is said Homer greatly borrowed. Why did Plato so severely condemn the great bard, and imitate him?

Sophocles was brought to trial by his children as a lunatic; and some, who censured the inequalities of this poet, have also condemned the vanity of Pindar; the rough verses of Æschylus; and Euripides, for the conduct of his plots.

Socrates, considered as the wisest and the most moral of men, Cicero treated as an usurer, and the pedant, Athenæus, as illiterate; the latter points out as a Socratic folly, our philosopher disserting on the nature of justice before his judges, who were so many thieves. The malignant buffoonery of Aristophanes, who, as Jortin says, was a great wit, but a great rascal, treats him much worse; but though some would revive this calumny, such

modern witnesses may have their evidence impeached in the awful court of history.

Plato, who has been called by Clement of Alexandria the Moses of Athens; the philosopher of the Christians by Arnobius; and the god of philosophers by Cicero, Athenæus accuses of envy; Theopompus of lying; Suidas of avarice; Aulus Gellius of robbery; Porphyry of incontinence; and Aristophanes of impiety.

Aristotle, whose industry composed more than four hundred volumes, has not been less spared by the critics; Diogenes, Laertius, Cicero, and Plutarch, have forgotten nothing that can tend to show his ignorance, his ambition, and his vanity.

It has been said that Plato was so envious of the celebrity of Democritus that he proposed burning all his works; but that Amydis and Clinias prevented it by remonstrating that there were copies of them everywhere; and Aristotle was agitated by the same passion against all the philosophers his predecessors!

Virgil is destitute of invention, if we are to give credit to Pliny, Carbilius, and Seneca. Caligula has absolutely denied him even mediocrity; Herennus has marked his faults; and Perilius Faustinus has furnished a thick volume with his plagiarisms. Even the author of his "Apology" has confessed that he has stolen from Homer his greatest beauties; from Apollonius Rhodius many of his pathetic passages; from Nicander hints from his "Georgics"; and this does not terminate the catalogue.

Horace censures the coarse humor of Plautus; and Horace, in his turn, has been blamed for the free use he made of the Greek minor poets.

The majority of the critics regard Pliny's "Natural History" only as a heap of fables; and seem to have quite as little respect for Quintus Curtius, who indeed seems to have composed little more than an elegant romance.

Pliny cannot bear Diodorus and Vopiscus; and in one comprehensive criticism treats all the historians as narrators of fables.

Livy has been reproached for his aversion to the Gauls; Dion, for his hatred of the republic; Velleius Paterculus, for speaking too kindly of the vices of Tiberius; and Herodotus and Plutarch, for their excessive partiality to their own country; while the latter has written an entire treatise on the malignity of Herodotus. Xenophon and Quintus Curtius have been considered rather as novelists than historians; and Tacitus has been censured for his

audacity in pretending to discover the political springs and secret causes of events. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has made an elaborate attack on Thucydides for the unskillful choice of his subjects and his manner of treating it. Dionysius would have nothing written but what tended to the glory of his country and the pleasure of the reader; as if history were a song! adds Hobbes; while he also shows that there was a personal motive in this attack. The same Dionysius severely criticizes the style of Xenophon, who, he says, whenever he attempts to elevate his style, shows he is incapable of supporting it. Polybius has been blamed for his frequent introduction of moral reflections, which interrupt the thread of his narrative; and Sallust has been blamed by Cato for indulging his own private passions, and studiously concealing many of the glorious actions of Cicero. The Jewish historian Josephus is accused of not having designed his history for his own people so much as for the Greeks and Romans, whom he takes the utmost care never to offend. Josephus assumes a Roman name, Flavius; and considering his nation as entirely subjugated, he only varies his story to make them appear venerable and dignified to their conquerors, and for this purpose alters what he himself calls the Holy Books. It is well known how widely he differs from the Scriptural accounts. Some have said of Cicero that there is no connection, and, to adopt their own figures, no blood and nerves, in what his admirers so warmly extol. Cold in his extemporaneous effusions, artificial in his exordiums, trifling in his strained raillery, and tiresome in his digressions. This is saying a good deal about Cicero!

Quintilian does not spare Seneca; and Demosthenes, called by Cicero the Prince of Orators, has according to Hermippus, more of art than of nature. To Demades, his orations appear too much labored; others have thought him too dry; and, if we may trust Æschines, his language is by no means pure.

The "Attic Nights" of Aulus Gellius and the "Deipnosophists" of Athenæus, while they have been extolled by one party, have been degraded by another. They have been considered as botchers of rags and remnants; their diligence has not been accompanied by judgment; and their taste inclined more to the frivolous than to the useful. Compilers, indeed, are liable to a hard fate, for little distinction is made in their ranks; a disagreeable situation, in which honest Burton seems to have been placed; for he says of his work, that some will cry out, "This is a thinge

of mere industrie; a collection without wit or invention; a very toy! So men are valued! Their labors vilified by fellows of no worth themselves, as things of naught. Who could not have done as much? Some understand too little, and some too much."

Should we proceed with the list to our own country, and to our own times, it might be currently augmented, and show the world what men the critics are! but, perhaps, enough has been said to soothe irritated genius, and to shame fastidious criticism. "I would beg the critics to remember," the Earl of Roscommon writes in his preface to Horace's "Art of Poetry," "that Horace owed his favor and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius; that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace said of them; and that in their golden age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious, and those who were the most esteemed were the best natured."

Complete. From "Curiosities of Literature."

FEMALE BEAUTY AND ORNAMENT

THE ladies in Japan gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. The pearl of teeth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Guzurat. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of the she goats; and to render them thus, their youth is passed in tortures. In ancient Persia an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; and if there was any contention between two princes, the people generally went by this criterion of majesty. In some countries the mothers break the noses of their children; and in others press the head between two boards, that it may become square. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. The female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not silk or wreaths of flowers, but warm guts and reeking tripe, to dress herself with enviable ornaments.

In China small round eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows that they may be thin and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black

drug, which they pass over their eyebrows. It is too visible by day, but looks shining by night. They tinge their nails with a rose color. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. The Emperor of Monomotapa would not change his amiable negress for the most brilliant European beauty.

An ornament for the nose appears to us perfectly unnecessary. The Peruvians, however, think otherwise; and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is proportioned by the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials; such as green crystal, gold stones, a single and sometimes a great number of gold rings. This is rather troublesome to them in blowing their noses; and the fact is, some have informed us that the Indian ladies never perform this very useful operation.

The female headdress is carried in some countries to singular extravagance. The Chinese fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. This bird is composed of copper, or of gold, according to the quality of the person; the wings spread out, fall over the front of the headdress, and conceal the temples. The tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the nose; the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may the more freely play, and tremble at the slightest motion.

The extravagance of the Myantses is far more ridiculous than the above. They carry on their heads a slight board, rather longer than a foot, and about six inches broad; with this they cover their hair, and seal it with wax. They cannot lie down, nor lean, without keeping the neck straight; and the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their headdress entangled in the trees. Whenever they comb their hair, they pass an hour by the fire in melting the wax; but this combing is only performed once or twice a year.

The inhabitants of the land of Natal wear caps, or bonnets, six to ten inches high composed of the fat of oxen. They then gradually anoint the head with a purer grease, which, mixing with the hair, fastens the bonnets for their lives.

Complete. From «Curiosities of Literature.»

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE

THE Chinese language is like no other on the globe; it is said to contain not more than about three hundred and thirty words, but it is by no means monotonous, for it has four accents, the even, the raised, the lessened, and the returning, which multiply every word into four; as difficult, says Mr. Astle, for a European to understand, as it is for a Chinese to comprehend the six pronunciations of the French E. In fact they can so diversify their monosyllabic words by the different tones which they give them, that the same character differently accented signifies ten or more different things.

From the twenty-ninth volume of the "Lettres Édifiantes et Curieuses" I take the present critically humorous account of this language.

P. Bourgeois, one of the missionaries, attempted after ten months residence at Pekin, to preach in the Chinese language. These are the words of the good father, "God knows how much this first Chinese sermon cost me! I can assure you, this language resembles no other. The same word has never but one termination; and then adieu to all that in our declensions distinguishes the gender, and the number of things we would speak; adieu, in the verbs to all which might explain the active person how and in what time it acts, if it acts alone or with others; in a word with the Chinese the same word is the substantive, adjective, verb, singular, plural, masculine, feminine, etc. It is the person who hears who must arrange the circumstances, and guess them. Add to all this, that all the words of this language are reduced to three hundred and a few more; that they are pronounced in so many different ways, that they signify eighty thousand different things, which are expressed by as many different characters. This is not all; the arrangement of all these monosyllables appears to be under no general rule; so that to know the language after having learned the words, we must learn every particular phrase; the least inversion would make you unintelligible to three parts of the Chinese.

"I will give you an example of their words. They told me that *chou* signifies book; so that I thought that whenever the word *chou* was pronounced a book was the subject. Not at all! *Chou*, the next time I heard it, I found signified a tree. Now I was

to recollect *chou* was a book or a tree. But this amounted to nothing; *chou*, I found, expressed also great heats; *chou* is to relate; *chou* is the Aurora; *chou* means to be accustomed; *chou* expresses the loss of a wager, etc. I should not finish were I to attempt to give you all its significations.

"Notwithstanding these singular difficulties, could one but find a help in the perusal of their books I should not complain. But this is impossible! Their language is quite different from that of simple conversation. What will ever be an insurmountable difficulty to every European, is the pronunciation; every word may be pronounced in five different tones, yet every tone is not so distinct that an unpracticed ear can easily distinguish it.

"These monosyllables fly with amazing rapidity; then they are continually disguised by elisions, which sometimes hardly leave anything of two monosyllables. From an aspirated tone, you must pass immediately to an even one; from a whistling note to an inward one; sometimes your voice must proceed from the palate; sometimes it must be guttural, and almost always nasal. I recited my sermon at least fifty times to my servant before I spoke it in public; and yet I am told, though he continually corrected me, that of the ten parts of the sermon (as the Chinese express themselves), they hardly understood three. Fortunately, the Chinese are wonderfully patient, and they are astonished that any ignorant stranger should be able to learn two words of their language."

It is not less curious to be informed, as Dr. Hager tells us in his "Elementary Characters of the Chinese," that "Satires are often composed in China, which, if you attend to the characters, their import is pure and sublime; but if you regard the tone only, they contain a meaning ludicrous or obscene." He adds, "In the Chinese one word sometimes corresponds to three or four thousand characters; a property quite opposite to that of our language, in which myriads of different words are expressed by the same letters."

Complete. From "Curiosities of Literature."

METEMPSYCHOSIS

If we accept the belief of a future remuneration beyond this life for suffering virtue, and retribution for successful crimes, there is no system so simple, and so little repugnant to our understanding, as that of the metempsychosis. The pains and the pleasures of this life are by this system considered as the recompense or the punishment of our actions in an anterior state; so that, says St. Foix, we cease to wonder that among men and animals some enjoy an easy and agreeable life, while others seem born to suffer all kinds of miseries. Preposterous as this system may appear, it has not wanted for advocates in the present age, which indeed has revived every kind of fanciful theories. Mercier, in "L'An Deux Mille Quatre Cents Quarante," seriously maintains the present one.

If we seek for the origin of the opinion of the metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls into other bodies, we must plunge into the remotest antiquity; and even then we shall find it impossible to fix the epoch of its first author. The notion was long extant in Greece before the time of Pythagoras. Herodotus assures us that the Egyptian priests taught it; but he does not inform us of the time it began to spread. It probably followed the opinion of the immortality of the soul. As soon as the first philosophers had established this dogma, they thought they could not maintain this immortality without a transmigation of souls. The opinion of the metempsychosis spread in almost every region of the earth; and it continues, even to the present time, in all its force among those nations who have not yet embraced Christianity. The people of Arracan, Peru, Siam, Camboya, Tonquin, Cochin China, Japan, Java, and Ceylon still entertain that fancy, which also forms the chief article of the Chinese religion. The Druids believed in transmigration. The bardic triads of the Welsh are full of this belief; and a Welsh antiquary insists that by an emigration which formerly took place, it was conveyed to the Brahmins of India from Wales! The Welsh bard tells us that the souls of men transmigrate into the bodies of those animals whose habits and characters they most resemble, till, after a circuit of such chastizing miseries, they are rendered more pure for the celestial presence; for man may be converted into a pig or a wolf, till at length he assumes the inoffensiveness of the dove.

My learned friend Sharon Turner, the accurate and philosophical historian of our Saxon ancestors, has explained in his "Vindication of the Ancient British Poems," p. 231, the Welsh system of the metempsychosis. Their bards mention three circles of existence. The circle of the all-inclosing circle holds nothing alive or dead but God. The second circle, that of felicity, is that which men are to pervade after they have passed through their terrestrial changes. The circle of evil is that in which human nature passes through varying stages of existence, which it must undergo before it is qualified to inhabit the circle of felicity.

The progression of man through the circle of evil is marked by three infelicities: necessity, oblivion, and deaths. The deaths which follow our changes are so many escapes from their power. Man is a free agent, and has the liberty of choosing; his sufferings and changes cannot be foreseen. By his misconduct he may happen to fall retrograde into the lowest state from which he has emerged. If his conduct in any one state, instead of improving his being, had made it worse, he fell back into a worse condition to commence again his purifying revolutions. Humanity was the limit of the degraded transmigrations. All the changes above humanity produced felicity. Humanity is the scene of the contest, and after man has traversed every state of animated existence and can remember all that he has passed through, that consummation follows which he attains in the circle of felicity. It is on this system of transmigration that Taliessin, the Welsh bard, who wrote in the sixth century, gives a recital of his pretended transmigration. He tells how he had been a serpent, a wild ass, a buck, or a crane, etc.; and this kind of reminiscence of his former state, this recovery of memory, was a proof of the mortal's advances to the happier circle. For to forget what we have been was one of the curses of the circle of evil. Taliessin therefore, adds Mr. Turner, as profusely boasts of his recovered reminiscence as any modern sectary can do of his state of grace and election.

In all these wild reveries there seems to be a moral fable in the notion that the clearer a man recollects what a brute he has been, it is certain proof that he is in an improved state!

According to the authentic Clavigero, in his "History of Mexico," we find the Pythagorean transmigration carried on in the West, and not less fancifully than in the countries of the East. The people of Tlascala believe that the souls of persons of rank went

after their death to inhabit the bodies of beautiful and sweet singing birds, and those of the nobler quadrupeds; while the souls of inferior persons were supposed to pass into weasels, beetles, and such other meaner animals.

There is something not a little ludicrous in the description Plutarch gives at the close of his treatise on "The Delay of Heavenly Justice." Thespesius saw at length the souls of those who were condemned to return to life, and whom they violently forced to take the form of all kinds of animals. The laborers charged with this transformation forge with their instruments certain parts; others, a new form; and made some totally disappear; that these souls might be rendered proper for another kind of life and other habits. Among these he perceived the soul of Nero, which had already suffered long torments, and which stuck to the body by nails red from the fire. The workmen seized on him to make a viper of, under which form he was now to live, after having devoured the breast that had carried him.— But in this Plutarch only copies the fine reveries of Plato.

Complete. From «Curiosities of Literature.»

ON GOOD LUCK IN SNEEZING

It is probable that this custom, so universally prevalent, originated in some ancient superstition; it seems to have excited inquiry among all nations.

Some Catholics, says Father Feyjoo, have attributed the origin of this custom to the ordinance of a pope, St. Gregory— who is said to have instituted a short benediction to be used on such occasions, at a time when, during a pestilence, the crisis was attended by sneezing, and in most cases followed by death.

But the Rabbins, who have a story for everything, say that before Jacob men never sneezed but once, and then immediately died. They assure us that that patriarch was the first who died by natural disease; before him all men died by sneezing,— the memory of which was ordered to be preserved in all nations by a command of every prince to his subjects to employ some salutary exclamation after the act of sneezing. But these are Talmudical dreams, and only serve to prove that so familiar a custom has always created inquiry.

Even Aristotle has delivered some considerable nonsense on this custom; he says it is an honorable acknowledgment of the seat of good sense and genius — the head. . . . The custom at all events existed long prior to Pope Gregory. The lover in Apuleius, Gyton in Petronius, and allusions to it in Pliny, prove its antiquity; and a memoir of the French Academy notices the practice in the New World on the first discovery of America. Everywhere man is saluted for sneezing.

An amusing account of the ceremonies which attend the sneezing of the king of Menomotapa shows what a national concern may be the sneeze of despotism. Those who are near his person when this happens salute him in so loud a tone that persons in the antechamber hear it and join in the acclamation; in the adjoining apartments they do the same, till the noise reaches the street, and becomes propagated throughout the city; so that at each sneeze of his Majesty results a most horrid cry from the salutations of many thousands of his vassals.

When the king of Sennaar sneezes, his courtiers immediately turn their backs on him, and give a loud slap on their right thigh.

With the Ancients sneezing was ominous; from the right it was considered suspicious; and Plutarch, in his "Life of Themistocles," says that before a naval battle it was a sign of conquest! Catullus, in his pleasing poem of "Acme and Septimus," makes this action from the deity of Love from the left the source of his fiction. The passage has been elegantly versified by a poetical friend, who finds authority that the gods' sneezing on the right in heaven is supposed to come to us on earth on the left.

"Cupid sneezing in his flight
Once was heard upon the right,
Boding wo to lovers true;
But now upon the left he flew,
And with sportive sneeze divine,
Gave of joy the sacred sign.
Acme bent her lovely face,
Flush'd with rapture's rosy grace,
And those eyes that swam in bliss,
Prest with many a breathing kiss;
Breathing, murmuring, soft, and low,
Thus might life forever flow!

'Love of my life, and life of love,'
Cupid rules our fates above,
Ever let us vow to join
In homage at his happy shrine.
Cupid heard the lovers true,
And upon the left he flew,
And with sportive sneeze divine,
Renew'd of joy the sacred sign."

Complete. From "Curiosities of Literature."

AUSTIN DOBSON

(1840–)

USTIN DOBSON, one of the most pleasing writers of English *vers de société*, has given the world essays as charming as his poems. In prose he is at his best in his studies of Swift, Addison, and the worthies of Queen Anne's reign. He was born at Plymouth, England, January 18th, 1840, and educated for a civil engineer, but the prosaic work of his life has been done chiefly in a position under the Board of Trade. His "Vignettes in Rhyme," "Proverbs in Porcelain," and "Old World Idyls," are admirable examples of his delicate treatment of subjects which belong to the lighter moods of poetry. His rhymes are always perfect, and he has written nothing but what will help to make the world better than he found it.

SWIFT AND HIS STELLA

A DIM light was burning in the back room of a first floor in Bury Street, St. James's. The apartment it illumined was not a spacious one; and the furniture, adequate rather than luxurious, had that indefinable lack of physiognomy which only lodging-house furniture seems to acquire. There was no fireplace; but in the adjoining parlor, partly visible through the open door, the last embers were dying in a grate from which the larger pieces of coal had been lifted away and carefully ranged in order on the hobs. Across the heavy, high-backed chairs in the bedroom lay various neatly-folded garments, one of which was the black gown with pudding sleeves usually worn in public by the eighteenth-century clergyman, while at the bottom of the bed hung a clerical-looking periwig. In the bed itself, and leaning toward a tall wax candle at his side (which, from a faint smell of burnt woolen still lingering about the chamber, must have recently come into contact with the now tucked-back bed curtain) was a gentleman of forty or thereabouts, writing in a very small hand upon a very large sheet of paper, folded, for greater convenience, into one long horizontal slip. He had dark,

fierce-looking eyebrows; a slightly aquiline nose; full-lidded and rather prominent clear blue eyes; a firmly-cut, handsome mouth; and a wide, massive forehead, the extent of which for the moment was abnormally exaggerated by the fact that, in the energy of composition, the fur-lined cap he had substituted for his wig had been slightly tilted backward. As his task proceeded his expression altered from time to time, now growing grave and stern, now inexpressibly soft and tender. Occasionally, the look almost passed into a kind of grimace, resembling nothing so much as the imitative motion of the lips which one makes in speaking to a pet bird. He continued writing until in the distance the step of the watchman, first pausing deliberately, then passing slowly forward for a few paces, was heard in the street below. "Past twelve o'clock!" came a wheezy cry at the window. "P-a-a-a-a-ast twelve o'clock!" followed the writer, dragging out his letters so as to produce the speaker's drawl. After this he rapidly set down a string of words in what looked like some unknown tongue, ending off with a trail of seeming hieroglyphics. "Nite, noun, deelest sollahs. Nite dee litt MD, Pdfr's MD. Rove Pdfr, poo Pdfr, MD MD MD TW TW TW. Lele Lele Lele Lele michar MD." Then, tucking his paper under his pillow, he popped out the guttering candle, and, turning round upon his side with a smile of exceeding sweetness, settled himself to sleep.

The personage thus depicted was Jonathan Swift, Doctor of Divinity, Vicar of Laracor by Trim, in the diocese of Meath, in the kingdom of Ireland, and Prebendary of Dunlaven in St. Patrick's Cathedral. He had not been long in London, having but recently come over at the suggestion of Dr. William King, Archbishop of Dublin, to endeavor to obtain for the Irish clergy the remission (already conceded to their English brethren) of the first fruits payable to the crown; and he was writing off, or up, his daily records of his doings to Mrs. Rebecca Dingley and Mrs. Esther Johnson, two maiden ladies, who, in his absence from the Irish capital, were temporarily occupying his lodgings in Capel Street. At this date he must have been looking his best, for he had just been sitting to Pope's friend, Charles Jervas, who, having painted him two years earlier, had found him grown so much fatter and better for his sojourn in Ireland that he had volunteered to retouch the portrait. He had given it "quite another turn," Swift tells his correspondents, "and now approves it

entirely." Nearly twenty years later Alderman Barber presented this very picture to the Bodleian, where it is still to be seen; and it is, besides, familiar to the collector in George Vertue's fine engraving. But even more interesting than the similitude of Swift in the fullness of his ungrateful ambition are the letters we have seen him writing. With one exception, those of them which were printed, and garbled, by his fatuous namesake, Mrs. Whiteway's son-in-law, are destroyed or lost; but all the latter portion, again, with the exception of one, which Hawkesworth, a more conscientious, though by no means an irreproachable editor, gave to the world in 1766, are preserved in the MSS. Department of the British Museum, having fortunately been consigned in the same year, by their confederated publishers, to the safe-keeping of that institution.

They still bear, in many cases, the little seal (a classic female head) with which, after addressing them in laboriously legible fashion, "To Mrs. Dingley, at Mr. Curry's House, over against the Ram in Capel Street, Dublin, Ireland," Swift was wont to fasten up his periodical dispatches. Several of them are written on quarto paper with faint gilding at the edges,—the "pretty small gilt sheet" to which he somewhere refers; but the majority are on a wide folio page crowded from top to bottom with an extremely minute and often abbreviated script, which must have tried other eyes besides those of Esther Johnson. "I looked over a bit of my last letter," he says himself on one occasion, "and could hardly read it"; elsewhere, in one of the letters now lost, he counts up no fewer than one hundred and ninety-nine lines; and in another of those that remain, taken at a venture, there are on the first side sixty-nine lines, making, in the type of Scot's edition, rather more than five octavo pages. As for the "little language" which produced the facial contortions above referred to ("When I am writing in our language I make up my mouth, just as if I were speaking"), it has been sadly mutilated by Hawkesworth's relentless pen. Many of the passages which he struck through were, with great ingenuity, restored by the late John Forster, from whom, in the little picture at the beginning of this paper, we borrowed a few of those recovered hieroglyphics. But the bulk of their "huge babyisms" and "dear diminutives" are almost too intimate and particular for the rude publicities of type. *Dans ce ravissant opéra qu'on appelle l'amour*, says Vic-

tor Hugo, *le libretto n'est presque rien;* and if for *amour* we read *amitié*, the aphorism, it must be admitted, is not untrue of Swift's famous "special code" to Stella.

There can, however, be no doubt of the pleasure with which Swift's communications must have been welcomed by the two ladies at Capel Street, not occupied, as was the writer, with the ceaseless bustle of an unusually busy world, but restricted to such minor dissipations as a little horse exercise, or a quiet game of ombre at Dean Sterne's, to the modest accompaniment of claret and oranges. Swift's unique and wonderful command of his mother tongue has never been shown to such advantage as in these familiar records, bristling with proverbs and folklore, invented *ad hoc*, with puns good and bad, with humor, irony, common sense, and playfulness. One can imagine with what eagerness the large sheet must have been unfolded, and read — not all at once, but in easy stages — by Mrs. Dingley to the impatient Mrs. Johnson, for whom it was primarily intended, but whose eyes were too weak to read it. Yet to the modern student, the "Journal to Stella," taken as a whole, scarcely achieves the success which its peculiar attributes lead one to anticipate. It remains, as must always be remembered, strictly a journal with a journal's defects. There is a lack of connected interest; there is also a superfluity of detail. Regarded in the light of a historical picture, it is like Hogarth's "March to Fuichley": the crowd in the foreground obscures the central action. It treats, indeed, of a stirring and momentous time, for power was changing hands. The Whigs had given place to the Tories; adroit Mrs. Masham had supplanted "Mrs. Freeman"; the great Captain himself was falling with a crash. Abroad, the long Continental war was dwindling to its close; at home, the treaty of Utrecht was preparing. Of all this, however, one rather overhears than hears. In Swift's gallery there are no portraits *à la* Cameron with sweeping robes; at best they are but thumb-nail sketches. Nowhere have we such a finished full length as that of Bolingbroke in the "Inquiry into the Behavior of the Ministry"; nowhere a seathing satire like the "Verres" kitcat of Wharton in the seventeenth Examiner. Nor are there anywhere accounts of occurrences which loom much larger than the stabbing of Harley by Guiscard, or the duel of Hamilton and Mohun. Not the less does the canvas swarm with figures, many of whom bear famous names. Now it is Anna Augusta herself, driving

red-faced to hounds in her one-horse chaise, or yawning behind her fan sticks at a tedious reception; now it is that "pure trifler" Harley, dawdling and temporizing as he does in Prior:—

"Yea, quoth the Erle, but not to-day," or spelling out the inn signs between Kew and London; now it is Peterborough, "the ramblingest lying rogue on earth," talking deep politics at a barber's preparatory to starting for the world's end with the morrow; now it is Mrs. St. John, on her way to the Bath, beseeching Swift to watch over her illustrious husband, who (like Stella!) is not to be governed, and will certainly make himself ill between business and Burgundy. Many others pass and repass—Congreve (*quantum mutatus!*) a broken man, but cheerful, though "almost blind with cataracts growing on his eyes"; Prior with hollow cheeks, sitting solemnly at the Smyrna, receiving visits of ceremony, or walking in the park to make himself fat, or disappearing mysteriously on diplomatic expeditions to Paris; grave Addison rehearsing "Cato," and sometimes un-Catonically fuddled; Steele bustling over Tatlers and Spectators, and "governed by his wife most abominably, as bad as Marlborough"; "pastoral Phillips (with his red stockings), just arrived from Denmark; clever, kindly Dr. Arbuthnot, "the queen's favorite physician," meditating new "bites" for the maids of honor, or fresh chapters in "John Bull"; young Mr. Berkeley of Kilkenny with his "Dialogues against Atheism" in his pocket, and burning "to make acquaintance with men of merit"; Atterbury, finessing for his Christ Church deanery. Then there are the great ladies—Mrs. Masham, who has a red nose, but is Swift's friend; Lady Somerset, the "Carrots of the Wind or Prophecy," who has red hair, and is his enemy; sensible and spirited Lady Betty Germaine; the Duchess of Grafton (in a fontange of the last reign); Newton's niece, pretty Mrs. Barton; good-tempered Lady Harley; hapless Mrs. Ann Long; and a host of others. And among them all, "unhasting, unresting," filling the scene like Coquelin in "L'Etourdi," comes and goes the figure of "Parson Swift" himself, now striding full blown down St. James's Street in his cassock, gown, and three-guinea periwig; now riding through Windsor Forest in a borrowed suit of "light camlet, faced with red velvet, and silver buttons." Sometimes he is feasting royally at Oznida's or the Thatched House with the society of "Brothers"; sometimes dining moderately in the city with Barber, his printer, or Will Pate, the "learned woolen draper"; sometimes scurvily

at a blind tavern "upon gill ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton." You may follow him wherever he goes, whether it be to Greenwich with the Dean of Carlisle, or to Hampton with "Lord Treasurer," or to hear the nightingales at Vaux Hall with my Lady Kerry. He tells you when he buys books at Bateman's in Little Britain, or spectacles for Stella on Ludgate Hill, or Brazil tobacco, which Mrs. Dingley will rasp into snuff, at Charles Lillie the perfumer's in Beaufort Buildings. He sets down everything — his maladies (very specifically), his misadventures, economies, extravagances, dreams, disappointments — his *votum*, *timor*, *ira*, *voluptas*. The *timor* is chiefly for those dogs the Mohocks ("Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?") the *ira*, to a considerable extent, for that most exasperating of retainers, his manservant Patrick.

It has been said that the "Journal to Stella" contains no finished character sketches; but so many entries are involved by the peccadillos of Patrick, that after a time he begins, from sheer force of reappearance, to assume the lineaments of a personage. At first he is merely a wheedling, good-looking Irish boy — an obvious "Teaguelander," as Sir Thomas Mansel calls him. He makes his début in the third letter, with the remark that "the rabble here [*i. e.*, in London] are much more inquisitive in politics than in Ireland," an utterance having all the air of a philosophic reflection. Being, however, endowed with fine natural aptitudes, he is speedily demoralized by those rakes, the London footmen. "Patrick is drunk about three times a week," says the next record, "and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of these days I will positively turn him off to the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him," from which we must infer that Patrick was, or had been, a favorite with the ladies at Dublin. He has another vice in Swift's eyes: he is extravagant. Coals cost twelve pence a week, yet he piles up the fires so recklessly that his economical master has laboriously to pick them to pieces again. Still, he has a good heart, for he buys a linnet for Mrs. Dingley, at a personal sacrifice of sixpence, and in direct opposition to his master's advice. "I laid before him the greatness of the sum, and the rashness of the attempt; showed how impossible it would be to carry him safe over the salt sea; but he would not take my counsel, and he will repent it." A month later the unhappy bird is still alive, though grown very wild. It lives in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter.

"But I say nothing; I am as tame as a clout." This restraint is the more notable in that Patrick himself has been for ten days out of favor. "I talk dry and cross to him, and have called him 'friend' three or four times." Then, having been drunk again, he is all but discharged, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh (a near neighbor) has to make the peace. He is certainly trying; he loses keys, forgets messages, locks up clothes at critical moments, and so forth. But he is accustomed to Swift's ways, and the next we hear of him is that, "intolerable rascal" though he be, he is going to have a livery which will cost four pounds, and that he has offered to pay for the lace on his hat out of his own wages. Yet his behavior is still so bad that his master is afraid to give him his new clothes, though he has not the heart to withhold them. "I wish MD were here to entreat for him — just here at the bed's side." Then there is a vivid little study of Swift bathing in the Thames at Chelsea, with Patrick on guard — of course, quite perfunctorily — to prevent his master being disturbed by boats. "That puppy, Patrick, standing ashore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them." After this he takes to the study of Congreve, goes to the play, fights in his cups with another gentleman, by whom he is dragged along the floor upon his face, "which looked for a week after as if he had the leprosy; and," adds the diarist, grimly, "I was glad enough to see it." Later on he enrages his master so much by keeping him waiting, that Swift is provoked into giving him "two or three swinging cuffs on the ear," spraining his own thumb thereby, though Arbuthnot thinks it may be gout. "He [Patrick] was plaguily afraid and humbled." That he was more frightened than repentant, the sequel shows. "I gave him half a crown for his Christmas box, on condition he would be good," says Swift, whose forbearance is certainly extraordinary, "and he came home drunk at midnight." Worse than this, he sometimes never comes home at all. At last arrives the inevitable hour when he is "turned off to the wide world," and he never seems to have succeeded in coaxing himself back again. Yet one fancies that Swift must have secretly regretted his loss; and it would, no doubt, have been edifying to hear Patrick upon his master.

There is one person, however, for fuller details respecting whom one would willingly surrender the entire "Patrickead," and that is the lady in whose interest the journal was written, since

Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, notwithstanding the many conventional references to her, does no more than play the mute and self-denying part of propriety. But of Esther Johnson (as she signs herself) we get in reality little beyond the fact that her health was at this time already a source of anxiety to her friends. The journal is full of injunctions to her to take exercise, especially horse exercise, and not to attempt to read "Pdfr's" "ugly, small hand," but to let Dingley read it to her. "Preserve your eyes, if you be wise," says a distich manufactured for the occasion, nor is she to write until she is "mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty well," in her sight and is sure it will not do her the least hurt. "Or come, I will tell you what; you, Mistress Ppt, shall write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a day; and then comes DD altogether, and then Ppt a little crumb towards the end, to let us see she remembers Pdfr; and then conclude with something handsome and genteel, as 'your most humble cumdumble,' or etc." A favorite subject of raillery is Mrs. Johnson's spelling, which was not her strong point, though she was not nearly so bad as Lady Wentworth. "'Rediculous,' madame? I suppose you mean ridiculous. Let me have no more of that; it is the author of the 'Atlantis's' spelling. I have mended it in your letter." Elsewhere there are lists of her lapses; bussiness for business, immagin, merrit, phamphlets, etc. But the letters seldom end without their playful greeting to his "dearest Sirrahs," his "dear foolish Rogues," his "pretty, saucy MD," and the like. As his mood changes in its intensity, they change also. "Farewell, my dearest lives and delights; I love you better than ever, if possible. . . . God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together. I pray for this twice every day, and I hope God will hear my poor, hearty prayers." In another place it is: "God send poor Ppt her health, and keep MD happy. Farewell, and love Pdfr, who loves MD above all things ten million of times." And again: "Farewell, dearest rogues; I am never happy but when I think or write of MD. I have enough of courts and ministers, and wish I were at Laracor." It is to Laracor, with its holly and its cherry trees, and the willow walk he had planted by the canal he had made, and Stella riding past with Joe "to the Hill of Bree, and round by Scurlock's Town," that he turns regretfully when the perfidies of those in power have vexed his soul, with the conviction that for all they "call him nothing but Jonathan," he "can serve everybody but himself." "If I had not

a spirit naturally cheerful," he says in his second year of residence, "I should be very much discontented at a thousand things. Pray God preserve MD's health, and Pdfr's, and that I may live far from the envy and discontent that attends those who are thought to have more favor at court than they really possess. Love Pdfr, who loves MD above all things." And then the letter winds off into those cryptic epistolary caresses of which a specimen has been already quoted.

Upon Stella's reputed rival, and Swift's relations with her, the scope of this paper dispenses us from dwelling. Indeed, though Swift's visits to Miss Vanhomrigh's mother are repeatedly referred to, Esther Vanhomrigh herself (from motives which the reader will no doubt interpret according to his personal predilections in the famous Vanessa-frage) is mentioned but twice or thrice in the entire journal, and then not by name. But we are of those who hold with Mr. Henry Craik that, whatever the relations in question may have been, they never seriously affected or even materially interrupted Swift's lifelong attachment to the lady to whom a year or two later, he was or was not (according as we elect to side with Sir Walter Scott or Mr. Forster) married by the Bishop of Clogher in the garden of Sir Patrick's Deanery. For one thing which is detachable from the network of tittle-tattle and conjecture encumbering a question already sufficiently perplexed in its origin is that Swift's expressions of esteem and admiration for Stella are as emphatic at the end as at the beginning. Some of those in the journal have already been reproduced. But his letters during her last lingering illness, and a phrase in the Holyhead diary of 1727, are, if anything, even more poignant in the sincerity of their utterance. "We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years," he tells Mr. Worrall, his vicar, of Mrs. Johnson; and he goes on to describe her as one whom he "most esteemed upon the score of every good quality that can possibly commend a human creature. . . . ever since I left you my heart has been so sunk that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again, but drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away." To another correspondent, speaking of Stella's then hourly-expected death, he says, "as I value life very little, so the poor casual remains of it, after such a loss, would be a burden that I beg God Almighty to enable me to bear; and I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a friendship, with the loss

of which a man must be absolutely miserable. . . . Besides, this was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood, who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature." The date of this letter is July, 1726; but it was not until the beginning of 1728 that the blow came which deprived him of his "dearest friend." Then, on a Sunday in January, at eleven at night, he sits down to compile that (in the circumstances) extraordinary "character" of "the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with." A few passages from this strange finis to a strange story began while Stella was lying dead, and continued after her funeral (in a room to which he had not moved in order to avoid the sight of the light in the church), may be copied here. "Never," he says, "was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation. . . . Her advice was always the best, and with the greatest freedom, mixed with the greatest decency. She had a gracefulness somewhat more than human in every motion, word, and action. Never was so happy a conjunction of civility, freedom, easiness, and sincerity. . . . She never mistook the understanding of others; nor ever said a severe word, but where a much severer was deserved. . . . She never had the least absence of mind in conversation, nor was given to interruption, nor appeared eager to put in her word, by waiting impatiently till another had done. She spoke in a most agreeable voice, in the plainest words, never hesitating, except out of modesty before new faces, where she was somewhat reserved; nor among her nearest friends, ever spoke much at a time. . . . Although her knowledge from books and company was much more extensive than usually falls to the share of her sex, yet she was so far from making a parade of it that her female visitants, on their first acquaintance, who expected to discover it by what they call words and deep discourse, would be sometimes disappointed, and say they found she was like other women. But wise men, through all her modesty, whatever they discoursed on, could easily observe that she understood them very well, by the judgment shown in her observations as well as in her questions."

In the foregoing retrospect, as in the final birthday poems to Stella, Swift, it will be gathered, dwells upon the intellectual rather than the physical charms of this celebrated woman. To her mental qualities, indeed, he had always given the foremost

place. But time, in 1728, had long since silvered those locks once "blacker than a raven," while years of failing health had sadly altered the perfect figure, and dimmed the lustre of the beautiful eyes. What she had been is not quite easy for a modern admirer to realize from the dubious Delville medallion, or the inadequate engraving by Engleheart of the picture at Ballinter, which forms the frontispiece to Sir William Wilde's deeply interesting "Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life." The more accurate photogravure of the latter given in Mr. Gerald Moriarty's recent book is much more satisfactory, and so markedly to Esther Johnson's advantage as to suggest the further reproduction of the portrait in some separate and accessible form.

Complete. From Longman's Magazine 1893.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

(1702–1751)

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, one of the most celebrated theologians of the eighteenth century, was born in 1702, the youngest of a family of twenty children. His father, a London merchant, educated him at the best private schools, and he studied for the ministry under the impulse of a fondness for the Bible derived from stories told him by his mother in explanation of the meaning of the Scriptural scenes in Dutch tiles, which had attracted his attention. His principal prose work is "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." His hymns are still favorites wherever English is spoken.

ON THE POWER AND BEAUTY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

THE New Testament is a book written with the most consummate knowledge of human nature; and though there are a thousand latent beauties in it, which it is the business and glory of true criticism to place in a strong point of light, the general sense and design of it is plain to every honest reader, even at the very first perusal. It is evidently intended to bring us to God through Christ, in a humble dependence on the communication of his sanctifying and quickening Spirit; and to engage us to a course of faithful and universal obedience, chiefly from a grateful sense of the riches of Divine grace, manifested to us in the Gospel. And though this scheme is indeed liable to abuse, as everything else is, it appears to me plain in fact, that it has been, and still is, the grand instrument of reforming a very degenerate world; and, according to the best observations I have been able to make on what has passed about me, or within my own breast, I have found that, in proportion to the degree in which this evangelical scheme is received and relished, the interest of true virtue and holiness flourished, and the mind is formed to manly devotion, diffusive benevolence, steady fortitude, and, in short, made ready to every good word and work.

We have here the authentic records of that Gospel which was intended as the great medicine for our souls! of that character which is our pattern; of that death which is our ransom; of him, in short, whose name we bear, as we are professed Christians; and before whose tribunal we are all shortly to appear, that our eternal existence may be determined, blissful or miserable, according to our regard for what he has taught and done and endured. Let not the greatest, therefore, think it beneath their notice; nor the meanest imagine that amidst all the most necessary cares and labors they can find any excuse for neglecting or for even postponing it. . . .

The account which the New Testament gives us of the temper and character of our Divine Redeemer is a topic of argument by no means to be forgotten. We do not, indeed, there meet with any studied encomiums upon the subject. The authors deal not in such sort of productions; but, which is a thousand times better, they show us the character itself. The sight of what is great and beautiful has another kind of effect than the most eloquent description of it. And here we behold the actions of Christ; we attend his discourses, and have a plain and open view of his behavior. In consequence of this we see in him everything venerable, everything amiable. We see a perfection of goodness nowhere in the world to be seen or to be heard; and numberless arguments plead at once to persuade the heart that it is absolutely impossible such a person should be engaged in a design founded in known falsehood, and tending only to mislead and ruin his followers.

And though it is true the character of his Apostles does not fully come up to the standard of their Master, nor is entirely free from some small blemishes; yet we see so little of that kind in them, and, on the contrary, such an assemblage of the human, divine, and social virtues, that we cannot, if we thoroughly know them, if we form an intimate acquaintance with them, entertain with patience the least suspicion that they were capable of a part so detestable as theirs must have been, if they knew Jesus to have been an impostor, and the Gospel a fable; with which they must be chargeable, if Christianity were not indeed authentic and divine.

The series of sufferings which they endured; the gentle, humble patience with which they bore them; the steady perseverance and invincible fortitude with which they pursued their scheme,

in the midst of them all, and with no earthly prospect but that of continued hardship and persecution, till it should end in death, furnish out an important branch of this argument; which the Book of Acts, especially taken in connection with the Epistles, does almost continually illustrate, in the most artless, and therefore the most forcible, manner.

To conclude this head, the history before us represents, in the most clear and convincing light, the genius of that doctrine which Christ taught, and of the religion which he came to settle in the world. When we view it as exhibited in human writings we may mistake; for it is too often tinctured with the channel through which it has passed. Men of bad dispositions have warped it, to make it comply with the corruptions of their own hearts, and to subserve, in many instances, the schemes of their ambitious and worldly interests. Good men, insensibly influenced by a variety of prejudices, which, under fair and plausible forms, have insinuated themselves into their breasts, have frequently mistaken, not the essentials of Christianity (for no good man can mistake them), but the circumstantials of it; and have propagated their various and frequently contradictory mistakes, with a zeal which nothing but an apprehension that they were its fundamentals could have inspired: and thus its original purity and beauty have been debased and obscured. But here we drink this water of life at its fountain head, untainted and unmixed, and with that peculiar spirit, which, at a distance from it, is so apt to evaporate. Here we plainly perceive there is nothing in the scheme but what is most worthy of God to reveal, and of his Son to publish — to publish to the world. Here we see, not, as in the heathen writers, some detached sentiment, finely heightened with the beauty of expression and pomp of words, like a scattered fragment, with the partial traces of impaired elegance and magnificence; but the elevation of a complete temple, worthy of the Deity to whom it is consecrated: so harmonious a system of unmingled truth, so complete a plan of universal duty, so amiable a representation of true morality in all its parts, without redundancy, and without defect, that the more capable we are of judging of real excellence, the more we shall be prepossessed in its favor. And if we have a capacity and opportunity of examining together with it the books which the followers of other religions have esteemed sacred, and the system of doctrines and manners which their respective founders have published to the world, we

shall find how much the Gospel is credited by the comparison — shall indeed find the difference much like that of a coarse picture of sunshine, from the original beams of that celestial luminary. This I have so deeply felt in mine own heart, while reading these books, and especially while commenting upon them, that it has been matter of astonishment, as well as grief, to me, that there should be any mind capable of resisting evidence so various, so powerful, and so sweet.

JOHN DONNE

(1573–1631)

JOHN DONNE, poet and theologian, belongs to a literary period which produced so many great writers that everything which belongs to it is studied with interest in the hope of explaining them. He was born in London in 1573, and educated at Oxford. He was for a time Secretary to the Keeper of the Great Seal, Sir Thomas Egerton, whose niece he married in opposition to her uncle's wishes. He became a favorite of James I., and on taking orders was made the royal chaplain. Among his prose works are "Pseudo-Martyr," "Essays on Divinity," and "Letters to Several Persons of Honor." Some of his poems were greatly admired by De Quincey, but as a poet he falls under the sweeping condemnation of Taine for affectation, which characterizes the minor poets of his age.

THE ARITHMETIC OF SIN

THE pureness and cleanness of heart which we must love was evidently represented in the old law, and in the practice of the Jews, who took knowledge of so many uncleannesses; they reckon almost fifty sorts of uncleannesses, to which there belonged particular expiations; of which some were hardly to be avoided in ordinary conversation: as to enter into the courts of justice; for the Jews that led Christ into the common hall would not enter, lest they should be defiled. Yea, some things defiled them, which it had been unnatural to have left undone; as for the son to assist at his father's funeral; and yet even these required an expiation; for these, though they had not the nature of sin, but might be expiated (without any inward sorrow or repentance) by outward ablutions, by ceremonial washings, within a certain time prescribed by the law, yet if that time were negligently and inconsiderately overslipped, then they became sins, and then they could not be expiated, but by a more solemn, and a more costly way, by sacrifice. And even before they came to that, whilst they were but uncleannesses and not sins, yet even

then they made them incapable of eating the Paschal Lamb. So careful was God in the law, and the Jews in their practice (for these outward things) to preserve this pureness, this cleanness, even in things which were not fully sins. So also must he that affects this pureness of heart, and studies the preserving of it, sweep down every cobweb that hangs about it. Scurrile and obscene language: yea, misinterpretable words, such as may bear an ill sense; pleasurable conversation and all such little entanglings, which though he think too weak to hold him, yet they foul him. And let him that is subject to these smaller sins remember that as a spider builds always where he knows there is most access and haunt of flies, so the devil that hath cast these light cobwebs into thy heart, knows that that heart is made of vanities and levities; and he that gathers into his treasure whatsoever thou wasteth out of thine, how negligent soever thou be, he keeps thy reckoning exactly, and will produce against thee at last as many lascivious glances as shall make up an adultery, as many covetous wishes as shall make up a robbery, as many angry words as shall make up a murder; and thou shalt have dropped and crumbled away thy soul, with as much irrecoverableness, as if thou hadst poured it out all at once; and thy merry sins, thy laughing sins, shall grow to be crying sins, even in the ears of God; and though thou drown thy soul here, drop after drop, it shall not burn spark after spark, but have all the fire, and all at once, and all eternally, in one entire and intense torment. For as God, for our capacity, is content to be described as one of us, and to take our passions upon him, and be called angry, and sorry, and the like; so is he in this also like us, that he takes it worse to be slighted, to be neglected, to be left out, than to be actually injured. Our inconsideration, our not thinking of God in our actions, offends him more than our sins. We know that in nature and in art the strongest bodies are compact of the least particles, because they shut best, and lie closest together; so be the strongest habits of sin compact of sins which in themselves are least; because they are least perceived, they grow upon us insensibly, and they cleave unto us inseparably. And I should make no doubt of recovering him sooner that had sinned long against his conscience, though in a great sin, than him that had sinned less sins, without any sense or conscience of those sins; for I should sooner bring the other to a detestation of his sin than bring this man to a knowledge that that he did was sin.

But if thou couldst consider that every sin is a crucifying of Christ, and every sin is a precipitation of thyself from a pinnacle: were it a convenient phrase to say, in every little sin, that thou wouldst crucify Christ a little, or break thy neck a little.

From "Sermon to the Lords of the Council."

DEATH

Now this which is so singularly peculiar to him, that his flesh should not see corruption, at his second coming, his coming to judgment shall be extended to all that are then alive, their flesh shall not see corruption; because (as the Apostle says, and says as a secret, as a mystery: "Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep"); that is, not continue in the state of the dead, in the grave; but "we shall all be changed." In an instant we shall have a dissolution, and in the same instant a redintegration, a recompacting of body and soul; and that shall be truly a death, and truly a resurrection, but no sleeping, no corruption. But for us who die now, and sleep in the state of the dead, we must all pass this posthume death, this death after death, nay, this death after burial, this dissolution after dissolution, this death of corruption and putrefaction, of vermiculation and incineration, of dissolution and dispersion, in and from the grave. When those bodies which have been the children of royal parents, and the parents of royal children, must say with Job: "To corruption, Thou art my father; and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister." Miserable riddle, when the same worm must be my mother and my sister and myself. Miserable incest, when I must be married to mine own mother and sister, and be both father and mother to mine own mother and sister, beget and bear that worm which is all that miserable penury, when my mouth shall be filled with dust, and the worm shall feed, and feed sweetly, upon me. When the ambitious man shall have no satisfaction if the poorest alive tread upon him, nor the poorest receive any contentment in being made equal to princes, for they shall be equal but in dust. One dieth at his full strength, being wholly at ease and in quiet, and another dies in the bitterness of his soul, and never eats with pleasure; but they lie down alike in the dust, and the worm covers them. The worm covers them in Job and in Esay; it covers them and is spread under them ("The worm is spread under thee and the worm covers thee").

There are the mats and the carpet that lie under; and there are the state and the canopy that hangs over the greatest sons of men. Even those bodies that were the temples of the Holy Ghost come to this dilapidation, to ruin, to rubbish, to dust: even the Israel of the Lord, and Jacob himself, had no other specification, no other denomination but that, *Vermis Jacob* (Thou worm Jacob). Truly, the consideration of this posthume death, this death after burial, that after God, with whom are the issues of death, hath delivered me from the death of the womb, by bringing me into the world, and from the manifold deaths of the world, by laying me in the grave, I must die again, in an incineration of this flesh, and in a dispersion of that dust; that all that monarch that spread over many nations alive, must in his dust lie in a corner of that sheet of lead, and there but so long as the lead will last: and that private and retired man, that thought himself his own forever, and never came forth, must in his dust of the grave be published, and (such are the revolutions of graves) be mingled in his dust with the dust of every highway, and of every dunghill, and swallowed in every puddle and pond; this is the most inglorious and contemptible vilification, the most deadly and peremptory nullification of man, that we can consider. God seems to have carried the declaration of his power to a great height when he sets the prophet Ezekiel in the valley of dry bones, and says, "Son of man, can these bones live?" as though it had been impossible; and yet they did; the Lord laid sinews upon them, and flesh, and breathed into them, and they did live. But in that case there were bones to be seen; something visible, of which it might be said, Can this, this live? but in this death of incineration and dispersion of dust, we see nothing that we can call that man's. If we say, Can this dust live? perchance it cannot. It may be the mere dust of the earth which never did live, nor shall; it may be the dust of that man's worms which did live, but shall no more; it may be the dust of another man that concerns not him of whom it is asked. This death of incineration and dispersion is to natural reason the most irrevocable death of all; and yet *Domini Dei sunt exitus mortis* (Unto God the Lord belong the issues of death), and by recompacting this dust into the same body, and reanimating the same body with the same soul, he shall in a blessed and glorious resurrection give me such an issue from this death as shall never pass into any other death, but establish me in a life that shall last as long as the Lord of life himself.

From Donne's last sermon.

JOHN DORAN

(1807–1878)

As an essayist Doran belongs to the school of D'Israeli. His "Knights and Their Days" and "Table Traits" are always entertaining, and they are often made instructive by curious detail, which even the widest reading may not have included. He was born in London about 1807, and died there January 25th, 1878. In addition to the works mentioned above, he wrote a "History of Court Fools" and "New Pictures in Old Panels."

SOME REALITIES OF CHIVALRY

There was a knight who was known by the title of "The White Knight," whose name was De la Tour Landay, who was a contemporary of Edward the Black Prince, and who is supposed to have fought at Poitiers. He is, however, best known, or at least equally well known, as the author of a work entitled "Le Livre du Chevalier de la Tour Landay." This book was written, or dictated by him, for the especial benefit of his two daughters, and for the guidance of young ladies generally. It is extremely indelicate in parts, and in such wise gives no very favorable idea of the young ladies who could bear such instruction as is here imparted. The Chevalier performed his authorship after a very free and easy fashion. He engaged four clerical gentlemen, strictly designated as "two priests and two clerks," whose task it was to procure for him all the necessary illustrative materials, such as anecdotes, apophthegms, and such like. These were collected from all sources, sacred and profane — from the Bible down to any volume, legendary or historical, that would suit his purpose. These he worked mosaically together, adding such wise saws, moral counsel, or sentiment, as he deemed the case most especially required, — with a sprinkling of stories of his own collecting. A critic in the Athenæum, commenting upon this curious volume, says with great truth, that it affords good materials for an examination into the morals and

manners of the times. "Nothing," says the reviewer, "is urged for adoption upon the sensible grounds of right or wrong, or as being in accordance with any admitted moral standard, but because it has been sanctified by long usage, been confirmed by pretended miracle, or been approved by some superstition which outrages common sense."

In illustration of these remarks it is shown how the Chevalier recommends a strict observation of the "Meagre Days," upon the ground that the dissevered head of a soldier was once enabled to call for a priest, confess, and listen to the absolution, because the owner of the head had never transgressed the Wednesday and Friday's fasts throughout his lifetime. Avoidance of the seven capital sins is enjoyed upon much the same grounds. Gluttony, for instance, is to be avoided, for the good reason that a prattling magpie once betrayed a lady who had eaten a dish of eels, which her lord had intended for some guests whom he wished particularly to honor. Charity is enjoined, not because the practice thereof is placed by the great teacher not merely above Hope, but before Faith, but because a lady who, in spite of priestly warning gave the broken victuals of her household to her dogs rather than to the poor, being on her deathbed was leaped upon by a couple of black dogs, and that these having approached her lips, the latter became as black as coal. The knight the more insists upon the proper exercise of charity, seeing that he has unquestionable authority in support of the truth of the story. That is, he knew a lady that had known the defunct, and who said she had seen the dogs. Implicit obedience of wives to husbands is insisted on, with a forcibly illustrative argument. A burgher's wife had answered her lord sharply, in place of silently listening to reproof, and meekly obeying his command. The husband, thereupon, dealt his wife a blow with his clenched fist, which smashed her nose and felled her to the ground. "It is reason and right," says the mailed Mrs. Ellis of his time, "that the husband should have the word of command, and it is an honor to the good wife to hear him, and hold her peace, and leave all high talking to her lord; and so, on the contrary, it is a great shame to hear a woman strive with her husband, whether right or wrong, and especially before other people." Publius Syrus says that a good wife commands by obeying, but the Chevalier evidently had no idea of illustrating the Latin maxim, or recommending the end which it contem-

plates. The knight places the husband as absolute lord; and his doing so, in conjunction with the servility which he demands on the part of the wife, reminds me of the saying of Toulotte, which is as true as anything enjoined by the moralizing knight, namely, that *L'obeissance aux volontes d'un chef absolu assimile l'homme a la brute.* This with a verbal alteration may be applied as expressive of the effect of the knight's teaching in the matter of feminine obedience. The latter is indeed in consonance with the old heathen ideas. Euripides asserts that the most intolerable wife in the world is a wife who philosophizes, or supports her own opinion. We are astonished to find a Christian knight thus agreed with a heathen poet — particularly as it was in Christian times that the maxim was first published, which says, *Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut!*

From «Knights and Their Days.»

RENÉ DOUMIC

(1860–)

RENÉ DOUMIC, one of the most brilliant of the contemporary essayists of France, was born in Paris in 1860, and educated at the Collège Condorcet, where, it is said, "he carried off the most brilliant scholastic honors." For ten years he held the chair of Rhetoric in the Collège Stanislas in Paris; but in 1884 he began the career of a journalist, which has drawn him from academic work and given him a celebrity he might not have otherwise attained. He has been one of the leading contributors to the Revue des Deux Mondes and to the Journal des Debats, and several volumes of his essays on literature and the drama have been collected and published in permanent form. His admirer M. Theodore Bentzon writes that "M. Doumic is a Christian, a somewhat austere one both as to faith and morals," and adds that "he acknowledges it frankly."

WOMEN DURING THE RENAISSANCE

DURING the Middle Ages woman had no personal identity whatever. She existed merely as the member of a family, where it was her place to administer the household and perpetuate the race. She was married when scarcely more than a child, and soon learned to look upon her husband as a master possessed of unlimited power, including the right to beat her, and who often had a heavy hand. Her children were taken from her at an early age; and neither as a young girl nor as a matron had she any life in the sense in which we understand the word to-day.

Did she realize the emptiness of her lot and repine at it? Probably not; for ennui is one of the maladies of a sophisticated period; nor is it likely that she indulged in many dreams; for it is we who people with our own melancholy yearnings those castles of the olden time, where the pressure of practical duties was severe enough to exclude chimeras. Did she suffer? Our worst sufferings are the residue of vanished hopes and disappointed

fancies; and if — as we must suppose, she was occasionally very unhappy, at least she did not complain of being misunderstood. She was extremely busy. She had to rise with the dawn, oversee the pages and the maids, regulate the household expenditure for town or country; and she passed a large part of her time at church. She was married to a coarse husband, but, being little more ethereal than he, she did not consider herself a martyr on that account. She did not mind deceiving her lord, being as susceptible as another to the pleasures of sense; but there was no malice in her little diversions, and she was not vain of her conquests. Her place in society was distinctly that of an inferior. Certain poems and romances were beginning to inculcate reverence for women, but all this was mere poetry and romance. The epic, whether heroic or familiar, the *chanson de geste* and the fabliau all alike betray the prevailing sentiment — that of the subordination of women. We detect it even in those writers of the sixteenth century whose views are broadest. We should have no doubt about Rabelais's estimate of woman, even if he had not expressed himself clearly upon this point. "When I say woman, I allude to a sex so fragile, so variable, so inconstant and imperfect, that Nature seems to me (speaking with all due reverence), to have departed somewhat from her usual good sense when she made the feminine creature. I have pondered this point hundreds and hundreds of times, and can come to no other conclusion than this: that Nature, in devising woman, had regard to the social delectation of man, and the propagation of the species, rather than to the perfection of muliebrity in the individual." Montaigne is quite of the same mind, though he takes pains to express himself a little less crudely. He does not think that "our women should be maintained in idleness by the sweat of our toil"; but, on the other hand, while Mlle. de Montaigne keeps the accounts, oversees the farm and directs the masons, he moralizes, perorates, travels, and amuses himself generally; not merely without a shadow of compunction, but in the full assurance that he is neither exceeding the privileges of his sex, nor transgressing its rights. The bourgeois of Molière conceive the rôle of woman after an identical fashion; and a good many of the bourgeois of our own day agree with Molière's. It is a matter of tradition.

The ideas which were destined to modify, for a time, the condition of woman, had their origin in Italy, being, in fact, an essential part of the spirit of the Renaissance. One of these was

the notion of the rights of the individual, who had been, up to that period, absorbed in the community, whether civil, religious, or domestic, but who now began to be restive under the yoke and boldly to claim his independence. Men wanted to be themselves; to be distinguished from others; fully and freely to develop their own proper faculties and fulfill their own separate destinies. Each one of us has his own special worth, a treasure of latent energy which it behooves us to render active. This is what "virtue" means. Let the virtue which is within us burn so bright that it will leave a luminous memory behind us in the minds of men. Everywhere there woke the same impassioned desire for personal renown. Another leading motive was the revival of antique ideas concerning the worship of beauty. For centuries, under the Christian dispensation, man had been preoccupied by an ideal of abstinence and sacrifice. He had looked upon life with distrust, and warily shunned the snare of its seductions. Now he went forth to meet it, in confidence and joy. "Everything," says Tasso, in his "Dialogue on Virtue," "everything assists virtue to the attainment of true happiness; — riches, honors, offices, armies, and all those emoluments which enable virtue to act with greater freedom and splendor. Virtue can make subservient to her ends armor and steeds, rich furnishings, paintings and statues, all the fine armaments of prosperity, no less than the joys of friendship and of brilliant society; — she finds her account in them all." Why, indeed, should we refuse to hear that call to happiness, that stifled cry which breaks from the entire creation? Has not God himself adorned nature with manifold charms? And if he has also made us susceptible to them, is not this a sign of his will? Let us, then, cease to be our own executioners, living like paupers amid the wealth so profusely lavished to beguile our short journey across the hospitable earth! Let us unseal the sources of delight, and restore equilibrium among those forces of nature, no one of which is to be despised! Let us put ourselves to school once more, with the Greeks, and re-learn from their teachings and example the secret of a truly harmonious activity.

The Middle Ages has cowered under the sway of Aristotle. Modern Italy appealed from Aristotle to Plato. From the close of the fifteenth century onward, we can see the theory of neoplatonism taking shape. Plato taught that ideas — that is to say, the eternal types of visible things, constitute the only true reality. The soul, entangled in matter, can discern appearances only; but

in proportion as it casts off its material bonds, it ascends toward the ideas themselves, beholds them in all their beauty, and springs to embrace them in a transport of love. Hence through metamorphoses unsuspected by the Ancients, arose the doctrine of the two loves; the love of the senses which is by nature coarse and base, and goes out only to base things; and that of the soul, which is noble and ethereal, which is, in a word, true love. This true love comes from God, and leads us back to him, but it is woman who inspires it. Thus Bembo, in a celebrated passage: "That earthly beauty which enkindles love is but an influx of the Divine beauty which irradiates all creation. Over sweet, regular, and harmonious features, it plays like light. It adorns the countenance; its glamor attracts the eye and penetrates the soul, thrilling, enthralling, giving birth to desire. Love, then, is really born of a beam of the divine beauty, transmitted through the medium of a woman's face. But the senses, alas! will have their word. We forget that the source of beauty is other than corporeal. We make haste to gratify mere appetite, and so arrive by a short road at satiety, weariness, — sometimes even at aversion."

Nothing could have amazed Plato more than to be told that he was preparing the way for the "regiment" of woman. It was the last thing probably that he intended. But doctrines become transmuted by their passage through the ages. They meet and get mixed with others, and take on the most unexpected hues. Dante impregnated the souls of men with his peculiar mysticism; Petrarch preached the cult of woman, and confounded religion with love. The sentiment of chivalry flamed wildly up before it disappeared in a final blaze of glory, to which the universal popularity of the pastoral lay, and the immense vogue, in all Europe, of such poems as "Amadis of Gaul" bear sufficient witness. The average French mind, ever prone to simplicity and good sense, revolted against the vague doctrines of neoplatonism and its double-distilled refinements; but Margaret of Navarre undertook to introduce them among ourselves, and she it is who in the nineteenth novel of the "Heptameron" supplies us with the following definition: "Perfect lovers are those who ever demand in the object of their love a certain perfection of beauty, grace, and goodness. They tend always toward virtue, and have hearts so brave and true that they would die sooner than decline upon aught that is repugnant to honor and conscience. The sole end and aim of our creation is a return to the Supreme Good; and

even while imprisoned in the body we are striving thitherward. But the senses are our enforced medium of communication, and these are clogged and obscured by the sin of our first parents," etc., etc. Here we have Platonism joining hands with Catholicism, and such were the elements which woman, ever prone to seize upon any advantage, was about to make subservient to her own glorification at Rome, at Florence, in the courts of Orbino and Ferrara, no less than at those of Francis I. and Henry II. in France. Society felt the working of a novel power.

For woman, it will be observed, no longer admits that she is called to humility and self-sacrifice. She, too, is an individual, and has the right to develop her ego. She takes her place beside man, as his equal, and her destiny is not to be confounded with his. Henceforth she has her own rôle, and that rôle consists in extracting from all things whatever essence of beauty they may contain; in the spiritualization of matter and the introduction of art into life.

To begin with,—life must be suitably adorned. The massive castle, built to sustain the assault of hostile armies, is transformed, illuminated, enlivened, by all the caprices of fancy. Nature is called in to aid the artist; and beautiful sites, and the graces of park or garden enhance the effect of elegant architecture. Sculptors, painters, and goldsmiths vie with one another in decking the luxurious dwelling of the new era with the products of their taste and skill; while the statue of goddesses and the portraits of nymphs, in all their dazzling perfection of form, cause woman to be confronted on every hand by her own idealized image. The hieratical stiffness of the old-fashioned chair has given place to all manner of curious and complicated furnishings; and clothes, formerly arranged with a view to the concealment of bodily charms, are now worn with a special view to their display. Golden tresses are uncovered, the neck is bared, the female figure becomes tall and supple. Long meals composed of heavy viands give place to gay banquets graced by conversation and music. Life resolves itself into a succession of festivals, which are no longer mere brilliant episodes, but the natural and the consummate form of contemporary existence. All these beautiful things constitute a fitting frame for the beauty of woman; or perhaps it is her beauty which is reflected in them, and so makes them fair. For there is endless discussion about the theory of beauty—which is so elusive the moment

one tries to grasp and define it. It is no paradox to describe a landscape, a work of art, or life itself as beautiful, when the landscape, the work, the life, is transfigured for us by the presence of a woman!

High mental culture having been pronounced the greatest good,—that which most enhances the value of life, women were resolved to compass it. It is not enough to say that the women of the Renaissance were accomplished; they were learned. In Italy they received precisely the same education as the men. Boys and girls studied the same things. Had not Bembo himself said, in so many words: "A little girl ought by all means to learn Latin. It puts the finishing touch upon her charms." No one dreamed of questioning this, and accordingly maidens of exalted birth were early set to study the classics. Mary Stuart wrote Latin at twelve, Margaret of Navarre knew Greek enough to read Plato. Queen Elizabeth at fourteen translated a work of Margaret's own, entitled the "Mirror of the Sinful Soul." The passion for knowledge was at that time universal; but the women of the Renaissance differed from the men of that period, and also, perhaps, from the women of ours, in that they did not learn everything indiscriminately, and for the mere pleasure of learning; they neglected everything which did not appeal to their imagination or their sensibilities. They neglected science and reveled in literature and music. Or rather, from the moment that women began to read, their favorite books were those which spoke to them of themselves. Philosophy subtilizes the question of love, and hence women are philosophers. In the poem, the novel, the romance, love is still the paramount theme; and hence these are the forms of literature that always flourish when feminine influence is in the ascendant. . . .

Spirituality and sensuality flourished side by side without mutual inconvenience. The instances are numerous and striking of intellectual attachments as ardent and more lasting than any mere loves of the flesh. Vittoria Colonna is equally renowned for the passions which she inspired and the purity which she preserved. Michael Angelo fell in love, at fifty, with Marchesa di Pescara, who was then thirty-six,—and whom he never even saw until twelve years later. He loved her neither for her beauty nor for her mental gifts, but simply,—because he loved her. His passion found expression in glowing sonnets and enthusiastic letters, which the timorous great man wrote and rewrote, and did not dare to

send. He asks nothing of the woman he worships. He simply devotes his life to her. She dies; and not even the inviolable chastity of death will permit him to touch her forehead with his lips. Young Lescum, terribly wounded at the battle of Paria, has himself carried to the house of "his lady and guardian angel," and dies happy in her arms. The love of Marot for Margaret of Navarre is of the same nature, or even, perhaps, a little less corporeal and more intellectual. Purity is a constant characteristic of the love inspired by princesses. We can hardly reckon Diane de Poitiers among the Platonic mistresses of men. And yet, when we behold a prince and king of France, like Henry II., sincerely and faithfully devoted to a woman twenty years older than himself, where shall we look for a more satisfactory explanation of the "case" than is to be found in those romantic ideas which were derived, in the first instance from books, but gradually imposed themselves upon real life.

This love, purified of all material taint, and appealing only to the soul, has never been in spite of the instances which we have named without caring to discuss them, — of very frequent occurrence, even in aristocratic circles. But it offers incomparable opportunities for conversation, since the least Platonic of men must needs borrow the vocabulary of Platonism when they make love in a drawing-room. We are, therefore, assisting at the birth of conversation. A new type has been evolved. Castiglione studies it, in a treatise which becomes famous; and manuals of polite behavior multiply. The person who was then called courtier would now be called a man of the world. To be skilled in all athletic exercises, especially in such as develop grace rather than strength of body, to know a little of everything, and not too much of anything, to be able to talk agreeably upon any subject, to be refined in language, reserved in manner, and gracious to all, both men and women — is not this the whole duty of the worldling? It is universally acknowledged that conversation flourishes only so long as there is a woman of wit and taste to direct it. In those lettered courts, to which rank alone no longer gave access, but where writers and artists were made welcome and gathered in a group about some royal lady, the power to converse became the earnest of a brilliant career, for social relations had already developed into an art.

Such was the seductive exterior of the "feminism" of the Renaissance. It was exclusively aristocratic, never going beyond

the narrow court circle. Within these restricted limits, it certainly seems, at the first glance, as though the women had gained their cause and succeeded in their attempt to purify sentiment and soften the brutality of manners. But the truth, unhappily, is that there never was a period more utterly perverted and corrupt than this same sixteenth century, and that, too, in the very circles where the women were conducting their crusade. . . .

The sixteenth century began with an outburst of sensualism, and ended in an outburst of violence, during which feminism went to utter shipwreck. The women could not, of course, have foreseen the religious wars; nor was it their fault that their fragile empire was submerged in blood. Yet the rough manner in which the men regained possession of the world's stage is not without its lesson. The arquebus had an eloquence of its own, after so much philosophism and dilettanteism and æstheticism. It had been lustily asserted that life ought, above all things, to be joyous; that nature is good, and we have but to yield ourselves to her attractions; and a certain number of distinguished and emancipated spirits had repaired to the Abbey of Thelema and erected themselves into an order under the rule of their own good pleasure. Events undertook to give them their answer; proving beyond a peradventure that human nature is savage at bottom, and that beauty is indeed "vain" to bridle its instincts.

The fact is that the principle on which the feminism of the Renaissance rested is fundamentally false. The women of that era wrought only for themselves, and their end and aim was the gratification of their own vanity. They reveled in the general concert of praise, and in the incense burned upon their altars by crowds of adorers. They were flattered when men made believe that they were ready to die for them, and to bless the hand that dealt the fatal blow. All their nice insight did not enable them to detect the essential element of falsity in homage of this description. In their energetic revolt from the time-honored teachings of religion, they declared the age to be ripe, and the moment come, for proclaiming an era for enjoyment. They did not know that to seek pleasure systematically is the surest way to miss it. What madness indeed to regard happiness as the object of life! Since the life of man upon this earth began, who has ever attained it? And if it has escaped the most resolute search, eluded the most passionate pursuit, is not the reason plain — that happiness does not exist? It is only an intellectual conception, an

illusion of our own sensibility, and the most chimerical of all. Those who have taken this chimera for the guide of their conduct have paid for their blunder by going furthest astray. They sought to attain happiness by loading life with the adornments of external elegance, only to find themselves fooled by appearances; — the dupes of the merely accessory. The frame was gorgeous, but it was empty.

From the Revue des Deux Mondes. Translated for the Living Age. January 21st, 1899.

EDWARD DOWDEN

(1843–)

EDWARD DOWDEN, one of the best-informed and most appreciative Shakespearean critics of the nineteenth century, was born in Cork, Ireland, May 3d, 1843, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he is now professor of English Literature. Among his published works are: "Poems"; "Shakespeare: His Mind and Art," 1872; "Southey," 1879; "Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley," 1886; "Studies in Literature," 1887; "Introduction to Shakespeare," 1897; and various "Literature Primers," which are models of compact and lucid statement.

ENGLAND IN SHAKESPEARE'S YOUTH

IN THE closing years of the sixteenth century the life of England ran high. The revival of learning had enriched the national mind with a store of new ideas and images; the reformation of religion had been accomplished, and its fruits were now secure; three conspiracies against the Queen's life had recently been foiled, and her rival, the Queen of Scots, had perished on the scaffold; the huge attempt of Spain against the independence of England had been defeated by the gallantry of English seamen, aided by the winds of heaven. English adventurers were exploring untraveled lands and distant oceans; English citizens were growing in wealth and importance; the farmers made the soil give up twice its former yield; the nobility, however fierce their private feuds and rivalries might be, gathered around the Queen as their centre. It was felt that England was a power in the continent of Europe. Men were in a temper to think human life, with its action and its passions, a very important and interesting thing. They did not turn away from this world, and despise it in comparison with a heavenly country, as did many of the finest souls in the Middle Ages; they did not, like the writers of the age of Queen Anne, care only for "the town"; it was man they cared for, and the whole of manhood — its good and evil, its greatness and grotesqueness, its laughter and its tears.

When men cared thus about human life, their imagination craved living pictures and visions of it. They liked to represent to themselves men and women in all passionate and mirthful aspects and circumstances of life. Sculpture which the Greeks so loved would not have satisfied them, for it is too simple and too calm; music would not have been sufficient, for it is too purely an expression of feelings, and says too little about actions and events. The art which suited the temper of their imagination was the drama. In the drama they saw men and women, alive in action, in suffering, changing forever from mood to mood, from attitude to attitude; they saw these men and women solitary, conversing with their own hearts — in pairs and in groups, acting one upon another; in multitudes, swayed hither and thither by their leaders.

Complete.

SHAKESPEARE'S DEER-STEALING

The immediate cause of Shakespeare's departure from Stratford is thus told circumstantially by Rowe, his first biographer: "He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge the ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London." Some of the details of this story are undoubtedly incorrect, but there is good reason to believe that a foundation of truth underlies the tradition. Sir T. Lucy was an important person in the neighborhood — a member of parliament, one of the Puritan party (with which our dramatist could never have been in sympathy), and about the time of this alleged deer-stealing frolic was concerned in framing a bill in parliament for the preservation of game. Although he did not possess what is properly a park at Charlcote, he had deer; Shakespeare and his companions may have had a struggle with Sir T. Lucy's men. A

verse of the ballad ascribed to the young poacher has been traditionally handed down, and in it the writer puns upon the name Lucy — "O lowsie Lucy" — in a way sufficiently insulting. It is noteworthy that in the first scene of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Justice Shallow is introduced as highly incensed against Sir John Falstaff, who has beaten his men, killed his deer, and broken open his lodge; the Shallows, like Shakespeare's old antagonist, have "luces" in their coat of arms, and the Welsh parson admirably misunderstands the word — "the dozen white louses do become an old coat well." It can hardly be doubted that when this scene was written Shakespeare had some grudge against the Lucy family, and in making them ridiculous before the Queen he may have had an amused sense that he was now obtaining a success for his boyish lampoon, little dreamed of when it was originally put into circulation among the good folk of Stratford.

Complete.

ROMEO AND JULIET

The story of the unhappy lovers of Verona, as a supposed historical occurrence, is referred to the year 1303; but no account of it exists of an earlier date than that of Luigi da Porto, about 1530. A tale in some respects similar is set forth in the "Ephesiaca" of Xenophon of Ephesus, a mediæval Greek romance writer; and one essentially the same, narrating the adventures of Mariotto and Gianozza of Siena, is found in a collection of tales by Masuccio of Salerno, 1476; but Da Porto first names Romeo and Giulietta, and makes them children of the rival Veronese houses. The story quickly acquired a European celebrity. Altering the name and some particulars, Adrian Sevin related it (about 1542) for his French patroness; Gherardo Boldiero turns it into verse for his readers at Venice. Bandello, partly recasting the narrative, recounts it once more in his Italian collection of novels, 1554; and five years later Pierre Boisteau, probably assisted by Belleforest, translates Bandello's Italian into French, and again recasts the story (1559). In three years more it touches English soil. Arthur Brooke in 1562 produced his long metrical version, founded upon Boisteau's novel; and a prose translation of Boisteau's "Histoire de Deux Amans," appeared in Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure," 1567. We have here reached Shakespeare's sources; Paynter, he probably consulted; in nearly all essentials

he follows the "Romeus and Juliet" of Brooke. It must be noted, however, that Brooke speaks of having seen "the same argument lately set forth on stage" — probably the English stage; it is therefore possible that Shakespeare may have had before him an old English tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," of which no fragment remains with us. Resemblances between passages of Shakespeare's tragedy and passages of Groto's Italian tragedy of "Hadraina" are probably due to accident.

The precise date of Shakespeare's play is uncertain. In 1597 it was published in quarto, "as it hath been often (with great applause) played publicly by the Right Honorable the L(ord) of Hunsdon his servants." Now the Lord Chamberlain, Henry Lord Hunsdon, died July 22d, 1596; his son, George Lord Hunsdon, was appointed Chamberlain in April, 1597. Before July, 1596, or after April, 1597, the theatrical company would have been styled by the more honorable designation, "the Lord Chamberlain's servants"; but during the interval they would be described as on the title-page of the quarto. The Nurse's mention of the earthquake (Act I., Sc. III., l. 23), "'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years," has been referred to as giving the date, 1591, a memorable earthquake, felt in London, having occurred eleven years previously, in 1580; but, while professing an infallibly accurate recollection, the garrulous old woman blunders sadly about her dates, so that even if an actual English earthquake were alluded to, the point of the jest may have been in the inaccuracy of the reference. Several lines in Romeo's speech in presence of Juliet in the tomb (Act V., Sc. III., ls. 74–120) seem written with a haunting recollection of passages in Daniel's "Complaints of Rosamunde" (1592). The internal evidence favors the opinion that this tragedy was an early work of the poet, and that it was subsequently revised and enlarged. There is much rhyme, and much of this is in the form of alternate rhyme, the forced playing upon words, and the overstrained conceits (see, for example, Act I., Sc. III., ls. 81–92) point to an early date. If, however, rhymed verse be present in large quantity, the quality of the scenes chiefly written in blank verse is far higher than that of the rhyming passages. We may perhaps accept the opinion that Romeo and Juliet was begun, and in part written, as early as 1591, and that it assumed its final form about 1597. The first quarto, already mentioned (1597), is a pirated edition, "made up partly from copies of portions of the original play, partly from

recollection and from notes taken during the performance." The second quarto, 1599, is described on the title-page as "newly-corrected, augmented, and amended." This perhaps exaggerates the fact; but here we obtain a true representation of the play, and comparing this with the earlier text, it appears that the play "underwent revision, received some slight augmentation, and in some few places must have been entirely rewritten."

"Romeo and Juliet," apart from its intrinsic beauty, is of deep interest when viewed as Shakespeare's first tragedy, and as a work which probably occupied his thoughts, from time to time, during a series of years. It is a young man's tragedy, in which Youth and Love are brought face to face with Hatred and Death There are some lines in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in which the poet compares "the course of true love" to that of lightning in midnight:—

> "And ere a man hath power to say, Behold,
> The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
> So quick bright things come to confusion."

It is thus that love is conceived in "Romeo and Juliet"—it is sudden, it is intensely bright for a moment, and then it is swallowed up in darkness. The action is accelerated by Shakespeare to the utmost, the four or five months of Brooke's poem being reduced to as many days. On Sunday the lovers meet, next day they are made one in marriage, on Tuesday morning at dawn they part, and they are finally reunited in the tomb on the night of Thursday. Shakespeare does not close the tragedy with Juliet's death; as he has shown in the first scene the hatred of the houses through the comic quarrel of the servants, thereby introducing the causes which produce the tragic issue; so in the last scene he shows us the houses sorrowfully reconciled over the dead bodies of a son and a daughter.

Romeo's nature is prone to enthusiastic feeling, and, as it were, vaguely trembling in the direction of love before he sees Juliet; to meet her gives form and fixity to his vague emotion. Shakespeare, following Brooke's poem, has introduced Romeo as yielding himself to a fanciful boy's love of the disdainful beauty, Rosaline; and some of the love conceits and love hyperbole of the first act are intended as the conventional amorous dialect of the period To Juliet—a girl of fourteen—love comes as a thing previously unknown; it is at once terrible and blissful (see Act II.,

Sc. II., ls. 116–120); she rises, through love, and sorrow, and trial, from a child into a heroic woman. After Shakespeare has exalted their enthusiastic joy and rapture to the highest point, he suddenly casts it down. Romeo is at first completely unmanned, but Juliet exhibits a noble fortitude and self-command. The scene of the parting of husband and wife at dawn is a fitting pendant to the scene in the moonlit garden, where the confession of their love is made; the one scene wrought out of divinely mingled love and joy, the other of divinely mingled love and sorrow. When Romeo leaves his young wife, the marriage with Paris is pressed upon her by the hot-tempered old Capulet, by her mother, and by her gross-hearted nurse. Juliet is henceforth in a solitude almost as deep as that of her tomb. The circumstance of bringing Paris across Romeo in the churchyard, with his death before the tomb, is of Shakespeare's invention. Paris comes strewing flowers for the lost Juliet; Romeo comes to find her and to die. Paris scatters his blossoms with one of those graceful love speeches, in the form of a rhymed sextet, which flowed from Romeo's lips in Act I. Romeo's speech is in earnest and plain blank verse, for he has now dropped all unrealities and prettinesses. In Luigi da Porto, in Bandello, and in a modern version of Shakespeare's play by Garrick, Juliet awakes from her sleep while Romeo still lives; Shakespeare's treatment of this scene as to this particular is the same as that of Brooke and Paynter.

Mercutio and the Nurse are almost creations of Shakespeare. Brooke has described Mercutio as "a lion among maidens," and speaks of his "ice-cold hand"; but it was the dramatist who drew at full length the figure of this brilliant being, who, though with wit running beyond what is becoming, and effervescent animal spirits, yet acts as a guardian of Romeo, and is always a gallant gentleman. He dies forcing a jest through his bodily anguish, but he dies on Romeo's behalf; the scene darkens as his figure disappears. The Nurse is a coarse, kindly, garrulous, consequential old body, with vulgar feelings and a vulgarized air of rank, she is on terms of long-standing familiarity with her master, her mistress, her Juliet, and takes all manner of liberties with them, but love has made Juliet a woman, and independent of her old foster mother. Friar Lawrence, gathering his simples and moralizing to himself, is a centre of tranquillity in the midst of turmoil and passion; but it may be doubted that his counsels of modera-

tion, and amiable scheming to reconcile the houses through Romeo's marriage with Juliet, contain more real wisdom than do the passionate dictates of the lovers' hearts.

The scene is essentially Italian; the burning noons of July in the Italian city inflame the blood of the street quarrelers; the voluptuous moonlit nights are only like a softer day. And the characters are Italian, with their lyrical ardor, their southern impetuosity of passion, and the southern forms and color of their speech.

Complete.

«HAMLET»

«HAMLET» represents the mid period of the growth of Shakespeare's genius, when comedy and history ceased to be adequate for the expression of his deeper thoughts and sadder feelings about life, and when he was entering upon his great series of tragic writings. In July, 1602, the printer Roberts entered in the Stationers' register, «The Revenge of Hamlett, Prince of Denmark, as y^t^ latelie was acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servantes,» and in the next year the play was printed. The true relation of this first quarto of «Hamlet» to the second quarto, published in 1604—«newly imprinted, and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was»—is a matter in dispute. It is believed by some critics that the quarto of 1603 is merely an imperfect report of the play as we find it in the edition of the year after; but there are some material differences which cannot thus be explained. In the earlier quarto, instead of Polonius and Reynaldo, we find the names Corambis and Montano; the order of certain scenes varies from that of the later quarto; «the madness of Hamlet is much more pronounced, and the Queen's innocence of her husband's murder much more explicitly stated.» We are forced to believe either that the earlier quarto contains portions of an old play by some other writer than Shakespeare,—an opinion adopted on apparently insufficient grounds by some recent editors,—or that it represents imperfectly Shakespeare's first draught of the play, and that the difference between it and the second quarto is due to Shakespeare's revision of his own work. This last opinion seems to be the true one, but the value of any comparison between the two quartos, with a view to understand Shakespeare's manner of rehandling his work, is greatly

diminished by the fact that numerous gaps of the imperfect report given in the earlier quarto seem to have been filled in by a stupid stage back. That an old play on the subject of Hamlet existed there can be no doubt; it is referred to in 1589 (perhaps in 1587) by Nash, in his Epistle prefixed to Greene's "Menaphon," and again in 1596, by Lodge ("Wit's Miserie and the World's Madnesse"), where he alludes to "the visard of the Ghost which cried so miserably at the Theator, like an oister wife, 'Hamlet, revenge.'" A German play on the subject of "Hamlet" exists, which is supposed to have been acted by English players in Germany in 1603; the name Corambus appears in it; and it is possible that portions of the old pre-Shakespearean drama are contained in the German "Hamlet." The old play may have been one of the bloody tragedies of revenge among which we find "Titus Andronicus" and the "Spanish Tragedy," and it would be characteristic of Shakespeare that he should refine the motives and spirit of the drama, so as to make the duty of vengeance laid upon Hamlet a painful burden which he is hardly able to support.

One additional point must be noted with reference to the date of the play. In Act II., Sc. 11., l. 346, Rosencrantz explains that the tragedians of the city are compelled to travel on account of an "inhibition" which is caused by "the late innovation." What does this mean? Does it allude to the Order in Council of June, 1600, limiting the number of playhouses about London to two, an order not carried out until the duty of enforcing it was urged upon the justices of Middlesex and Surrey, December 31st, 1601? Or shall we understand "the innovation" as referring to the license given January, 1603–1604, to the children of the Queen's Revels, to play at the Blackfriars Theatre — a building belonging to the company of which Shakespeare was a member? The license to the children (of whom Rosencrantz speaks depreciatingly) would act as an inhibition to the company of adult actors whose place they occupied.

Beside the old play of "Hamlet," Shakespeare had probably before him the prose "Hystorie of Hamlet" (though no edition exists earlier than 1608), translated from Belleforest's "Histories Tragiques." The story had been told some hundreds of years previously, in the "Historia Danica" of Saxo Grammaticus (ab. 1180–1208). The Hamlet of the "Historie," after a fierce revenge, becomes King of Denmark, marries two wives, and finally dies in battle.

No play of Shakespeare has had a greater power of interesting spectators and readers, and none has given rise to a greater variety of conflicting interpretations. It has been rightly named a tragedy of thought, and in this respect as well as others takes its place beside "Julius Cæsar." Neither Brutus nor Hamlet is the victim of an overmastering passion as are the chief persons of the later tragedies—*eg.*, "Othello," "Macbeth," "Coriolanus." The burden of a terrible duty is laid upon each of them, and neither is fitted for bearing such a burden. Brutus is disqualified for action by his moral idealism, his student-like habits, his capacity for dealing with abstractions rather than with men and things. Hamlet is disqualified for action by his excess of the reflective tendency, and by his unstable will, which alternates between complete inactivity and fits of excited energy. Naturally sensitive, he receives a painful shock from the hasty second marriage of his mother; already the springs of faith and joy in his nature are embittered; then follows the terrible discovery of his father's murder with the injunction laid upon him to revenge the crime; upon this again follow the repulses which he receives from Ophelia. A deep melancholy lays hold of his spirit, and all of life grows dark and sad to his vision. Although hating his father's murderer, he has little heart to push on his revenge. He is aware that he is suspected and surrounded by spies. Partly to baffle them, partly to create a veil behind which to seclude his true self, partly because his whole moral nature is indeed deeply disordered, he assumes the part of one whose wits have gone astray. Except for one loyal friend, he is alone among enemies or supposed traitors. Ophelia he regards as no more loyal or honest to him than his mother had been to her dead husband. The ascertainment of Claudius's guilt by means of the play still leaves him incapable of the last decisive act of vengeance. Not so, however, with the King, who now recognizing his foe in Hamlet, does not delay to dispatch him to a bloody death in England. But there is in Hamlet a terrible power of sudden and desperate action. From the melancholy which broods over him after the burial of Ophelia, he rouses himself to the play of swords with Laertes, and at the last, with strength which leaps up before its final extinction, he accomplishes the punishment of the malefactor.

Horatio, with his fortitude, his self-possession, his strong equanimity, is a contrast to the Prince. And Laertes, who takes violent measures at the shortest notice to revenge his father's

murder, is in another way a contrast; but Laertes is the young gallant of the period, and his capacity for action arises in part from the absence of those moral checks of which Hamlet is sensible. Polonius is owner of the shallow wisdom of this world, and exhibits this grotesquely while now on the brink of dotage; he sees, but cannot see through Hamlet's ironical mockery of him. Ophelia is tender, sensitive, affectionate, but the reverse of heroic; she fails Hamlet in his need, and then in her turn becoming the sufferer, gives way under the pressure of her afflictions. We do not honor, we commiserate her.

The play is hardly consistent with respect to Hamlet's age. In Act V., Sc. 1., ls. 155–191, it is stated that he is thirty years old, while in Act I. he is spoken of as still quite youthful; yet only a few months, at most, can have elapsed in the interval of time between the beginning and the end of the action. His profoundly reflective soliloquies point to an age certainly past early youth.

Complete. All from Dowden's "Shakespeare," London 1879. MacMillan & Co.

JOHN W. DRAPER

(1811–1882)

ONE of the best essays of the nineteenth century was read to the students of Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, in 1837, by John W. Draper, at that time professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in that institution. It gave what is, no doubt, the first recorded definition of the idea he afterward developed in his "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," 1862. The extraordinary faculty he had of comprehending seemingly isolated facts in their relation to a general intellectual movement is illustrated in it by such a massing of the phenomena of progress as it would be hard to find elsewhere.

He was born near Liverpool, England, May 5th, 1811. Coming to the United States in his twenty-third year, he took his degree in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in 1836, and soon afterwards became professor of Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and Physics, in Hampden-Sidney College. In 1839 he began a connection with the University of New York, which lasted until 1881. During this period of over forty years of scientific and literary activity, he made notable discoveries in physics, wrote a number of scientific text-books and "The History of the Intellectual Development of Europe,"—a work which gave him the international reputation in literature his discoveries had given him in science. He died January 4th, 1882.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CIVILIZATION IN EUROPE

(Read before the students of Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, in 1837)

Gentlemen:—

BEFORE we part, I am anxious to give you a brief historical sketch of the subjects we have studied during the past year, previous to awarding to the successful candidate the prize for which you have all contended with such emulation.

Of the science of those ages appropriately and emphatically called the dark, I need hardly speak. The fanatical spirit of the times brought its own destruction; the invasion of the west of

Europe by the Mohammedans and the Saracenic conquests ended in the intrusions of the Crusaders. But if these infidels had brought the Koran, they had brought too their books of astronomy and algebra. How true it is that the dispensations of an ever-watchful Providence accompany evil with good, and cause light to spring out of darkness. The sword of Charles Martel saved Europe from the persecutions of the prophet; but the Franks and Saxons had insensibly imbibed a taste for the more solid learning of the Spanish Moors. A great change too had taken place in the social relations of domestic life, and the disenthrallment of the fair sex from the degrading bondage in which it was held contributed in no small measure to the advancement to which the moral world was progressing. The right of inheritance of property, and the possession of lands, a right first given in the later Roman Empire, was of less importance to the elevation of woman than the chivalrous feeling which began to infect the soldiers of every country. The change thus commencing was felt in every department of life. In England parents were forbidden any longer to expose their own children for public sale, — a degrading practice, which heretofore had been lawful. The introduction of silk into the southern provinces of Europe brought with it luxury in dress; and the invention of a new system of music by Aretin, aided in no small degree to develop those finer feelings of the heart — those feelings which music alone can touch. Nor was the improvement confined to the refinements of life; the Saracen had brought with him the arithmetic of Arabia, and had taught the Spaniards the use of the Eastern notation. As if too, to prepare the way for the grandest of all human inventions, a discovery was brought from the East that the papyrus of Egypt and the parchment of Europe might be replaced by a substance made from cotton; and shortly after, paper was made from linen rags.

Looking back to this period of intellectual infancy, there are many amusing incidents to be met with. Even the language which we speak was so poor and barren that the composition of the commonest surnames was uninvented; for it was not until the beginning of the thirteenth century that surnames were generally used as distinctive appellations. Improvement, which everywhere was germinating, was cherished by many of the crowned heads of Europe. Alphonso, King of Castile, imitating the example of some of the monarchs of Asia, was not only a zealous

student of nature, but was even the author of the famous astronomical tables which bear his name.

At the close of the thirteenth century the human intellect awoke from its sleep. The Monk of Pisa who invented spectacles — a most divine invention which gave sight to the blind — may be said, without any exaggeration, to have furnished eyes to the soul as well as the body. Shall we ascribe too much importance to this invention, if we impute to it the effect of drawing men's thoughts from the crudities of the metaphysical dogmas of the schools, to an investigation of the eternal truths of nature? It led the way to the bright career of discovery and invention. The magnetic needle came into common use, and the mariner, trusting to this mysterious guide, boldly crossed the broadest seas; the ships of the enterprising Venetians, passing beyond the utmost boundary of geographical knowledge, brought home the strange story of the discovery of Greenland and its desolate inhabitants. The lucubrations of the alchemists, too, were about to develop a capital result, not, indeed, the making of gold, but a result whose effect was to destroy forever the distinction of physical power: the savage was no longer to triumph over the civilized man, nor were the works of art or of science ever again to be endangered by an irruption of ignorant barbarians. The power of man, his mere physical power, was indefinitely exalted, and the force which nature had denied him in making him one of the weakest of creatures was compensated by science more than a thousandfold when she gave him gunpowder. To this period, too, we are to refer another invention of vast benefit,— the mode of consuming pit coal,— an invention which has exercised an immense influence over the condition of nations, and to which the country from whence we all draw our descent mainly owes her position in arts and arms.

Next came the "Great Epoch." Gunpowder had given to man a kind of earthly omnipotence; printing was to give his works immortality, to diffuse throughout all the ramifications of society the knowledge that had been hoarded up by a few. No more might the philosopher fear lest his labors, in the conflicting interests of nations or passions of party, should be lost. Civilized man could spread out and perpetuate his intellectual productions. If there be any great landmark in the history of the earth — anything that points out the distinctive character of one age from another, surely it is to be met with in these great discoveries.

We are not to suppose that men now possess more ability than at earlier ages. At a remote period, the Chaldeans had discovered the true system of the world and had built up theories which are now being confirmed. They wanted, however, the physical powers to disseminate their knowledge, and to protect themselves from the destruction that menaced them from more ignorant nations. Before the invention of printing and gunpowder, the world's history was a perpetual squabble of one prince with another, one nation with its rival. With a few exceptions, its philosophy was a vain show, a thing not applicable to the comforts or purposes of life. Notions of military glory made conquest the end of human ambition and of human happiness; and he who had murdered most, and burned most, and ruined most, and pillaged most, was the greatest man; it was a conquest of man over his fellow, a conquest not less disgraceful to the vanquished than to the victor. Instead of subduing nature, and thereby raising the standard of power and wisdom, all the bad passions that can be engendered in the breast of mortals bore sway, and rapine and murder required no apology, provided the scale on which they were carried was sufficiently large. How greatly changed was the world at the epoch of which I speak; men began to find out that there were ways to be powerful without the destruction of their rivals, and that to conquer Nature with her own weapons was the only mode to be truly great. And now for awhile the results of successful experiment followed each other with rapidity, not only in those giant discoveries which had regenerated the world, but also in the arts of peace, —the arts that adorn civilized life. The construction of maps and charts which was introduced tended in no small degree to hasten the discovery of America. Engraving on copper gave a new impulse to painting, and secured faithful representations of natural objects where words and printing might fail to describe them. Navigation felt the great improvements that astronomy, magnetism, geography, and printing had bestowed. Vasco de Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope and anchored his ships in the Indian seas; and to Castile and Leon, Columbus gave a new world.

The posterity of men who had thus signalized and adorned their age did them no disgrace. Magellan, a Portuguese aspiring to the fame of Columbus, sailed through the straits that still bear his name; and Europe saw with astonishment ships which had

circumnavigated the world. The telescope was produced — watches were first made — the variation of the compass assigned — and improvement extended even to the minor arts; skewers which had been used by ladies were banished, and the common brass pin substituted in their stead. It is a truth that whatever improvements take place in the condition of men originate with themselves; and all governments have been found either to oppose, or only to yield slowly to them. For teaching the true system of the world — for the discovery of the secondary planets, the moons of Jupiter — for showing spots on the sun, the holy inquisition laid violent hands on Galileo, an immortal man, and the same government that was forced by the times to establish in England by act of Parliament the "Book of Common Prayer," caused to be burned by the common hangman the books of astronomy and geography, because they were "infected with magic." But the persecutions which were endured by philosophers from the malice of princes could neither rein nor stop the progress of knowledge. Decimal arithmetic with all its advantages was promulgated, and soon after a Scotch baron invented logarithms; the thermometer made its appearance in Holland; and that maritime spirit which had doubled the capes of South Africa and South America already sought a northwest passage to India and projected a visit to the North Pole. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood,—a discovery that has done more for the advancement of medical science than almost all that preceded it. Torricelli invented the barometer, and proved that air possessed weight; Huygens invented the pendulum clock; Otto Guerick constructed the first air pump, and exposed bodies to a vacuum. The current of discovery was now fairly in motion — scientific associations were springing up in every country; and had things still gone on even in their usual channel, the accumulation of knowledge would have been great. But a propitious event occurred — for at the close of 1642 Isaac Newton was born,—a man whom God made to comprehend his works.

I might here expatiate at length on the consequent development of all parts of natural science,— not only those cultivated by this great man, but those too surveyed by his disciples. I might point your attention to the discovery they made of the system of the universe; how they weighed worlds, and told their distances and magnitudes. I might describe how they effected the analysis of light, and gave us the reflecting and achromatic

telescopes; but time would fail me. I come, therefore, to confine myself more strictly to the limits I have proposed, to examine whether the legacy of knowledge handed down has been improved. Science should neither stand still nor be on the decline, but progress forward, and push her conquests in the unexplored region of knowledge. How much greater are our inducements than those of our earlier philosophers! We have learned from their experience how vast a treasure we are the guardians of,— a treasure obtained by years of anxiety, thought, and pain. Let us recollect how short the span of life, and let us gather from what we are now to consider a fresh determination to do our duty to the future. Man is born but to die; he comes forward on the stage of life and has his day. Every moment the elements that are around him contend with him for mastery and solicit his destruction. Should he escape the repeated irruptions of disease, the years that pass slowly over him wear him away; one by one, all his faculties leave him; his animal life decays, and at last becomes extinct; his remaining functions are slowly and imperfectly performed. Nature, always provident, takes from him the knowledge of his end, or even makes that end desirable. The ties of his youth are broken, the endearments of other times have ceased to exist, and the terrors that youth and health have planted over the tomb are forgotten; the tranquil slumber of death comes calmly to close the troubles of life, and the old man sinks down in the lap of his mother earth and quietly sleeps in her bosom. Then, seeing these things are so, let us resolve to discharge our duty to the future,— to transmit what we have received, not only unimpaired, but with an honorable increase.

An examination into the history of science during the last century is a theme of deep interest. That moral revolution which is shaking the world is the legitimate offspring of the physical changes which philosophers have brought about — the lineal descendant of those capital discoveries of which I have been speaking. We are the witnesses of that grand political drama which is passing in the world, producing both evil and good. Opening with a declaration of the independence of the North American States, it has shown us the ruin of ancient monarchies on the other continent. We know not what may be the catastrophe. The low murmur of a coming tempest is heard all over the world — a prelude of the conflict of intellect with power. Political systems, which have braved the storm and the battle for a

thousand years, and which their founders expected would last forever, are fast changing. The Anglo-Saxon, the son of Freedom, has secured himself in his island fortress on the west of Europe; he has brought his language, his laws, and his science, and driven the red man from these forests; he has planted himself in the remote islands of the great Pacific, and is there founding future empires; he has seized on the happy plains of India, and is there lord of the soil; his enterprise has colonized the burning climates of Africa; his ships cover the ocean. what region on earth has not seen the flag of St. George and the banner with the stars? Born the champion of freedom — the protector of science — from all points on the surface of the earth he is exercising a silent, but a prodigious influence on the destinies of man; his commercial relations bind men of every country, of every color, and every faith to him. He is, as it were, the heart of the universe; and if anything affect his condition, the disorder will be felt to the extremest parts of the body.

The history of the last century is full of discovery — discovery applied to the purposes of life, it is characterized by capital inventions which will rival those of all remoter periods, and raise man higher in point of power and wisdom. Shall I be blamed if I say that some of these discoveries are godlike? If they do not confer immortality, they prolong the duration of life, and increase the sum of human happiness by banishing disease; they confer power only limited by will; they destroy distance; and if they cannot increase time they crowd the works of a century into a few days — they reveal to us what has occurred thousands of years before our own existence, and enable us, with the sure faith of a prophet, to divulge events that shall happen thousands of years to come.

There was a disease which made terrific eruptions at irregular periods throughout the world; without respect of person, or color, or age, its course was marked with desolation. The smallpox, a sound of ominous import, made the wise tremble, and the giddy pause During the period of which I speak, vaccination has been introduced, and this pestilence almost banished from the face of the earth Had Jenner lived in the days of the Greeks, he would have shared the honors of Hercules and Æsculapius. The sulphate of quinia, a substance which has been discovered during the present century, has rendered regions where the white man could not live, habitable and healthy. The sulphate of morphia

gives him relief from pain in the hour of sickness and anguish on the bed of death. Nor has the philosopher's success been confined to the cure; it has gained a nobler end — the prevention of disease. A ship could not sail a distant voyage without the certainty of losing a large part of her crew by the sea scurvy: Admiral Hosier, a century ago, sailed to the West Indies with seven ships of the line: "He buried his crews twice, and died himself of a broken heart." A preventative of this devastation has been found, and vessels circumnavigate the world, and stay years from home without a solitary case of sickness from this cause.

And speaking of ships on the seas brings to my mind how difficult it was but a short time ago to assign their place; or for the sailor to know distinctly where he was; without a guide, save his compass, he was alone on a deep and trackless element. The rapid improvements of astronomy have enabled us to give rules for finding the position of a ship, by observations made on the moon. How strange to the ignorant man is this, to know one's position on a boundless sea, by making observations on the moon, and drawing conclusions on the faith of some distant astronomer's calculations in his study. "Yet the alternative of life and death, wealth and ruin, are daily and hourly staked with perfect confidence on these marvelous computations, which might almost seem to have been devised to show how closely the extremes of speculative refinement and practical utility can be brought to approximate."

Connected with this is the invention of the chronometer, an instrument which emulates in accuracy of the division of time — the revolutions of the heavens. This capital instrument has been brought, in the period of which I speak, to a great degree of perfection. A similar improvement has taken place in all kinds of mechanical combinations. Babbage's calculating engine is an example in point; it is engaged in performing intricate computations for mathematical tables — its results coming out with rigorous precision. Not only does this system of wheels calculate, as though it were a living and a reasoning thing, but even writes down and prints off its labors. Consider for a moment how much we are in advance of former generations, in the arrangement of materials that have been known time out of mind. Would Archimedes have believed it possible to produce a machine that could perform computations with more accuracy than the most skillful geometer?

We have made ourselves, too, masters of another element. Chemistry has shown us the method of elevating ourselves above the highest mountains, and to float in the air where the clouds are beneath our feet, and an everlasting sunshine above us. The gas balloon has yet to assume that importance to which as a great invention it will assuredly attain.

Nature knows no distinction of great and small; these are terms invented by man and to which he can scarcely assign a meaning. In the mechanism of this universe, the sudden transition from what is immensely great to what is infinitely small meets him at every step, and in the extremes he is utterly lost. By rapidity of motion the most enormous distances are traversed. It takes but little over eight minutes for light to pass from the sun to the earth; the forest oak requires a thousand years to raise its branches a few feet above the soil. And man, too, has taught himself a way almost to annihilate geographical distances. A single hour is enough to carry him over a degree on the earth's surface; yet the railroad and its locomotive are but the invention of yesterday. Will not they have a moral effect, rivaling that of the press?—an effect, too, far more general; for, to feel the benefit of printing, a long course of previous education is required which the civilized man alone possesses; but the steamboat and the locomotive bring the same blessing to the savage and the civilized, to the ignorant and the wise.

If the invention of printing was an epoch in our history, the invention of steam engines was hardly less important; they give us an unlimited power which we wield at pleasure, and yet are faithful slaves.

In the telegraph and semaphore we possess the means of instantaneous communication. The distance from London to the Navy Yard at Portsmouth is seventy-two miles; yet, years ago, when the semaphore was a recent invention, a message could be sent and an answer returned in fifty-six seconds. In the art of printing itself,—that art which seemed to lack nothing of perfection,—important additions have been made. Lithography, or printing from stone, whilst it unites the finish of copperplate engraving and mezzotinto, enables us to give autograph copies, or printed pages at pleasure. It is unquestionably one of the most elegant of modern inventions, and one of the greatest promise.

The safety lamp of Davy will forever stand forth a bright monument of this era; the fate of the miner is shut up in that little cage of wire gauze; the lives of hundreds, and the happiness of thousands, are due to this philanthropic invention. The lifeboat too, that cannot sink — that has saved many from a watery grave, should surely not pass unnoticed.

I might here speak of the computation of the chances of mortality and the foundation of policies of assurance. These enable us from distress and death to draw comfort and support for the living, and that upon no gambling or other unrighteous principle. I might speak of the invention of bleaching by chlorine,—an art which gives to the fabrics of Europe their widespread celebrity. I might speak of the manufacture of sugar from linen rags, or shreds of paper, or enlarge on the impossibility of famine ever occurring, since a mode has been found of converting common sawdust into wholesome, nutritious bread. To these and many other such inventions and discoveries I have already called your attention in this course of lectures: I hasten, therefore, to a conclusion.

Permit me to offer you a few words of advice by way of closing these remarks. All our measures of time and space are fitted for our own condition, and bear with them the frail marks of humanity. Created to inherit a beautiful world, but only the tenants of a few days, we are prone to look upon all things as mortal as ourselves. The rising and setting of the sun, the blooming and fading of flowers, these are things that daily remind us of the shortness of our own time; nor do we ever cast aside the impression they make — and we persuade ourselves that a day must very soon come that shall see all this order and harmony of the world finished. There is, too, a mournful pleasure in these contemplations — a pleasure that we all feel in thinking that everything around us must perish like ourselves. We try to forget that this vast machine, whose wheels have been working thousands of years, shows no marks of disarrangement. We have existed for some six thousand years; but because that appears to us long, has decrepitude come upon the world? In that time the double star γ, Leonis, has only performed five of its revolutions, and γ, Virginis, little more than nine. Is it a supposition at all warranted by what we see of the perfect structure of the universe, to conclude that its parts cannot hang together till some

of them have performed half a dozen revolutions? The universe is not so crazy a machine. Remember, then, we are only the possessors of the present moment. We owe a great duty to the future: let us perform it.

> "Who that surveys the speck of earth we press,
> This span of life in time's vast wilderness,
> This narrow isthmus twixt two boundless seas,
> The past and future,—two eternities,—
> Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,
> When he might build him a proud temple there;
> And when he dies, might leave a glorious name,
> A light, a landmark, on the cliffs of fame?"
>
> — *Thomas Moore.* "Lalla Rookh."

Gifted as we are with hands to effect our wishes, and the means of transporting ourselves superior to a great many of the brutes, those hands and all those appliances have not made us what we are; they have not taught us to grasp the heavens, and enumerate distances that defy imagination; they have not given us the power of prophecy, nor have they granted us that omnipresence which the mind of the astronomer almost possesses. We may be creatures of passion and pain, like our inferiors; nay, even like them, the very mode and manner of our existence may be the result of simple and uniform laws: but yet there is a something in us that guides us in passion; a something that takes the sting from sorrow, and bids us pursue the great end of existence here and hereafter — happiness. And on a calm evening, when we look into the blue vault above us, there is a quiet sensation that comes upon us all. The stars that roll on eternally in the sky — the infinity of space before us — the speck on which we stand, an island in the abyss — the mere atom that we are: and yet we claim kindred with all that is great and vast, and know that we have a communion and fellowship with them, and are a part of the gigantic scheme. Nor will the stillness of death end the part that we have to perform — all around us is in motion and change; and beyond us, in worlds whose existence the telescope alone reveals, where we might look for silence and repose, the first evidence we have of existence is the proof of life. Star revolving around star in new and unusual modes — systems, with double, triple, and many suns, that beam with party-colored rays; all these things prepare us to know that death is not an utter

destruction. The voice of nature tells us that the mind is not a result of any system of corporeal organization,—in its own state every creature is as highly and as perfectly organized as we, and the sensory organs of many are even more developed than ours, —the informing principle that is in us is a thing distinct—not a mere secretion of medullary matter—not the product of a conflict of voltaic currents,—it is a something that knows its own existence, that shudders at the word annihilation, and proudly claims kindred with infinitude and eternity.

Whatever may be our lot in life, and what the true purpose of our existence, an inevitable fate attends us—a fate which bears with it all the marks of eventuating as a result of a law of nature; and these are laws, which unlike those framed by human legislators, it is impossible for us to break. Though we may be powerful, and possessed of a reason capable of making us acquainted with the universe, there is not one of these regulations which we can infringe. "Thou shalt not change or destroy it," is written on every material atom—"Thou shalt be born and die,"—these are decrees against which we would struggle in vain. Over the destinies of our own race they have given us a power; and though we are suffered to be spectators of the existence of other worlds, they restrain us to our own. These eternal decrees show us the limits of our condition; nor should we repine. Do not the sunshine and the storm, and spring, and summer, and autumn, and winter, come as they did a thousand years ago? Do not the same stars shine afar in the night, and the same suns ripen the fruits of the earth? "There is something in the calm regularity of these laws that persuades us to commit ourselves unreservedly to their operation."

I have thus endeavored to trace the road by which we have become possessed of the only human knowledge which is really valuable; it is an imperfect sketch. Of the material constitution of the world, what do we know? We are infants in science; yet how wide is the difference between the student of nature and the ignorant man. Can he believe that the particles of the bodies around us are so small that the distance between those which are nearest is infinitely great compared with their own size? We may, perhaps, make him learn that a gnat, when flying, beats the air with its wing a hundred times in a second; but what will he say when we tell him that a wave of red light trembles four hundred eighty-two millions of millions of times in a second, or

a wave of violet light seven hundred seven millions of millions of times in a second. Yet these are things of which he may satisfy himself; and surely to cultivate these pursuits will tend to make him not only a wiser, but a better man.

Finally, therefore, let me urge the pursuit of these objects upon you; there is no mystery around them — but then there is no royal road to them. From the experience of a few short years I can recommend them to you as a pleasure in prosperity — a comfort in affliction. You owe to the future a debt — prepare to pay it. Cultivate the intellect heaven has lent you, remembering it is also the property of posterity. Knowledge offers you wealth and power. Choose then whether you will accept them.

Complete. From the text published in the Southern Literary Messenger for November, 1837.

HENRY DRUMMOND

(1851–1897)

THE "Conflict between Religion and Science," which was much discussed after the appearance of Darwin's "Origin of Species," ceased to be considered a topic of engrossing interest after the appearance of Professor Henry Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Being an advanced Darwinian and at the same time a Christian evangelist of the school of Dwight L. Moody, Professor Drummond calmly assumed the impossibility of such a conflict having a real existence; and though it cannot be said that he demonstrated or attempted to demonstrate anything, his great learning and the calmness of his well-assured convictions had a decided effect. He was born at Stirling, Scotland, in 1851, and his scientific work was done chiefly while professor of Natural History and Science in the Free Church College, Glasgow. His religious addresses have had an extraordinary popular circulation both in England and America. One of them, "The Greatest Thing in the World," has been described as the "Oration on the Crown" of the modern pulpit.

NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD

THE Spiritual World as it stands is full of perplexity. One can escape doubt only by escaping thought. With regard to many important articles of religion, perhaps the best and the worse course at present open to a doubter is simply credulity. Who is to answer for this state of things? It comes as a necessary tax for improvement on the age in which we live. The old ground of faith, Authority, is given up; the new, Science, has not yet taken its place. Men did not require to see truth before; they only needed to believe it. Truth, therefore, had not been put by Theology in a seeing form — which, however, was its original form. But now they ask to see it. And when it is shown them, they start back in despair. We shall not say what they see. But we shall say what they might see. If the Natural Laws were run through the Spiritual World, they might see the great

lines of religious truth as clearly and simply as the broad lines of science. As they gazed into that Natural-Spiritual World they would say to themselves, "We have seen something like this before. This order is known to us. It is not arbitrary. This Law here is that old Law there; and this Phenomenon here, what can it be but that which stood in precisely the same relation to that Law yonder?" And so gradually from the new form everything assumes new meaning. So the Spiritual World becomes slowly Natural; and what is of all but equal moment, the Natural World becomes slowly Spiritual. Nature is not a mere image or emblem of the Spiritual. It is a working model of the Spiritual. In the Spiritual World the same wheels revolve—but without the iron. The same figures flit across the stage, the same processes of growth go on, the same functions are discharged, the same biological laws prevail—only with a different quality of *Bios*. Plato's prisoner, if not out of the Cave, has at least his face to the light.

> "The earth is cram'd with heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God."

How much of the Spiritual world is covered by Natural law we do not propose at present to inquire. It is certain, at least, that the whole is not covered. And nothing more lends confidence to the method than this. For one thing, room is still left for mystery. Had no place remained for mystery it had proved itself both unscientific and irreligious. A Science without mystery is unknown; a Religion without mystery is absurd. This is no attempt to reduce Religion to a question of mathematics, or demonstrate God in biological formulæ. The elimination of mystery from the universe is the elimination of Religion. However far the scientific method may penetrate the Spiritual World, there will always remain a region to be explored by a scientific faith. "I shall never rise to the point of view which wishes to 'raise' faith to knowledge. To me, the way of truth is to come through the knowledge of my ignorance to the submissiveness of faith, and then, making that my starting place, to raise my knowledge into faith."

Lest this proclamation of mystery should seem alarming, let us add that this mystery also is scientific. The one subject on which all scientific men are agreed, the one theme on which all

alike become eloquent, the one strain of pathos in all their writing and speaking and thinking concerns that final uncertainty, that utter blackness of darkness bounding their work on every side. If the light of Nature is to illuminate for us the Spiritual Sphere, there may well be a black Unknown, corresponding, at least at some points, to this zone of darkness round the Natural World.

But the final gain would appear in the department of Theology. The establishment of the Spiritual Laws on "the solid ground of Nature," to which the mind trusts "which builds for aye," would offer a new basis for certainty in Religion. It has been indicated that the authority of Authority is waning. This is a plain fact. And it was inevitable. Authority — man's Authority that is — is for children. And there necessarily comes a time when they add to the question, What shall I do? or, What shall I believe? the adult's interrogation — Why? Now this question is sacred, and must be answered. . . .

It is impossible to believe that the amazing succession of revelations in the domain of Nature during the last few centuries, at which the world has all but grown tired wondering, are to yield nothing for the higher life. If the development of doctrine is to have any meaning for the future, Theology must draw upon the further revelation of the seen for the further revelation of the unseen. It need, and can, add nothing to fact; but as the vision of Newton rested on a clearer and richer world than that of Plato, so, though seeing the same things in the Spiritual World as our fathers, we may see them clearer and richer. With the work of the centuries upon it, the mental eye is a finer instrument, and demands a more ordered world. Had the revelation of Law been given sooner, it had been unintelligible. Revelation never volunteers anything that man could discover for himself — on the principle, probably, that it is only when he is capable of discovering it that he is capable of appreciating it. Besides, children do not need Laws, except Laws in the sense of commandments. They repose with simplicity on authority, and ask no questions. But there comes a time, as the world reaches its manhood, when they will ask questions, and stake, moreover, everything on the answers. That time is now. Hence we must exhibit our doctrines, not lying athwart the lines of the world's thinking, in a place reserved, and therefore shunned, for the Great Exception; but in

their kinship to all truth and in their Law-relation to the whole of Nature. This is, indeed, simply following out the system of teaching begun by Christ Himself. And what is the search for spiritual truth in the Laws of Nature but an attempt to utter the parables which have been hid so long in the world around without a preacher, and to tell men once more that the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto this and to that?

From the introductory essay to «Natural Law in the Spiritual World.»

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

(1585–1649)

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, "of Hawthornden," the most noted Scottish poet of the Shakespearean age, was born at Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, December 13th, 1585. He was one of the most highly educated literary men of his day, having graduated at the University of Edinburgh in 1605, and spent several years studying on the continent. He corresponded with Drayton and Ben Jonson, and the esteem in which he was held is suggested by the fact that in 1619 Jonson made the journey to Scotland to visit him — the visit being the occasion of the celebrated impromptus exchanged between them on meeting: "Welcome, welcome, royal Ben!" "Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden!" Drummond died December 4th, 1649, after having been involved in the troubled politics of the struggle between Charles I. and the Puritans. His best poems are no doubt his sonnets, which keep their place in every representative collection. His "Cypress Grove," a series of essays on Death, has been called "one of the noblest prose poems in literature."

A REVERIE ON DEATH

HAVING often and diverse times, when I had given myself to rest in the quiet solitariness of the night, found my imagination troubled with a confused fear, or sorrow, or horror, which, interrupting sleep, did astonish my senses, and rouse me all appalled, and transported in a sudden agony and amazedness; of such an unaccustomed perturbation not knowing, not being able to dive into any apparent cause, carried away with the stream of my then doubting thoughts, I began to ascribe it to that secret foreknowledge and presaging power of the prophetic mind, and to interpret such an agony to be to the spirit, as a sudden faintness and universal weariness useth to be to the body, a sign of following sickness; or as winter lightnings, earthquakes, and monsters are to commonwealths and great cities, harbingers of wretched events, and emblems of their sudden destinies.

Hereupon, not thinking it strange, if whatsoever is human should befall me, knowing how Providence overcomes grief and discountenances crosses; and that, as we should not despair in evils which may happen to us, we should not be too confident, nor lean much to those goods we enjoy; I began to turn over in my remembrance all that could afflict miserable mortality, and to forecast everything which could beget gloomy and sad apprehensions, and with a mask of horror show itself to human eyes: till in the end, as by unities and points mathematicians are brought to great numbers and huge greatness, after many fantastical glances of the woes of mankind, and those incumbrances which follow upon life, I was brought to think, and with amazement, on the last of human terrors, or (as one termed it) the last of all dreadful and terrible evils, Death.

For to easy censure it would appear that the soul, if it can foresee that divorcement which it is to have from the body, should not without great reason be thus over-grieved, and plunged in inconsolable and unaccustomed sorrow; considering their near union, long familiarity and love, with the great change, pain, and ugliness, which are apprehended to be the inseparable attendants of Death.

They had their being together, parts they are of one reasonable creature, the harming of the one is the weakening of the working of the other. What sweet contentments doth the soul enjoy by the senses! They are the gates and windows of its knowledge, the organs of its delight. If it be tedious to an excellent player on the lute to abide but a few months the want of one, how much more the being without such noble tools and engines be painful to the soul. And if two pilgrims which have wandered some few miles together have a heart's grief when they are near to part, what must the sorrow be at parting of two so loving friends and never-loathing lovers as are the body and soul?

Death is the violent estranger of acquaintance, the eternal divorcer of marriage, the ravisher of the children from the parents, the stealer of parents from their children, the interrer of fame, the sole cause of forgetfulness, by which the living talk of those gone away as of so many shadows or age-worn stories. All strength by it is enfeebled, beauty turned into deformity and rottenness, honor into contempt, glory into baseness. It is the reasonless breaker off of all actions, by which we enjoy no more

the sweet pleasures of earth, nor contemplate the stately revolutions of the heavens. The sun perpetually setteth, stars never rise unto us. It in one moment robbeth us of what with so great toil and care in many years we have heaped together. By this are succession of lineages cut short, kingdoms left heirless, and greatest states orphaned. It is not overcome by pride, soothed by flattery, tamed by entreaties, bribed by benefits, softened by lamentations, nor diverted by time. Wisdom, save this, can prevent and help everything. By Death we are exiled from this fair city of the world: it is no more a world unto us, nor we any more a people unto it. The ruins of fanes, palaces, and other magnificent frames yield a sad prospect to the soul; and how should it without horror view the wreck of such a wonderful masterpiece as is the body? . . .

But that, perhaps, which anguisheth thee most is to have this glorious pageant of the world removed from thee in the spring and most delicious season of thy life; for though to die be usual, to die young may appear extraordinary. If the present fruition of these things be unprofitable and vain, what can a long continuance of them be? If God had made life happier, he had also made it longer. Stranger and new halcyon, why would thou longer nestle amidst these unconstant and stormy waves? Hast thou not already suffered enough of this world, but thou must yet endure more? To live long, is it not to be long troubled? But number thy years, which are now ———, and thou shalt find that whereas ten have outlived thee, thousands have not attained this age. One year is sufficient to behold all the magnificence of nature, nay, even one day and night; for more is but the same brought again. This sun, that moon, these stars, the varying dance of the spring, summer, autumn, winter, is that very same which the Golden Age did see. They which have the longest time lent them to live in, have almost no part of it at all, measuring it either by the space of time which is past, when they were not, or by that which is to come. Why shouldst thou then care whether thy days be many or few, which, when prolonged to the uttermost, prove, paralleled with eternity, as a tear is to the ocean? To die young, is to do that soon, and in some fewer days, which once thou must do; it is but the giving over of a game, that after never so many hazards must be lost. When thou hast lived to that age thou desirest, or one of Plato's years, so soon as the last of thy days riseth above thy horizon, thou

wilt then, as now, demand longer respite, and expect more to come. The oldest are most unwilling to die. It is hope of long life that maketh life seem short. Who will behold, and with the eye of judgment behold, the many changes attending human affairs, with the after-claps of fortune, shall never lament to die young. Who knows what alterations and sudden disasters in outward estate or inward contentments, in this wilderness of the world, might have befallen him who dieth young, if he had lived to be old? Heaven foreknowing imminent harms, taketh those which it loves to itself before they fall forth. Death in youth is like the leaving a superfluous feast before the drunken cups be presented. Pure, and (if we may so say) virgin souls carry their bodies with no small agonies, and delight not to remain long in the dregs of human corruption, still burning with a desire to turn back to the place of their rest; for this world is their inn, and not their home. That which may fall forth every hour, cannot fall out of time. Life is a journey on a dusty way; the furthest rest is Death; in this some go more heavily burdened than others. Swift and active pilgrims come to the end of it in the morning or at noon, which tortoise-paced wretches, clogged with the fragmentary rubbish of this world, scarce with great travail crawl unto at midnight. Days are not to be esteemed after the number of them, but after the goodness. More compass maketh not a sphere more complete, but as round is a little as a large ring; nor is that musician most praiseworthy who hath longest played, but he in measured accents who hath made sweetest melody. To live long hath often been a let to live well. Muse not how many years thou mightest have enjoyed life, but how sooner thou mightest have losed it; neither grudge so much that it is no better, as comfort thyself that it hath been no worse. Let it suffice that thou hast lived till this day, and (after the course of this world) not for naught thou hast had some smiles of fortune, favors of the worthiest, some friends, and thou hast never been disfavored of heaven.

From «A Cypress Grove.»

JOHN DRYDEN

(1631–1700)

JOHN DRYDEN was born August 9th, 1631, in Northamptonshire. His father, Sir Erasmus Dryden, was a Republican who went to prison rather than pay Charles I. an illegal tax. His mother's family were stanch Puritans, and it is probable that Dryden was sincere in the admiration he expressed for Cromwell. His education at Cambridge had made him a master of stenciled heroics and elegiacs, but even had he learned from Ovid the utmost grace of the Augustan age, it would have poorly compensated him for the loss of that which the unpolished Harrison showed as he explained to the spectators around the gallows that the shaking of his hands was due to hardship in the wars—not to fear of dying for his cause. But such things were dismissed with a jest in the literary circles of London when Dryden began his career as a court poet. Having demonstrated his wit to the satisfaction of Nell Gwyn and other arbiters of the elegancies, he was made laureate with a pension of £300 a year and a butt of Canary wine. Under James II. he changed his religion and held the laureateship; but when under William and Mary another change took place in the quality of court piety, it is always to be remembered that he sacrificed the laureateship, pension, Canary wine, wreath of bays, and all, rather than abjure again. When William and Mary named the ignominious Shadwell in his stead as the greatest poet of England, Dryden surely had revenge upon them so ample that posterity could add nothing to it to make justice complete against them. From that time until his death, May 1st, 1700, Dryden, neglected by the great and thrown on his own resources, earned a manly living as "a publisher's hack," but adversity overtook him too late to change him from the greatest wit, satirist, and critic, to the greatest poet of his generation.

Dryden was professionally a poet, but he is really at his best in his satires and prefaces. He has been called the inventor of modern English prose; and though this is too much to say of him, it is certainly true that he did much to perfect prose-rhythm, and to make it clear that the writing of good prose is scarcely less a fine art than the writing of good verse. Although his prose consists so largely of prefaces and such other casual productions as generally fall stillborn if only for the lack of a vitalizing purpose, his strength as a prose

writer was recognized at once, and as far back as 1733 we find Swift giving such advice as is still given to those who are in training for a career of criticism:—

> "Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
> And have them at your fingers' ends;
> Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
> And at all hazards boldly quote;
> Judicious Rymer oft review,
> Wise Dennis and profound Bossu;
> Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,—
> For these the critics much confide in,
> Though merely writ at first for filling
> To raise the volume's price a shilling!"

ON EPIC POETRY

(Addressed to John, Earl of Mulgrave)

An heroic poem (truly such) is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of man is capable to perform. The design of it is to form the mind to heroic virtue by example; it is conveyed in verse that it may delight while it instructs. The action of it is always one, entire, and great. The least and most trivial episodes or underactions which are interwoven in it are parts either necessary or convenient to carry on the main design —either so necessary that without them the poem must be imperfect, or so convenient that no others can be imagined more suitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm building; even the cavities ought not to be filled with rubbish which is of a perishable kind, —destructive to the strength, —but with brick or stone (though of less pieces, yet of the same nature), and fitted to the crannies. Even the least portions of them must be of the epic kind; all things must be grave, majestical, and sublime; nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling novels which Ariosto and others have inserted in their poems, by which the reader is misled into another sort of pleasure, opposite to that which is designed in an epic poem. One raises the soul and hardens it to virtue; the other softens it again and unbends it into vice. One conduces to the poet's aim (the completing of his work), which he is driving on, laboring, and hastening in every line; the other slackens his pace, diverts

him from his way, and locks him up like a knight-errant in an enchanted castle when he should be pursuing his first adventure. Statius (as Bossu has well observed) was ambitious of trying his strength with his master, Virgil, as Virgil had before tried his with Homer. The Grecian gave the two Romans an example in the games which were celebrated at the funerals of Patroclus. Virgil imitated the invention of Homer, but changed the sports. But both the Greek and Latin poet took their occasions from the subject, though (to confess the truth) they were both ornamental, or, at best, convenient parts of it, rather than of necessity arising from it. Statius (who through his whole poem is noted for want of conduct and judgment), instead of staying, as he might have done, for the death of Capaneus, Hippomedon, Tydeus, or some other of his Seven Champions (who are heroes all alike), or more properly for the tragical end of the two brothers whose exequies the next successor had leisure to perform when the siege was raised, and in the interval betwixt the poet's first action and his second, went out of his way — as it were, on prepense malice — to commit a fault; for he took his opportunity to kill a royal infant by the means of a serpent (that author of all evil) to make way for those funeral honors which he intended for him. Now if this innocent had been of any relation to his Thebais, if he had either furthered or hindered the taking of the town, the poet might have found some sorry excuse at least for detaining the reader from the promised siege. On these terms this Capaneus of a poet engaged his two immortal predecessors, and his success was answerable to his enterprise.

If this economy must be observed in the minutest parts of an epic poem, which to a common reader seem to be detached from the body and almost independent of it, what soul, though sent into the world with great advantages of nature, cultivated with the liberal arts and sciences, conversant with histories of the dead, and enriched with observations on the living, can be sufficient to inform the whole body of so great a work? I touch here but transiently, without any strict method, on some few of those many rules of imitating nature which Aristotle drew from Homer's "Iliads" and "Odysses," and which he fitted to the drama — furnishing himself also with observations from the practice of the theatre when it flourished under Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles (for the original of the stage was from the epic poem). Narration, doubtless, preceded acting, and gave laws to

it. What at first was told artfully was in process of time represented gracefully to the sight and hearing. Those episodes of Homer which were proper for the stage, the poets amplified each into an action. Out of his limbs they formed their bodies; what he had contracted, they enlarged; out of one Hercules were made infinity of pigmies, yet all endued with human souls; for from him, their great creator, they have each of them the *divinæ particulam auræ*. They flowed from him at first, and are at last resolved into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their measure and symmetry were owing to him. His one, entire, and great action was copied by them, according to the proportions of the drama. If he finished his orb within the year, it sufficed to teach them that their action being less, and being also less diversified with incidents, their orb, of consequence, must be circumscribed in a less compass, which they reduced within the limits either of a natural or an artificial day. So that, as he taught them to amplify what he had shortened, by the same rule applied the contrary way he taught them to shorten what he had amplified. Tragedy is the miniature of human life; an epic poem is the draft at length. Here, my lord, I must contract also, for before I was aware I was almost running into a long digression to prove that there is no such absolute necessity that the time of a stage action should so strictly be confined to twenty-four hours as never to exceed them (for which Aristotle contends, and the Grecian stage has practiced). Some longer space on some occasions, I think, may be allowed, especially for the English theatre, which requires more variety of incidents than the French. Corneille himself, after long practice, was inclined to think that the time allotted by the Ancients was too short to raise and finish a great action; and better a mechanic rule were stretched or broken than a great beauty were omitted. To raise, and afterwards to calm, the passions; to purge the soul from pride by the examples of human miseries which befall the greatest; in few words, to expel arrogance and introduce compassion, are the great effects of tragedy—great, I must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours' warning? Are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skillful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not in so much haste; it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow, but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I

said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answered, that for this reason tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated, this is tacitly to confess that there is more virtue in one heroic poem than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chemical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure; for it is the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight.

It is one reason of Aristotle to prove that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass — the whole action being circumscribed within the space of four and twenty hours. He might prove as well that a mushroom is to be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great. Is the moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days, and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and consequently the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy which is not contained in an epic poem, where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished, and those more amply treated than the narrowness of the drama can admit? The shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristical virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration; we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire, and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious — as, for example, the choler and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles — yet the moral is instructive; and, besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the "Iliads" that this anger was pernicious, that it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is proposed to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father. We abhor these actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate; the poet only shows them, like rocks or quicksands to be shunned.

By this example the critics have concluded that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous (they are

poetically good if they are of a piece); though where a character of perfect virtue is set before us it is more lovely; for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Æneas of our author; this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem which painters and statuaries have only in their minds, and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a God in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts and moles and hard features by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles; for his creator, Homer, has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama.

After all, on the whole merits of the cause, it must be acknowledged that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent; and acute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind are, like chronical diseases, to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives; wherein, though purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use for their proper ends. The stage is more active, the epic poem works at greater leisure; yet is active, too, when need requires, for dialogue is imitated by the drama from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit, like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is sowed, increases, is ripened, and is reaped for use in process of time and in its proper season.

I proceed from the greatness of this action to the dignity of the actors — I mean to the persons employed in both poems. There likewise tragedy will be seen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of its own. A subject, it is true, may lend to his sovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, because he wants and the subject supplies. And suppose the persons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic

poetry gave him the examples of that invention, because it was first and Homer the common father of the stage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boast above heroic poetry, but that it is represented to the view as well as read, and instructs in the closet as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontended excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to say without partiality that herein the actors share the poet's praise. Your lordship knows some modern tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Tryphon the stationer complains they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet who flourished in the scene is damned in the *ruelle;* nay, more, he is not esteemed a good poet by those who see and hear his extravagances with delight. They are a sort of stately fustian and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure; where that is not imitated, it is grotesque painting; the fine woman ends in a fish's tail.

I might also add that many things which not only please, but are real beauties in the reading, would appear absurd upon the stage; and those not only the *speciosa miracula*, as Horace calls them, of transformations of Scylla, Antiphates, and the Læstrygons (which cannot be represented even in operas), but the prowess of Achilles or Æneas would appear ridiculous in our dwarf heroes of the theatre. We can believe they routed armies in Homer or in Virgil, but *ne Hercules contra duos* in the drama. I forbear to instance in many things which the stage cannot or ought not to represent; for I have said already more than I intended on this subject, and should fear it might be turned against me that I plead for the pre-eminence of epic poetry because I have taken some pains in translating Virgil, if this were the first time that I had delivered my opinion in this dispute; but I have more than once already maintained the rights of my two masters against their rivals of the scene, even while I wrote tragedies myself and had no thoughts of this present undertaking. I submit my opinion to your judgment, who are better qualified than any man I know to decide this controversy. You come, my lord, instructed in the cause, and needed not that I should open it. Your "Essay of Poetry," which was published without a name, and of which I was not honored with the confidence, I read over and over with much delight and as much instruction, and without flattering you, or making myself more moral than I am, not

without some envy. I was loth to be informed how an epic poem should be written, or how a tragedy should be contrived and managed, in better verse and with more judgment than I could teach others. A native of Parnassus, and bred up in the studies of its fundamental laws, may receive new lights from his contemporaries; but it is a grudging kind of praise which he gives his benefactors. He is more obliged than he is willing to acknowledge; there is a tincture of malice in his commendations: for where I own I am taught, I confess my want of knowledge. A judge upon the bench may, out of good nature, or, at least, interest, encourage the pleadings of a puny counselor, but he does not willingly commend his brother sergeant at the bar, especially when he controls his law and exposes that ignorance which is made sacred by his place. I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I must confess; but who can answer for me, and for the rest of the poets who heard me read the poem, whether we should not have been better pleased, to have seen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more that we might seem to be above the censure. We are naturally displeased with an unknown critic, as the ladies are with a lampooner, because we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to fasten our revenge; but great excellences will work their way through all sorts of opposition. I applauded rather out of decency than affection; and was ambitious, as some yet can witness, to be acquainted with a man with whom I had the honor to converse, and that almost daily, for so many years together. Heaven knows if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. You extorted a praise, which I should willingly have given had I known you. Nothing had been more easy than to commend a patron of a long standing. The world would join with me if the encomiums were just, and if unjust would excuse a grateful flatterer. But to come anonymous upon me, and force me to commend you against my interest, was not altogether so fair, give me leave to say, as it was politic; for by concealing your quality you might clearly understand how your work succeeded, and that the general approbation was given to your merit, not your titles. Thus, like Apelles, you stood unseen behind your own Venus, and received the praises of the passing multitude. The work was commended, not the author; and I doubt not, this was one of the most pleasing adventures of your life.

I have detained your lordship longer than I intended in this dispute of preference betwixt the epic poem and the drama, and yet have not formally answered any of the arguments which are brought by Aristotle on the other side, and set in the fairest light by Dacier. But I suppose, without looking on the book, I may have touched on some of the objections; for in this address to your lordship I design not a treatise of heroic poetry, but write in a loose epistolary way somewhat tending to that subject, after the example of Horace in his first epistle of the second book to Augustus Cæsar, and of that to the Pisos, which we call his "Art of Poetry," in both of which he observes no method that I can trace, whatever Scaliger the father, or Heinsius may have seen, or rather think they had seen. I have taken up, laid down, and resumed, as often as I pleased, the same subject, and this loose proceeding I shall use through all this prefatory dedication. Yet all this while I have been sailing with some side wind or other toward the point I proposed in the beginning,— the greatness and excellence of an heroic poem, with some of the difficulties which attend that work. The comparison, therefore, which I made betwixt the epopee and the tragedy was not altogether a digression, for it is concluded on all hands that they are both the masterpieces of human wit.

In the meantime I may be bold to draw this corollary from what has been already said,— that the file of heroic poets is very short; all are not such who have assumed that lofty title in ancient or modern ages, or have been so esteemed by their partial and ignorant admirers.

There have been but one great "Ilias" and one "Æneis" in so many ages; the next (but the next with a long interval betwixt) was the "Jerusalem" — I mean not so much in distance of time as in excellence. After these three are entered, some Lord Chamberlain should be appointed, some critic of authority should be set before the door to keep out a crowd of little poets who press for admission, and are not of quality. Mævius would be deafening your lordship's ears with his

"*Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum.*"

Mere fustian (as Horace would tell you from behind, without pressing forward), and more smoke than fire. Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto would cry out, "Make room for the Italian poets, the descendants of Virgil in a right line." Father Le Moine, with his

"Saint Louis," and Scudery with his "Alaric" (for a godly king and a Gothic conqueror); and Chapelain would take it ill that his "Maid" should be refused a place with Helen and Lavinia. Spenser has a better plea for his "Faerie Queene," had his action been finished, or had been one; and Milton, if the devil had not been his hero instead of Adam; if the giant had not foiled the knight, and driven him out of his stronghold to wander through the world with his lady-errant; and if there had not been more machining persons than human in his poem. After these the rest of our English poets shall not be mentioned; I have that honor for them which I ought to have; but if they are worthies, they are not to be ranked amongst the three whom I have named, and who are established in their reputation.

Introduction to the "Discourse on Epic Poetry."

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

To begin then with Shakespeare. He was the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily: when he describes anything you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets

"*Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*"

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equaled them to him in their esteem: and in the last

king's court, when Ben's reputation was at the highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study,— Beaumont, especially, being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him appears by the verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no further of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their "Philaster," for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully; as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ "Every Man in His Humor." Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humor, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's: the reason is because there is a certain gayety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humors. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humor also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavoring to move the

passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humor was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the Ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in "Sejanus" and "Catiline." But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, it was, that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them, wherein though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the most correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing: I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his "Discoveries" we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

From the essay on "Dramatic Poesy."

"NITOR IN ADVERSUM"

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigor of his age, in plenty and its ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years; struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet, steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God in my endeavors, overcome all difficulties, and in some measure acquitted myself

of the debt which I owed the public when I undertook this work. In the first place, therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power the assistance he has given me in the beginning, the prosecution, and conclusion of my present studies, which are more happily performed than I could have promised to myself, when I labored under such discouragements For what I have done, imperfect as it is for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged in after ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonor to my native country, whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them in the choice of words and harmony of numbers, which were wanting (especially the last) in all our poets, even in those who, being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother tongue with sufficient care, or, relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and sweetness of sound unnecessary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our English Ennius) for antiquated words which are never to be revived but when sound or significancy is wanting in the present language. But many of his crowds of men who daily die, or are slain for sixpence in a battle, merit to be restored to life if a wish could restore them. Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words, nor distinction of thoughts; but mingle farthings with their gold to make up the sum. Here is a field of satire open to me; but since the Revolution I have wholly renounced that talent; for who would give physic to the great, when he is uncalled — to do his patient no good, and endanger himself for his prescription? Neither am I ignorant but I may justly be condemned for many of those faults, of which I have too liberally arraigned others.

. . . "*Cynthius aurem*
Vellit et admonuit" . . .

It is enough for me if the government will let me pass unquestioned. In the meantime, I am obliged in gratitude to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only distinguished me from others of the same party by a particular exception of grace, but, without considering the man, have been bountiful to the poet, have encouraged Virgil to speak such English as I could teach him, and rewarded his interpreter for the pains he has taken in bringing him over into Britain, by defraying the charges of his voyage.

From his postscript to the "Æneis."

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY

(1816–)

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was born at Monaghan, Ireland, April 12th, 1816, and educated at the Monaghan Public School and the "Belfast Institution." In 1842 he threw himself with ardor into the movement inaugurated by O'Connell, whom he supported in the Nation, a newspaper founded by him and published in Dublin. He was prosecuted in 1843 with O'Connell, and again in 1848. The charge in 1848 was "treason felony," but after an imprisonment of ten months he was released. He had founded the Irish Confederation of 1846 and the Tenant League; but in 1856, despairing of accomplishing anything for Ireland, he resigned his place in parliament and went to Australia, where in 1871 he became Prime Minister. In 1880 he returned to Europe and took up his residence at Nice. Among his miscellaneous works are "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland," "Conversations with Carlyle," "Bird's-Eye View of Irish History," and "Life in Two Hemispheres."

A DISPUTE WITH CARLYLE

In all our intercourse for more than a generation I had only one quarrel with Carlyle, which occurred about this time, and I wish to record it, because, in my opinion, he behaved generously and even magnanimously. Commenting on some transaction of the day, I spoke with indignation of the treatment of Ireland by her stronger sister. Carlyle replied that if he must say the whole truth, it was his opinion that Ireland had brought all her misfortunes on herself. She had committed a great sin in refusing and resisting the Reformation. In England, and especially in Scotland, certain men who had grown altogether intolerant of the condition of the world arose and swore that this thing should not continue, though the earth and the devil united to uphold it; and their vehement protest was heard by the whole universe, and whatever had been done for human liberty from that time forth, in the English Commonwealth, in the French Revolution, and the like, was the product of this protest.

It was a great sin for nations to darken their eyes against light like this, and Ireland, which had persistently done so, was punished accordingly. It was hard to say how far England was blamable in trying by trenchant laws to compel her into the right course, till in later times it was found the attempt was wholly useless, and then properly given up. He found, and any one might see who looked into the matter a little, that countries had prospered or fallen into helpless ruin in exact proportion as they had helped or resisted this message. The most peaceful, hopeful nations in the world just now were the descendants of the men who had said, "Away with all your trash; we will believe in none of it; we scorn your threats of damnation; on the whole we prefer going down to hell with a true story in our mouths to gaining heaven by any holy legerdemain." Ireland refused to believe and must take the consequences, one of which, he would venture to point out, was a population preternaturally ignorant and lazy.

I was very angry, and I replied vehemently that the upshot of his homily was that Ireland was rightly trampled upon, and plundered for three centuries, for not believing in the Thirty-nine Articles; but did he believe in a tittle of them himself? If he did believe them, what was the meaning of his exhortations to get rid of Hebrew old clothes, and put off Hebrew spectacles? If he did not believe them, it seemed to me that he might, on his own showing, be trampled upon, and robbed as properly as Ireland for rejecting what he called the manifest truth. Queen Elizabeth, or her father, or any of the Englishmen or Scotchmen who rose for the deliverance of the world, and so forth, would have made as short work of him as they did of popish recusants. Ireland was ignorant, he said, but did he take the trouble of considering that for three generations to seek education was an offense strictly prohibited and punished by law. Down to the time of the Reform Act, and the coming into power of the Reformers, the only education tendered to the Irish people was mixed with the soot of hypocrisy and profanation. When I was a boy, in search of education, there was not in a whole province, where the successors of these English and Scotch prophets had had their own way, a single school for Catholic boys above the condition of a Poor School. My guardian had to determine whether I should do without education, or seek it in a Protestant school, where I was regarded as an intruder,—not an agreeable

experiment in the province of Ulster, I could assure him. This was what I, for my part, owed to these missionaries of light and civilization. The Irish people were lazy, he said, taking no account of the fact that the fruits of their labor were not protected by law, but left a prey to their landlords, who plundered them without shame or mercy. Peasants were not industrious, under such conditions, nor would philosophers be for that matter I fancied. If the people of Ireland found the doctrines of the Reformation incredible three hundred years ago, why were they not as well entitled to reject them then as he was to reject them to-day? In my opinion they were better entitled. A nation which had been the school of the West, a people who had sent missionaries throughout Europe to win barbarous races to Christianity, who interpreted in its obvious sense God's promise to be always with his Church, suddenly heard that a king of unbridled and unlawful passions undertook to modify the laws of God for his own convenience, and that his ministers and courtiers were bribed into acquiescence by the plunder of monasteries and churches: what wonder that they declared that they would die rather than be partners in such a transaction. It might be worth remembering that the pretensions of Anne Boleyn's husband to found a new religion seemed as absurd and profane to these Irishmen as the similar pretensions of Joe Smith seemed to all of us at present. After all they had endured, the people of Ireland might compare with any in the world for the only virtues they were permitted to cultivate: piety, chastity, simplicity, hospitality to the stranger, fidelity to friends, and the magnanimity of self-sacrifice for truth and justice. When we were touring in Ireland together twenty years before, with the phenomena under our eyes, he himself declared that after a trial of three centuries there was more vitality in Catholicism than in this saving light to which the people had blinded their eyes.

Mrs. Carlyle and John Forster, who were present, looked at each other in consternation, as if a catastrophe were imminent; but Carlyle replied placidly, "That there was no great life, he apprehended, in either of these systems at present; men looked to something quite different to that for their guidance just now."

I could not refrain from returning to the subject. Countries which had refused to relinquish their faith were less prosperous, he insisted, than those who placidly followed the royal Reformers in Germany and England. Perhaps they were; but worldly pros-

perity was the last test I expected to hear him apply to the merits of a people. If this was to be a test, the Jews left the Reformers a long way in the rear.

When nations were habitually peaceful and prosperous, he replied, it might be inferred that they dealt honestly with the rest of mankind, for this was the necessary basis of any prosperity that was not altogether ephemeral; and, as conduct was the fruit of conviction, it might be further inferred, with perfect safety, that they had had honest teaching, which was the manifest fact in the cases he specified.

I was much heated, and I took myself off as soon as I could discreetly do so. The same evening I met Carlyle at dinner at John Forster's; I sat beside him and had a pleasant talk, and neither then nor at any future time did he resent my brusque criticism by the slightest sign of displeasure. This is a fact, I think, which a generous reader will recognize to be altogether incompatible with the recent estimate of Carlyle as a man of impatient temper and arrogant, overbearing self-will.

From "Reminiscences of Carlyle" 1892.

JOHN DUNCOMBE

(1729–1786)

JOHN DUNCOMBE, Bishop of Peterborough, owes his place among classical English essayists chiefly to his contributions to the Connoisseur. His essays have a moral purpose, but it is well sugar-coated by his lively and entertaining style. He was born in London, September 29th, 1729. After graduating from Cambridge he was chosen Fellow of his college (Corpus Christi). His essays in the Connoisseur were among his earliest ventures in literature. His "Historical Description of Canterbury Cathedral" was published in 1772, and his "Antiquities of Richborough and Reculver" two years later. For twenty years he was one of the favorite contributors to the Gentleman's Magazine, and he edited the letters of Hughes and of John Boyle, Earl of Cork. He died January 19th, 1786.

CONCERNING ROUGE, WHIST, AND FEMALE BEAUTY

——— *Facies non omnibus una,*
Nec diversa tamen ———
—*Ovid.*

"Where borrow'd tints bestow a lifeless grace,
None wear the same, yet none a different face."

TO MR. TOWN

Sir:—

IT IS whimsical to observe the mistakes that we country gentlemen are led into at our first coming to town. We are induced to think, and indeed truly, that your fine ladies are composed of different materials from our rural ones; since, though they sleep all day and rake all night, they still remain as fresh and ruddy as a parson's daughter or a farmer's wife. At other times we are apt to wonder that such delicate creatures as they appear should yet be so much proof against cold as to look as rosy in January as in June, and even in the sharpest weather to be very unwilling to approach the fire. I was at a loss to account for this unalterable hue of their complexions, but I soon

found that beauty was not more peculiar to the air of St. James's than of York; and that this perpetual bloom was not native, but imported from abroad. Not content with that red and white which nature gave, your belles are reduced (as they pretend) to the necessity of supplying the flush of health with the rouge of vermilion, and giving us Spanish wool for English beauty.

The very reason alleged for this fashionable practice is such as (if they seriously considered it) the ladies would be ashamed to mention. "The late hours they are obliged to keep render them such perfect frights that they would be as loath to appear abroad without paint as without clothes." This, it must be acknowledged, is too true; but would they suffer their fathers or their husbands to wheel them down for one month to the old mansion house, they would soon be sensible of the change, and soon perceive how much the early walk exceeds the late assembly. The vigils of the card table have spoiled many a good face; and I have known a beauty stick to the midnight rubbers, till she has grown as homely as the queen of spades. There is nothing more certain in all Hoyle's cases, than that whist and late hours will ruin the finest set of features; but if the ladies would give up their routs for the healthy amusements of the country, I will venture to say their carmine would be then as useless as their artificial nosegays.

A moralist might talk to them of the heinousness of the practice; since all deceit is criminal, and painting is no better than looking a lie. And should they urge that nobody is deceived by it, he might add that the plea for admitting it is then at an end; since few are yet arrived at that height of French politeness, as to dress their cheeks in public, and to profess wearing vermilion as openly as powder. But I shall content myself with using an argument more likely to prevail; and such, I trust, will be the assurance that this practice is highly disagreeable to the men. What must be the mortification, and what the disgust of the lover, who goes to bed to a bride as blooming as an angel, and finds her in the morning as wan and as yellow as a corpse? For marriage soon takes off the mask; and all the resources of art, all the mysteries of the toilet, are then at an end. He that is thus wedded to a cloud instead of a Juno may well be allowed to complain, but without relief; for this is a custom, which, once admitted, so tarnishes the skin that it is next to impossible ever to retrieve it. Let me, therefore, caution these young beginners,

who are not yet discolored past redemption, to leave it off in time, and endeavor to procure and preserve by early hours that unaffected bloom, which art cannot give, and which only age or sickness can take away.

Our beauties were formerly above making use of so poor an artifice: they trusted to the lively coloring of nature, which was heightened by temperance and exercise; but our modern belles are obliged to retouch their cheeks every day, to keep them in repair. We were then as superior to the French in the assembly as in the field; but since a trip to France has been thought a requisite in the education of our ladies as well as gentlemen, our polite females have thought fit to dress their faces, as well as their heads, *à la mode de Paris*. I am told that when an English lady is at Paris, she is so surrounded with false faces that she is herself obliged (if she would not appear singular) to put on the mask. But who would exchange the brilliancy of the diamond for the faint lustre of French paste? And for my part, I would as soon expect that an English beauty at Morocco would japan her face with lampblack, in complaisance to the sable beauties of that country. Let the French ladies whitewash and plaster their fronts, and lay on their colors with a trowel; but these daubings of art are no more to be compared to the genuine glow of a British cheek than the coarse strokes of the painter's brush can resemble the native veins of the marble. This contrast is placed in a proper light in Mr. Addison's fine epigram on Lady Manchester, which will serve to convince us of the force of undissembled beauty: —

> "When haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
> O'er their pale cheeks a lifeless red,
> Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
> In native charms divinely fair,
> Confusion in their looks they show'd,
> And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd."

I think, Mr. Town, you might easily prevail on your fair readers to leave off this unnatural practice, if you could once thoroughly convince them that it impairs their beauty instead of improving it. A lady's face, like the coats in the "Tale of a Tub," if left to itself, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

Among other matter of wonder on my first coming to town, I was much surprised at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At present there is no distinction in their complexions between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric: yet, at the same time, I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the same lady. I have known an olive beauty on Monday grow very ruddy and blooming on Tuesday; turn pale on Wednesday; come round to the olive hue again on Thursday; and, in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfashionable people, whom nobody knows; the rest still continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a mystery that I could not unriddle, till on being introduced to some ladies I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expense of a fair one, who unthinkingly had turned her cheek; and found that my kisses were given (as is observed in the epigram), like those of Pyramus, through the wall. I then discovered that this surprising youth and beauty was all counterfeit; and that (as Hamlet says) "God had given them one face, and they had themselves another."

I have mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a salute, that your courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while such fashions prevail they shall still remain in Yorkshire. There I think they are pretty safe; for this unnatural fashion will hardly make its way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not stand against the rays of the sun, and would inevitably melt away in a country dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greatest enemies to their own beauty, and seem to have a design against their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipsed in a black velvet mask; at another it was blotted with patches; and at present it is crusted over with plaster of Paris. In those battered belles, who still aim at conquest, this practice is in some sort excusable; but it is surely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint as it would be to draw a good set of teeth merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

Indeed, so common is this fashion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a group of beauties I consider them as so many pretty pictures,—looking about me with as little

emotion as I do at Hudson's; and if anything fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints and the delicate touches of the painter. Art very often seems almost to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by considering the texture and hue of the skin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engrossed by the wood and canvas. I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

RUSTICUS.

Number 46 of the Connoisseur complete.

JOHN EARLE

(*c.* 1601–1665)

LARENDON says that Earle was "of a conversation so pleasant and delightful, so very innocent, and so very facetious, that no man's company was more desired and loved." Those who read "Microcosmography: or, A Piece of the World Discovered in Essays and Characters," written by Earle in imitation of Theophrastus, will know for themselves that all Clarendon says, and more, is justified by the facts. Earle is one of those very rare and always delightful essayists who, when they have told all they really know of one subject, know how to stop and take up another. The title of his essays any one may translate from "Microcosmography" into "A Description of the Microcosm," but it is not every one, perhaps, who will remember that according to Hermes Trismegistus and others of equally venerable authority, the mind and soul of man will give those who really understand them a microscopic view of the mind and soul of "the great universe,"—"the Macrocosm." This theory of man's relation to the universe Earle has always in view, but it does not make him too serious, nor could any theory make him dull. His essays are the best of their class in English, and they are not surpassed in French, not even by La Bruyère, who, if he is often more witty, lacks the admirable sense of proportion which gives Earle his place with Bacon at the head of the list of essayists who know how to be brief without becoming either disconnected or obscure.

Born at York about the year 1601, Earle was educated at Oxford for the Church. After his graduation he became proctor of the university, and in 1642 he was elected to the celebrated Westminster Assembly. Being a strong Royalist, he declined to sit, and after the defeat of the Stuarts at Worcester he went into exile with them. After the Restoration he was chaplain to the king, who made him a bishop in 1662. He died November 17th, 1665, leaving a reputation for good-nature and kindness of heart, which is fully borne out by even the most satirical of his essays. It may fairly be said that his is the best and least Ciceronian English prose of the reign of Charles II., for in spite of his classical learning he uses the genuine English syntax of King Alfred,—short sentences with few and short dependent

clauses. His essay on "A Child" is a work of genius both in thought and in expression. Perhaps it is the deepest as it is the simplest of all his "pieces of the world characterized," but they are all works of genius. W. V. B.

ON A CHILD

A CHILD is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is Nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred notebook. He is purely happy because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. His hardest labor is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobbyhorses, but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he hath outlived. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.

Complete. Number I. of "Microcosmography."

ON A YOUNG RAW PREACHER

A YOUNG raw preacher is a bird not yet fledged, that hath hopped out of his nest to be chirping on a hedge, and will be straggling abroad at what peril soever. His backwardness in the university hath set him thus forward; for had he not truanted there, he had not been so hasty a divine. His small standing, and time, hath made him a proficient only in boldness, out of which, and his tablebook, he is furnished for a preacher. His collections of study are the notes of sermons, which, taken up at St. Mary's, he utters in the country; and if he write brachygraphy, his stock is so much the better. His writing is more than his reading, for he reads only what he gets without book. Thus accomplished he comes down to his friends, and his first salutation is grace and peace out of the pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his college more at large. The pace of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale till the clock stop him. The labor of it is chiefly in his lungs; and the only thing he has made in it himself, is the faces. He takes on against the pope without mercy, and has a jest still in lavender for Bellarmine; yet he preaches heresy, if it comes in his way, though with a mind, I must needs say, very orthodox. His action is all passion, and his speech interjections. He has an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and spits with a very good grace. [His style is compounded of twenty several men's, only his body imitates some one extraordinary.] He will not draw his handkercher out of his place, nor blow his nose without discretion. His commendation is that he never looks upon book; and indeed he was never used to it. He preaches but once a year, though twice on Sunday; for the stuff is still the same, only the dressing a little altered: he has more tricks with a sermon than a tailor with an old cloak, to turn it, and piece it, and at last quite disguise it with a new preface. If he have waded further in his profession, and would show reading of his own, his authors are postils, and his school divinity a catechism. His fashion and demure habit get him in with some town precisian, and makes him a guest on Friday nights. You shall know him by his narrow velvet cape, and serge facing; and his ruff, next his hair, the shortest thing about him. The companion of his walk is some zealous tradesman, whom he astonishes with strange points, which they both understand alike. His friends

He sees yet but the outside of the world and men, and conceives them according to their appearing, glister, and out of this ignorance believes them. He pursues all vanities for happiness, and [enjoys them best in this fancy]. His reason serves not to curb, but understand his appetite, and prosecute the motions thereof with a more eager earnestness. Himself is his own temptation, and needs not Satan, and the world will come hereafter. He leaves repentance for gray hairs, and performs it in being covetous. He is mingled with the vices of the age as the fashion and custom, with which he longs to be acquainted, and sins to better his understanding. He conceives his youth as the season of his lust, and the hour wherein he ought to be bad; and because he would not lose his time, spends it. He distastes religion as a sad thing, and is six years older for a thought of heaven. He scorns and fears, and yet hopes for old age, but dares not imagine it with wrinkles. He loves and hates with the same inflammation, and when the heat is over is cool alike to friends and enemies. His friendship is seldom so steadfast but that lust, drink, or anger may overturn it. He offers you his blood to-day in kindness, and is ready to take yours to-morrow. He does seldom anything which he wishes not to do again, and is only wise after a misfortune. He suffers much for his knowledge, and a great deal of folly it is makes him a wise man. He is free from many vices, by being not grown to the performance, and is only more virtuous out of weakness. Every action is his danger, and every man his ambush. He is a ship without pilot or tackling, and only good fortune may steer him. If he scape this age, he has scaped a tempest, and may live to be a man.

Complete. Number XVI. of "Microcosmography."

ON DETRACTORS

A DETRACTOR is one of a more cunning and active envy, wherewith he gnaws not foolishly himself, but throws it abroad and would have it blister others. He is commonly some weak-parted fellow, and worse minded, yet is strangely ambitious to match others, not by mounting their worth, but bringing them down with his tongue to his own poorness. He is indeed like the red dragon that pursued the woman, for when he cannot overreach another, he opens his mouth and throws a flood after

to drown him. You cannot anger him worse than to do well, and he hates you more bitterly for this than if you had cheated him of his patrimony with your own discredit. He is always slighting the general opinion, and wondering why such and such men should be applauded. Commend a good divine, he cries Postilling; a philologer, Pedantry; a poet, Rhyming; a schoolman, Dull wrangling; a sharp conceit, Boyishness; an honest man, Plausibility. He comes to public things not to learn, but to catch, and if there be but one solecism, that is all he carries away. He looks on all things with a prepared sourness, and is still furnished with a pish beforehand, or some musty proverb that disrelishes all things whatsoever. If fear of the company make him second a commendation, it is like a law writ, always with a clause of exception, or to smooth his way to some greater scandal. He will grant you something, and bate more; and this bating shall in conclusion take away all he granted. His speech concludes still with an Oh! but,—and I could wish one thing amended; and this one thing shall be enough to deface all his former commendations. He will be very inward with a man to fish some bad out of him, and make his slanders hereafter more authentic, when it is said a friend reported it. He will inveigle you to naughtiness to get your good name into his clutches; he will be your pander to have you on the hip for a whoremaster, and make you drunk to show you reeling. He passes the more plausibly because all men have a smatch of his humor, and it is thought freeness which is malice. If he can say nothing of a man, he will seem to speak riddles, as if he could tell strange stories if he would; and when he has racked his invention to the utmost, he ends,—but I wish him well, and therefore must hold my peace. He is always listening and inquiring after men, and suffers not a cloak to pass by him unexamined. In brief, he is one that has lost all good himself, and is loath to find it in another.

Complete. Number XXIV. of «Microcosmography.»

ON THE «COLLEGE MAN»

A young gentleman of the university is one that comes there to wear a gown, and to say hereafter he has been at the university. His father sent him thither because he heard there were the best fencing and dancing schools; from these he

has his education, from his tutor the oversight. The first element of his knowledge is to be shown the colleges, and initiated in a tavern by the way, which hereafter he will learn of himself. The two marks of his seniority is the bare velvet of his gown and his proficiency at tennis, where when he can once play a set, he is a freshman no more. His study has commonly handsome shelves, his books neat silk strings, which he shows to his father's man, and is loath to untie or take down for fear of misplacing. Upon foul days for recreation he retires thither, and looks over the pretty book his tutor reads to him, which is commonly some short history, or a piece of Euphormio; for which his tutor gives him money to spend next day. His main loitering is at the library, where he studies arms and books of honor, and turns a gentleman critic in pedigrees. Of all things he endures not to be mistaken for a scholar, and hates a black suit, though it be made of satin. His companion is ordinarily some stale fellow, that has been notorious for an ingle to gold hatbands, whom he admires at first, afterward scorns. If he have spirit or wit he may light of better company, and may learn some flashes of wit, which may do him knight's service in the country hereafter. But he is now gone to the inns-of-court, where he studies to forget what he learned before, his acquaintance and the fashion.

Complete. Number XXV. of "Microcosmography."

ON THE WEAK MAN

A WEAK man is a child at man's estate, one whom nature huddled up in haste, and left his best part unfinished. The rest of him is grown to be a man, only his brain stays behind. He is one that has not improved his first rudiments, nor attained any proficiency by his stay in the world; but we may speak of him yet as when he was in the bud, a good, harmless nature, a well-meaning mind [and no more]. It is his misery that he now wants a tutor, and is too old to have one. He is two steps above a fool, and a great many more below a wise man; yet the fool is oft given him, and by those whom he esteems most. Some tokens of him are:—he loves men better upon relation than experience, for he is exceedingly enamored of strangers, and none quicklier aweary of his friend. He charges you at first meeting with all his secrets, and on better acquaintance grows

more reserved. Indeed, he is one that mistakes much his abusers for friends, and his friends for enemies, and he apprehends your hate in nothing so much as in good counsel. One that is flexible with anything but reason, and then only perverse. A great affecter of wits and such prettinesses; and his company is costly to him, for he seldom has it but invited. His friendship commonly is begun in a supper, and lost in lending money. The tavern is a dangerous place to him, for to drink and be drunk is with him all one, and his brain is sooner quenched than his thirst. He is drawn into naughtiness with company, but suffers alone, and the bastard commonly laid to his charge. One that will be patiently abused, and take exception a month after when he understands it, and then be abused again into a reconcilement; and you cannot endear him more than by cozening him, and it is a temptation to those that would not. One discoverable in all silliness to all men but himself, and you may take any man's knowledge of him better than his own. He will promise the same thing to twenty, and rather than deny one break with all. One that has no power over himself, over his business, over his friends, but a prey and pity to all; and if his fortunes once sink, men quickly cry, Alas!—and forget him.

Complete. Number XXVI. of "Microcosmography."

ON THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN

A CONTEMPLATIVE man is a scholar in this great university the world; and the same his book and study. He cloisters not his meditations in the narrow darkness of a room, but sends them abroad with his eyes, and his brain travels with his feet. He looks upon man from a high tower, and sees him trulier at this distance in his infirmities and poorness. He scorns to mix himself in men's actions, as he would to act upon a stage; but sits aloft on the scaffold a censuring spectator. He will not lose his time by being busy, or make so poor a use of the world as to hug and embrace it. Nature admits him as a partaker of her sports, and asks his approbation as it were of her own works and variety. He comes not in company, because he would not be solitary, but finds discourse enough with himself; and his own thoughts are his excellent playfellows. He looks not upon a thing as a yawning stranger at novelties, but his search is more

mysterious and inward, and he spells heaven out of earth. He knits his observations together, and makes a ladder of them all to climb to God. He is free from vice, because he has no occasion to employ it, and is above those ends that make man wicked. He has learnt all can here be taught him, and comes now to heaven to see more.

Complete. Number XXXIII. of "Microcosmography."

ON A VULGAR-SPIRITED MAN

A VULGAR-SPIRITED man is one of the herd of the world. One that follows merely the common cry, and makes it louder by one. A man that loves none but who are publicly affected, and he will not be wiser than the rest of the town. That never owns a friend after an ill name, or some general imputation, though he knows it most unworthy. That opposes to reason, "Thus men say"; and "Thus most do"; and "Thus the world goes"; and thinks this enough to poise the other. That worships men in place, and those only; and thinks all a great man speaks oracles. Much taken with my lord's jest, and repeats you it all to a syllable. One that justifies nothing out of fashion, nor any opinion out of the applauded way. That thinks certainly all Spaniards and Jesuits very villains, and is still cursing the pope and Spinola. One that thinks the gravest cassock the best scholar; and the best clothes the finest man. That is taken only with broad and obscene wit, and hisses anything too deep for him. That cries, Chaucer for his money above all our English poets, because the voice has gone so, and he has read none. That is much ravished with such a nobleman's courtesy and would venture his life for him because he put off his hat. One that is foremost still to kiss the king's hand, and cries, "God bless his Majesty!" loudest. That rails on all men condemned and out of favor, and the first that says, "Away with the traitors!"—yet struck with much ruth at executions, and for pity to see a man die could kill the hangman. That comes to London to see it, and the pretty things in it, and, the chief cause of his journey, the bears. That measures the happiness of the kingdom by the cheapness of corn, and conceives no harm of state but ill trading. Within this compass, too, come those that are too much wedged into the world, and have no lifting thoughts above those

things; that call to thrive to do well; and preferment only the grace of God. That aim all studies at this mark, and show you poor scholars as an example to take heed by. That think the prison and want a judgment for some sin, and never like well hereafter of a jailbird. That know no other content but wealth, bravery, and the town pleasures; that think all else but idle speculation, and the philosophers madmen. In short, men that are carried away with all outwardnesses, shows, appearances, the stream, the people; for there is no man of worth but has a piece of singularity, and scorns something.

Complete. Number XXXIX. of "Microcosmography."

ON PRETENDERS TO LEARNING

A PRETENDER to learning is one that would make all others more fools than himself; for though he know nothing, he would not have the world know so much. He conceits nothing in learning but the opinion, which he seeks to purchase without it, though he might with less labor cure his ignorance than hide it. He is indeed a kind of scholar mountebank, and his art our delusion. He is tricked out in all the accoutrements of learning, and at the first encounter none passes better. He is oftener in his study than at his book, and you cannot pleasure him better than to deprehend him; yet he hears you not till the third knock, and then comes out very angry as interrupted. You find him in his slippers and a pen in his ear, in which formality he was asleep. His table is spread wide with some classic folio, which is as constant to it as the carpet, and hath lain open in the same page this half year. His candle is always a longer sitter up than himself, and the boast of his window at midnight. He walks much alone in the posture of meditation, and has a book still before his face in the fields. His pocket is seldom without a Greek Testament or Hebrew Bible which he opens only in the church, and that when some stander-by looks over. He has sentences for company, some scatterings of Seneca and Tacitus, which are good upon all occasions. If he reads anything in the morning, it comes up all at dinner; and as long as that lasts, the discourse is his. He is a great plagiary of tavern wit, and comes to sermons only that he may talk of Austin. His parcels are the mere scrapings from company, yet he complains at part-

ing what time he has lost. He is wondrously capricious to seem a judgment, and listens with a sour attention to what he understands not. He talks much of Scaliger, and Casaubon, and the Jesuits, and prefers some unheard-of Dutch name before them all. He has verses to bring in upon these and these hints, and it shall go hard but he will wind in his opportunity. He is critical in a language he cannot conster, and speaks seldom under Arminius in divinity. His business and retirement and caller away is his study, and he protests no delight to it comparable. He is a great nomenclator of authors, which he has read in general in the catalogue, and in particular in the title, and goes seldom so far as the dedication. He never talks of anything but learning, and learns all from talking. Three encounters with the same men pump him, and then he only puts in or gravely says nothing. He has taken pains to be an ass, though not to be a scholar, and is at length discovered and laughed at.

Complete. Number XLV. of "Microcosmography."

ON CHURCH CHOIRS

THE common singing-men in cathedral churches are a bad society, and yet a company of good fellows that roar deep in the choir, deeper in the tavern. They are the eight parts of speech which go to the syntaxis of service, and are distinguished by their noises much like bells, for they make not a concert, but a peal. Their pastime or recreation is prayers, their exercise drinking, yet herein so religiously addicted that they serve God oftest when they are drunk. Their humanity is a leg to the residencer, their learning a chapter, for they learn it commonly before they read it; yet the old Hebrew names are little beholden to them, for they miscall them worse than one another. Though they never expound the Scripture, they handle it much, and pollute the Gospel with two things, their conversation and their thumbs. Upon workydays they behave themselves at prayers as at their pots, for they swallow them down in an instant. Their gowns are laced commonly with streamings of ale, the superfluities of a cup or throat above measure. Their skill in melody makes them the better companions abroad, and their anthems abler to sing catches. Long lived for the most part they are not, especially the bass, they overflow their bank so often to drown

the organs. Briefly, if they escape arresting, they die constantly in God's service; and to take their death with more patience, they have wine and cakes at their funeral, and now they keep the church a great deal better, and help to fill it with their bones as before with their noise.

Complete. Number XLVII. of «Microcosmography.»

ON A SHOP-KEEPER

His shop is his well-stuffed book, and himself the title-page of it, or index. He utters much to all men, though he sells but to a few, and entreats for his own necessities by asking others what they lack. No man speaks more and no more, for his words are like his wares, twenty of one sort, and he goes over them alike to all comers. He is an arrogant commender of his own things; for whatsoever he shows you is the best in the town, though the worst in his shop. His conscience was a thing that would have laid upon his hands, and he was forced to put it off, and makes great use of honesty to profess upon. He tells you lies by rote, and not minding, as the phrase to sell in, and the language he spent most of his years to learn. He never speaks so truly as when he says he would use you as his brother; for he would abuse his brother, and in his shop thinks it lawful. His religion is much in the nature of his customers, and indeed the pander to it; and by a misinterpreted sense of Scripture makes a gain of his godliness. He is your slave while you pay him ready money, but if he once befriend you, your tyrant, and you had better deserve his hate than his trust.

Complete. Number XLVIII. of «Microcosmography.»

ON THE BLUNT MAN

A blunt man is one whose wit is better pointed than his behavior, and that coarse and unpolished, not out of ignorance so much as humor. He is a great enemy to the fine gentleman, and these things of compliment, and hates ceremony in conversation as the Puritan in religion. He distinguishes not betwixt fair and double dealing, and suspects all smoothness for the dress of knavery. He starts at the encounter of a salutation

as an assault, and beseeches you in choler to forbear your courtesy. He loves not anything in discourse that comes before the purpose, and is always suspicious of a preface. Himself falls rudely still on his matter without any circumstance, except he use an old proverb for an introduction. He swears old out-of-date innocent oaths, as, By the mass! By our lady! and such like, and though there be lords present, he cries, My masters! He is exceedingly in love with his humor, which makes him always profess and proclaim it, and you must take what he says patiently, because he is a plain man. His nature is his excuse still, and other men's tyrant; for he must speak his mind, and that is his worst, and craves your pardon most injuriously for not pardoning you. His jests best become him, because they come from him rudely and unaffected; and he has the luck commonly to have them famous. He is one that will do more than he will speak, and yet speak more than he will hear; for though he love to touch others, he is touchy himself, and seldom to his own abuses replies but with his fists. He is as squeasy of his commendations as his courtesy, and his good word is like a eulogy in a satire. He is generally better favored than he favors, as being commonly well expounded in his bitterness, and no man speaks treason more securely. He chides great men with most boldness, and is counted for it an honest fellow. He is grumbling much in the behalf of the commonwealth, and is in prison oft for it with credit. He is generally honest, but more generally thought so, and his downrightness credits him, as a man not well bended and crookened to the times. In conclusion, he is not easily bad, in whom this quality is nature; but the counterfeit is most dangerous, since he is disguised in a humor that professes not to disguise.

Complete. Number XLIX. of "Microcosmography."

ON A CRITIC

A CRITIC is one that has spelled over a great many books, and his observation is the orthography. He is the surgeon of old authors, and heals the wounds of dust and ignorance. He converses much in fragments and *desunt multa's*, and if he piece it up with two lines he is more proud of that book than the author. He runs over all sciences to peruse their syntaxis, and

thinks all learning comprised in writing Latin. He tastes styles as some discreeter palates do wine; and tells you which is genuine, which sophisticate and bastard. His own phrase is a miscellany of old words, deceased long before the Cæsars, and entombed by Varro, and the modernest man he follows is Plautus. He writes *omneis* at length, and *quicquid*, and his gerund is most inconformable. He is a troublesome vexer of the dead, which after so long sparing must rise up to the judgment of his castigations. He is one that makes all books sell dearer, whilst he swells them into folios with his comments.

Complete. Number LI. of "Microcosmography."

ON THE MODEST MAN

A MODEST man is a far finer man than he knows of, one that shews better to all men than himself, and so much the better to all men, as less to himself; for no quality sets a man off like this, and commends him more against his will: and he can put up any injury sooner than this (as he calls it) your irony. You shall hear him confute his commenders, and giving reasons how much they are mistaken, and is angry almost if they do not believe him. Nothing threatens him so much as great expectation, which he thinks more prejudicial than your under-opinion, because it is easier to make that false than this true. He is one that sneaks from a good action as one that had pilfered, and dare not justify it; and is more blushingly reprehended in this than others in sin: that counts all public declarings of himself but so many penances before the people; and the more you applaud him the more you abash him, and he recovers not his face a month after. One that is easy to like anything of another man's, and thinks all he knows not of him better than that he knows. He excuses that to you which another would impute; and if you pardon him is satisfied. One that stands in no opinion because it is his own, but suspects it rather, because it is his own, and is confuted and thanks you. He sees nothing more willingly than his errors, and it is his error sometimes to be too soon persuaded. He is content to be auditor where he only can speak, and content to go away and think himself instructed. No man is so weak that he is ashamed to learn of, and is less ashamed to confess it; and he finds many times even in the dust what others

overlook and lose. Every man's presence is a kind of bridle to him, to stop the roving of his tongue and passions; and even impudent men look for this reverence from him, and distaste that in him which they suffer in themselves, as one in whom vice is ill favored and shows more scurvily than another A bawdy jest shall shame him more than a bastard another man, and he that got it shall censure him among the rest. And he is coward to nothing more than an ill tongue, and whosoever dare lie on him hath power over him; and if you take him by his look he is guilty. The main ambition of his life is not to be discredited; and for other things, his desires are more limited than his fortunes, which he thinks preferment, though never so mean, and that he is to do something to deserve this. He is too tender to venture on great places, and would not hurt a dignity to help himself. If he do, it was the violence of his friends constrained him; how hardly soever he obtain it, he was harder persuaded to seek it

Complete. Number LV. of "Microcosmography."

ON THE INSOLENT MAN

An insolent man is a fellow newly great and newly proud; one that hath put himself into another face upon his preferment, for his own was not bred to it. One whom fortune hath shot up to some office or authority, and he shoots up his neck to his fortune, and will not bate you an inch of either. His very countenance and gesture bespeak how much he is, and if you understand him not, he tells you, and concludes every period with his place, which you must and shall know. He is one that looks on all men as if he were angry, but especially on those of his acquaintance, whom he beats off with a surlier distance, as men apt to mistake him, because they have known him: and for this cause he knows not you till you have told him your name, which he thinks he has heard, but forgot, and with much ado seems to recover. If you have anything to use him in, you are his vassal for that time, and must give him the patience of any injury, which he does only to show what he may do. He snaps you up bitterly, because he will be offended, and tells you you are saucy and troublesome, and sometimes takes your money in this language. His very courtesies are intolerable, they are done

with such an arrogance and imputation; and he is the only man you may hate after a good turn, and not be ungrateful; and men reckon it among their calamities to be beholden unto him. No vice draws with it a more general hostility, and makes men readier to search into his faults, and of them, his beginning; and no tale so unlikely but is willingly heard of him and believed. And commonly such men are of no merit at all, but make out in pride what they want in worth, and fence themselves with a stately kind of behavior from that contempt which would pursue them. They are men whose preferment does us a great deal of wrong; and when they are down, we may laugh at them without breach of good-nature.

Complete. Number LX. of "Microcosmography."

ON THE HONORABLE OLD MAN

A good old man is the best antiquity, and which we may with least vanity admire. One whom time hath been thus long a working, and, like winter fruit, ripened when others are shaken down. He hath taken out as many lessons of the world as days, and learned the best thing in it: the vanity of it He looks o'er his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himself to begin again. His lust was long broken before his body; yet he is glad this temptation is broke too, and that he is fortified from it by this weakness. The next door of death sads him not, but he expects it calmly as his turn in nature; and fears more his recoiling back to childishness than dust. All men look on him as a common father, and on old age, for his sake, as a reverent thing. His very presence and face puts vice out of countenance, and makes it an indecorum in a vicious man. He practices his experience on youth without the harshness of reproof, and in his counsel his good company. He has some old stories still of his own seeing to confirm what he says, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troublesome neither with the same tale again, but remembers with them how oft he has told them. His old sayings and morals seem proper to his beard; and the poetry of Cato does well out of his mouth, and he speaks it as if he were the author. He is not apt to put the boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a boy, but can distinguish gravity from a sour look, and the less testy he is, the more regarded.

You must pardon him if he like his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now that were wisdom then; yet he makes us of that opinion too when we see him, and conjecture those times by so good a relic. He is a man capable of a dearness with the youngest men, yet he not youthfuller for them, but they older for him; and no man credits more his acquaintance. He goes away at last too soon whensoever, with all men's sorrow but his own; and his memory is fresh, when it is twice as old.

Complete. Number LXV. of "Microcosmography."

ON HIGH-SPIRITED MEN

A HIGH-SPIRITED man is one that looks like a proud man, but is not; you may forgive him his looks for his worth's sake, for they are only too proud to be base. One whom no rate can buy off from the least piece of his freedom, and make him digest an unworthy thought an hour. He cannot crouch to a great man to possess him, nor fall low to the earth to rebound never so high again. He stands taller on his own bottom than others on the advantage ground of fortune, as having solidly that honor of which title is but the pomp. He does homage to no man for his great style's sake, but is strictly just in the exaction of respect again, and will not bate you a compliment. He is more sensible of a neglect than an undoing, and scorns no man so much as his surly threatener. A man quickly fired, and quickly laid down with satisfaction, but remits any injury sooner than words: only to himself he is irreconcilable, whom he never forgives a disgrace, but is still stabbing himself with the thought of it, and no disease that he dies of sooner. He is one had rather perish than be beholding for his life, and strives more to be quit with his friend than his enemy. Fortune may kill him but not deject him, nor make him fall into an humbler key than before, but he is now loftier than ever in his own defense; you shall hear him talk still after thousands, and he becomes it better than those that have it. One that is above the world and its drudgery, and cannot pull down his thoughts to the pelting businesses of life. He would sooner accept the gallows than a mean trade, or anything that might disparage the height of man in him, and yet thinks no death comparably base to hanging neither.

One that will do nothing upon command, though he would do it otherwise; and if ever he do evil, it is when he is dared to it. He is one that if fortune equal his worth puts a lustre in all preferment; but if otherwise he be too much crossed, turns desperately melancholy and scorns mankind.

Complete. Number LXVII. of "Microcosmography."

ON RASH MEN

A RASH man is a man too quick for himself; one whose actions put a leg still before his judgment, and outrun it. Every hot fancy or passion is the signal that sets him forward, and his reason comes still in the rear. One that has brain enough, but not patience to digest a business, and stay the leisure of a second thought. All deliberation is to him a kind of sloth and freezing of action, and it shall burn him rather than take cold. He is always resolved at first thinking, and the ground he goes upon is, "hap what may." Thus he enters not, but throws himself violently upon all things, and for the most part is as violently upon all off again; and as an obstinate "I will" was the preface to his undertaking, so his conclusion is commonly "I would I had not"; for such men seldom do anything that they are not forced to take in pieces again, and are so much further off from doing it, as they have done already. His friends are with him as his physician, sought to only in his sickness and extremity and to help him out of that mire he has plunged himself into; for in the suddenness of his passions he would hear nothing, and now his ill success has allayed him he hears too late. He is a man still swayed with the first reports, and no man more in the power of a pick-thank than he. He is one will fight first, and then expostulate; condemn first, and then examine. He looses his friend in a fit of quarreling, and in a fit of kindness undoes himself; and then curses the occasion drew this mischief upon him, and cries God mercy for it, and curses again. His repentance is merely a rage against himself, and he does something in itself to be repented again. He is a man whom fortune must go against much to make him happy, for had he been suffered his own way he had been undone.

Complete. Number LXX. of "Microcosmography."

ON PROFANE MEN

A PROFANE man is one that denies God as far as the law gives him leave; that is, only does not say so in downright terms, for so far he may go. A man that does the greatest sins calmly, and as the ordinary actions of life, and as calmly discourses of it again. He will tell you his business is to break such a commandment, and the breaking of the commandment shall tempt him to it. His words are but so many vomitings cast up to the loathsomeness of the hearers, only those of his company loathe it not. He will take upon him with oaths to pelt some tenderer man out of his company, and makes good sport at his conquest over the Puritan fool. The Scripture supplies him for jests, and he reads it on purpose to be thus merry; he will prove you his sin out of the Bible, and then ask if you will not take that authority. He never sees the church but of purpose to sleep in it, or when some silly man preaches, with whom he means to make sport; and is most jocund in the church. One that nicknames clergymen with all the terms of reproach, as "rat, black coat," and the like; which he will be sure to keep up, and never calls them by other: that sings psalms when he is drunk, and cries God mercy in mockery, for he must do it. He is one seems to dare God in all his actions, but indeed would outdare the opinion of him, which would else turn him desperate; for atheism is the refuge of such sinners, whose repentance would be only to hang themselves.

Complete. Number LXXII. of "Microcosmography."

ON SORDID RICH MEN

A SORDID rich man is a beggar of a fair estate, of whose wealth we may say as of other men's unthriftiness, that it has brought him to this: when he had nothing he lived in another kind of fashion. He is a man whom men hate in his own behalf for using himself thus, and yet, being upon himself, it is but justice, for he deserves it. Every accession of a fresh heap bates him so much of his allowance, and brings him a degree nearer starving His body had been long since desperate, but for the reparation of other men's tables, where he hoards meats

in his belly for a month, to maintain him in hunger so long. His clothes were never young in our memory; you might make long epochas from them, and put them into the almanac with the dear year and the great frost, and he is known by them longer than his face. He is one never gave alms in his life, and yet is as charitable to his neighbor as himself. He will redeem a penny with his reputation, and lose all his friends to boot; and his reason is, he will not be undone. He never pays anything but with strictness of law, for fear of which only he steals not. He loves to pay short a shilling or two in a great sum, and is glad to gain that when he can no more. He never sees friend but in a journey to save the charges of an inn, and then only is not sick; and his friends never see him but to abuse him. He is a fellow indeed of a kind of frantic thrift, and one of the strangest things that wealth can work.

Complete. Number LXXIV. of "Microcosmography."

ON A MERE GREAT MAN

A MERE great man is so much heraldry without honor, himself less real than his title. His virtue is, that he was his father's son, and all the expectation of him to beget another. A man that lives merely to preserve another's memory, and let us know who died so many years ago. One of just as much use as his images, only he differs in this, that he can speak himself, and save the fellow of Westminster a labor: and he remembers nothing better than what was out of his life. His grandfathers and their acts are his discourse, and he tells them with more glory than they did them: and it is well they did enough, or else he had wanted matter. His other studies are his sports and those vices that are fit for great men. Every vanity of his has his officer, and is a serious employment for his servants. He talks loud, and bawdily, and scurvily as a part of state, and they hear him with reverence. All good qualities are below him, and especially learning, except some parcels of the chronicle and the writing of his name, which he learns to write not to be read. He is merely of his servants' faction, and their instrument for their friends and enemies, and is always least thanked for his own courtesies. They that fool him most do most with him, and he little thinks how many laugh at him bare-head. No man is

kept in ignorance more of himself and men, for he hears naught but flattery; and what is fit to be spoken, truth with so much preface that it loses itself. Thus he lives till his tomb be made ready, and is then a grave statue to posterity.

Complete. Number LXXV. of "Microcosmography."

ON AN ORDINARY HONEST FELLOW

An ordinary honest fellow is one whom it concerns to be called honest, for if he were not this, he were nothing: and yet he is not this neither, but a good, dull, vicious fellow, that complies well with the deboshments of the time, and is fit for it. One that has no good part in him to offend his company, or make him to be suspected a proud fellow, but is sociably a dunce, and sociably a drinker. That does it fair and above board without legerdemain, and neither sharks for a cup or a reckoning; that is kind over his beer, and protests he loves you, and begins to you again, and loves you again. One that quarrels with no man, but for not pledging him, but takes all absurdities and commits as many, and is no telltale next morning, though he remember it. One that will fight for his friend if he hear him abused, and his friend commonly is he that is most likely, and he lifts up many a jug in his defense. He rails against none but censurers, against whom he thinks he rails lawfully, and censures all those that are better than himself. These good properties qualify him for honesty enough, and raise him high in the alehouse commendation, who, if he had any other good quality, would be named by that. But now for refuge he is an honest man, and hereafter a sot; only those that commend him think him not so, and those that commend him are honest fellows.

Complete. Number LXXVII. of "Microcosmography."

MARIA EDGEWORTH

(1767–1849)

MISS EDGEWORTH'S essay on "Irish Bulls" is really a collection of essays and sketches, the joint work of Miss Edgeworth and her father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth. In writing his biography, she says that though she does not clearly remember which parts are entirely her own, those which contain classical allusions must be his, as she was "entirely ignorant of the learned languages." This seems to transfer to her father the celebrated sketch of the quarrel between Dublin shoeblacks, which Saintsbury attributes to her. It is well enough she should be relieved of it, for there is something unfeminine and uncharacteristic of her in the classical jesting on the use of the shoe knife in a street quarrel. Taking the essay on "Irish Bulls" as a whole, it had a narrow escape from the greatness as an essay, which Miss Edgeworth achieved as a novelist. She was born in Oxfordshire, England, in 1767, but she belongs of right to Ireland, where she went when only twelve years old. "The Absentee," one of the many powerful novels in which she rallied the forces of fiction to the aid of good morals, is a plea for justice for the Irish peasantry against nonresident landlords. She died in 1849, after having written eighteen volumes of the best fiction of modern times. Nearly always she is a good artist as well as a good woman and a good preacher; and if sometimes she stops the story too long in the interest of the sermon, it ought to be forgiven her for the sake of her entire unlikeness to the Sapphos of "end-of-the-century" fiction.

THE ORIGINALITY OF IRISH BULLS EXAMINED

THE difficulty of selecting from the vulgar herd of Irish bulls one that shall be entitled to the prize, from the united merits of pre-eminent absurdity and indisputable originality, is greater than hasty judges may imagine. Many bulls, reputed to be bred and born in Ireland, are of foreign extraction; and many more, supposed to be unrivaled in their kind, may be matched in all their capital points: for instance, there is not a

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

After the Painting by Chappel.

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more celebrated bull than Paddy Blake's. When Paddy heard an English gentleman speaking of the fine echo at the lake of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, he very promptly observed: "Faith, that's nothing at all to the echo in my father's garden, in the county of Galway: if you say to it, 'How do you do, Paddy Blake?' it will answer, 'Pretty well, I thank you, sir.'"

Now this echo of Paddy Blake, which has long been the admiration of the world, is not a prodigy unique in its kind; it can be matched by one recorded in the immortal works of the great Lord Verulam.

"I remember well," says this father of philosophy, "that when I went to the echo at Port Charenton, there was an old Parisian that took it to be the work of spirits, and of good spirits; 'for,' said he, 'call Satan, and the echo will not deliver back the devil's name, but will say Va-t-en.'"

The Parisian echo is surely superior to the Hibernian! Paddy Blake's simply understood and practiced the common rules of good breeding; but the Port Charenton echo is "instinct with spirit," and endowed with a nice moral sense.

Among the famous bulls recorded by the illustrious Joe Miller, there is one which has been continually quoted as an example of original Irish genius. An English gentleman was writing a letter in a coffeehouse, and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was taking that liberty which Hephæstion used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting his seal upon the lips of the curious impertinent, the Englishman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice; he concluded writing his letter in these words: "I would say more, but a —— tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write."

"You lie, you scoundrel!" said the self-convicted Hibernian.

This blunder is unquestionably excellent; but it is not originally Irish: it comes, with other riches, from the East, as the reader may find by looking into a book by M. Galland, entitled, "The Remarkable Sayings of the Eastern Nations."

"A learned man was writing to a friend; a troublesome fellow was beside him, who was looking over his shoulder at what he was writing. The learned man, who perceived this, continued writing in these words, 'If an impertinent chap, who stands beside me, were not looking at what I write, I would write

many other things to you which should be known only to you and to me.'

"The troublesome fellow, who was reading on, now thought it incumbent upon him to speak, and said, 'I swear to you that I have not read or looked at what you are writing.'

"The learned man replied, 'Blockhead, as you are, why then do you say to me what you are now saying?'"

Making allowance for the difference of manners in eastern and northern nations, there is certainly such a similarity between this Oriental anecdote and Joe Miller's story, that we may conclude the latter is stolen from the former. Now an Irish bull must be a species of blunder peculiar to Ireland; those that we have hitherto examined, though they may be called Irish bulls by the ignorant vulgar, have no right title or claim to such a distinction. We should invariably exclude from that class all blunders which can be found in another country. For instance, a speech of the celebrated Irish beauty, Lady C—— has been called a bull; but as a parallel can be produced, in the speech of an English nobleman, it tells for nothing. When her ladyship was presented at court, his Majesty George II. politely hoped "that, since her arrival in England, she had been entertained with the gayeties of London."

"O yes, please your Majesty, I have seen every sight in London worth seeing, except a coronation."

This *naïveté* is certainly not equal to that of the English earl marshal, who, when his king found fault with some arrangement at his coronation, said, "Please your Majesty I hope it will be better the next time."

A *naïveté* of the same species entailed a heavy tax upon the inhabitants of Beaune, in France. Beaune is famous for Burgundy; and Henry IV. passing through his kingdom, stopped there, and was well entertained by his loyal subjects. His Majesty praised the Burgundy which they set before him — "It was excellent! it was admirable!"

"O sire!" cried they, "do you think this excellent? we have much finer Burgundy than this."

"Have you so? then you can afford to pay for it," cried Henry IV.; and he laid a double tax thenceforward upon the Burgundy of Beaune.

Of the same class of blunders is the following speech, which we actually heard not long ago from an Irishman: —

"Please your worship, he sent me to the devil, and I came straight to your honor."

We thought this an original Irish blunder, till we recollected its prototype in Marmontel's "Annette and Lubin." Lubin concludes his harangue with, "The bailiff sent us to the devil, and we came to put ourselves under your protection, my lord."

The French, at least in former times, were celebrated for politeness; yet we meet with a *naïve* compliment of a Frenchman which would have been accounted a bull if it had been found in Ireland: —

A gentleman was complimenting Madame Denis on the manner in which she had just acted Zara. "To act that part," said she, "a person should be young and handsome." "Ah, madam!" replied the complimenter *naïvement*, "you are a complete proof of the contrary."

We know not any original Irish blunder superior to this, unless it be that which Lord Orford pronounced to be the best bull that he had ever heard: —

"I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at one who had been his nurse, "I hate that woman, for she changed me at nurse."

Lord Orford particularly admires this bull, because in the confusion of the blunderer's ideas he is not clear even of his personal identity. Philosophers will not perhaps be so ready as his lordship has been to call this a blunder of the first magnitude. Those who have never been initiated into the mysteries of metaphysics may have the presumptuous ignorance to fancy that they understand what is meant by the common words I or me; but the able metaphysician knows better than Lord Orford's changeling how to prove, to our satisfaction, that we know nothing of the matter.

"Personal identity," says Locke, "consists not in the identity of substance, but in the identity of consciousness, wherein Socrates and the present Mayor of Quinborough agree they are the same person; if the same Socrates sleeping and waking do not partake of the same consciousness, Socrates waking and sleeping is not the same person; and to punish Socrates waking for what sleeping Socrates thought, and waking Socrates was never conscious of, would be no more right than to punish one twin for what his brother twin did, whereof he knew nothing, because their out-

sides are so like that they could not be distinguished; for such twins have been seen."

We may presume that our Hibernian's consciousness could not retrograde to the time when he was changed at nurse; consequently there was no continuity of identity between the infant and the man who expressed his hatred of the nurse for perpetrating the fraud. At all events, the confusion of identity which excited Lord Orford's admiration in our Hibernian is by no means unprecedented in France, England, or ancient Greece, and consequently it cannot be an instance of national idiosyncrasy, or an Irish bull. We find a similar blunder in Spain, in the time of Cervantes:—

"Pray tell me, Squire," says the duchess, in "Don Quixote," "is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, who professes himself the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"The very same, my lady," answered Sancho; "and I myself am that very squire of his who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that history, unless they have changed me in the cradle."

In Moliere's "Amphitryon" there is a dialogue between Mercure and Sosie evidently taken from the Attic Lucian. Sosie, being completely puzzled out of his personal identity, if not out of his senses, says literally, "Of my being myself I begin to doubt in good earnest; yet when I feel myself, and when I recollect myself, it seems to me that I am I."

We see that the puzzle about identity proves at last to be of Grecian origin. It is really edifying to observe how those things which have long been objects of popular admiration shrink and fade when exposed to the light of strict examination. An experienced critic proposed that a work should be written to inquire into the pretensions of modern writers to original invention, to trace their thefts, and to restore the property to the ancient owners. Such a work would require powers and erudition beyond what can be expected from any ordinary individual; the labor must be shared among numbers, and we are proud to assist in ascertaining the rightful property even of bulls and blunders; though without pretending, like some literary bloodhounds, to follow up a plagiarism where common sagacity is at a fault.

Chapter I. of "Irish Bulls" complete.

"HEADS OR TAILS" IN DUBLIN

(This sketch is probably by Miss Edgeworth's father)

A QUARREL happened between two shoeblacks, who were playing at what in England is called "pitch-farthing" or "heads and tails," and in Ireland "head or harp." One of the combatants threw a small paving stone at his opponent, who drew out the knife with which he used to scrape shoes, and plunged it up to the hilt in his companion's breast. It is necessary for our story to say that near the hilt of this knife was stamped the name of Lamprey, an eminent cutler in Dublin. The shoeblack was brought to trial. With a number of insignificant gestures, which on his audience had all the powers that Demosthenes ascribes to action, he, in a language not purely Attic, gave the following account of the affair to his judge:—

"Why, my lard, as I was going past the Royal Exchange, I meets Billy. 'Billy,' says I, 'will you sky a copper?' 'Done,' say he, 'Done,' says I; and done and done's enough between two gantlemen. With that I ranged them fair and even with my hook-em-snivey—up they go. 'Music!' says he;—'Sculls!' says I; and down they come, three brown mazards. 'By the holy! you flesh'd 'em,' says he. 'You lie,' says I. With that he ups with a lump of a two-year-old, and lets drive at me. I outs with my bread-earner, and gives it him up to Lamprey in the bread-basket."

To make this intelligible to the English, some comments are necessary. Let us follow the text, step by step, and it will afford our readers, as Lord Kames says of Blair's "Dissertation on Ossian," a delicious morsel of criticism.

"As I was going past the Royal Exchange, I meets Billy."

In this apparently simple exordium, the scene and the meeting with Billy are brought before the eye by the judicious use of the present tense.

"Billy, says I, will you sky a copper?"

"A copper!" genus pro specie! the generic name of copper for the base individual halfpenny.

"Sky a copper."

To "sky" is a new verb, which none but a master hand could have coined. A more splendid metonymy could not be applied

upon a more trivial occasion. The lofty idea of raising a metal to the skies is substituted for the mean thought of tossing up a halfpenny. Our orator compresses his hyperbole into a single word.

"Up they go," continues our orator.

"Music!" says he; "Sculls!" says I.

Metaphor continually: on one side of an Irish halfpenny there is a harp; this is expressed by the general term "music," which is finely contrasted with the word "scull."

"Down they come, three brown mazards."

"Mazards!" how the diction of our orator is enriched from the vocabulary of Shakespeare! The word "head," instead of being changed for a more general term, is here brought distinctly to the eye by the term "mazard" or "face," which is more appropriate to his Majesty's profile than the word "scull" or "head."

"By the holy! you flesh'd 'em," says he.

"By the holy!" is an oath in which more is meant than meets the ear; it is an ellipsis — an abridgment of an oath. The full formula runs thus — By the holy poker of hell! This instrument is of Irish invention or imagination. It seems a useful piece of furniture in the place for which it is intended, to stir the devouring flames, and thus to increase the torments of the damned. Great judgment is necessary to direct an orator how to suit his terms to his auditors, so as not to shock their feelings either by what is too much above or too much below common life. In the use of oaths, where the passions are warm, this must be particularly attended to, else they lose their effect, and seem more the result of the head than of the heart. But to proceed.

"By the holy! you flesh'd 'em."

"To flesh" is another verb of Irish coinage; it means, in shoeblack dialect, to touch a halfpenny, as it goes up into the air, with the fleshy part of the thumb, so as to turn it which way you please, and thus to cheat your opponent. What an intricate explanation saved by one word!

"'You lie,' says I."

Here no periphrasis would do the business.

"With that he ups with a lump of a two-year-old, and lets drive at me."

"He ups with." A verb is here formed with two prepositions — a novelty in grammar. Conjunctions, we all know, are cor-

rupted Anglo-Saxon verbs; but prepositions, according to Horne Tooke, derive only from Anglo-Saxon nouns.

All this time it is possible that the mere English reader may not be able to guess what it is that our orator ups with or takes up. He should be apprised that a "lump of a two-year-old" is a middle-sized stone. This is a metaphor, borrowed partly from the grazier's vocabulary, and partly from the arithmeticians' *vade mecum*. A stone, to come under the denomination of a "lump of a two-year-old," must be to a less stone as a two-year-old calf is to a yearling; or it must be to a larger stone than itself as a two-year-old calf is to an ox. Here the scholar sees that there must be two statements,—one in the rule of three direct, and one in the rule of three inverse,—to obtain precisely the thing required; yet the untutored Irishman, without suspecting the necessity of this operose process, arrives at the solution of the problem by some short cut of his own, as he clearly evinces by the propriety of his metaphor. To be sure, there seems some incongruity in his throwing this "lump of a two-year-old" calf at his adversary. No man but that of Milo could be strong enough for such a feat. Upon recollection, however, bold as this figure may seem, there are precedents for its use.

"We read in a certain author," says Beattie, "of a giant, who, in his wrath, tore off the top of the promontory, and flung it at the enemy; and so huge was the mass, that you might, says he, have seen goats browsing on it as it flew through the air." Compared with this our orator's figure is cold and tame.

"I outs with my bread-earner," continues he.

We forbear to comment on "outs with," because the intelligent critic immediately perceives that it has the same sort of merit ascribed to "ups with." What our hero dignifies with the name of his bread-earner is the knife with which, by scraping shoes, he earned his bread. Pope's ingenious critic, Mr. Warton, bestows judicious praise upon the art with which this poet, in the "Rape of the Lock," has used many "periphrases and uncommon expressions" to avoid mentioning the name of scissors, which would sound too vulgar for epic dignity—fatal engine, forfex, meeting points, etc. Though the metonymy of "bread-earner" for a shoeblack's knife may not equal these in elegance, it perhaps surpasses them in ingenuity.

"I gives it him up to Lamprey in the bread-basket."

Homer is happy in his description of wounds, but this surpasses him in the characteristic choice of circumstance. "Up to Lamprey" gives us at once a complete idea of the length, breadth, and thickness of the wound, without the assistance of the coroner. It reminds us of a passage in Virgil—

"*Cervice orantis capulo tenus abdidit ensem.*"

"Up to the hilt his shining falchion sheathed."

From "Irish Bulls."

JONATHAN EDWARDS

(1703–1758)

JONATHAN EDWARDS, the first great metaphysical writer born in America, says of himself that he "possessed a constitution in many respects peculiarly unhappy, attended with flaccid solids, vapid, sizy, and scarce fluids, and a low tide of spirits, often occasioning a kind of childish weakness and contemptibleness of speech, presence, and demeanor." Perhaps it was the reaction of his extraordinary intellect against this physical organization which made possible for him the pitch of eloquence illustrated in his sermons on the sufferings of the lost in hell. While his celebrity is due chiefly to these, the permanent place which he holds in English literature is due to writings on metaphysical subjects to which he was inspired by Locke.

He was born at East Windsor, Connecticut, October 5th, 1703. His father was Rev. Timothy Edwards, and as his mother was the daughter of a clergyman, it may have been partly a result of such heredity that in his eighth or ninth year he "experienced two remarkable seasons of awakening,"—he being even then engaged with the attempt to solve "problems of God's sovereignty," which led him afterwards to write his treatise on "The Freedom of the Will" (1754). He had begun the study of Latin at the age of six, and the six years he spent at Yale, including two years after his graduation, made him a scholar of extraordinary attainments. He began preaching in 1722, spending eight months in New York, and returning to New England to continue his studies. In 1723 he became a tutor in Yale College, remaining there until 1726, when he returned to the pulpit, preaching at Northampton from 1727 until 1750, when he retired on account of a disagreement with his congregation over the propriety of prohibiting the younger members from reading books which he regarded as immoral. Becoming a missionary among the Housatonic Indians in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, he found leisure among them for completing four metaphysical works, including that on "The Freedom of the Will," which made him famous. As a result he was chosen president of Princeton College, and installed February 16th, 1758. The smallpox was then prevalent in New Jersey, and as it was before the introduction of vaccination he was "inoculated" with the disease in its virulent form. His death resulted March 22d, 1758.

Among his works are "A Treatise Concerning the Religious Affections," 1746; "An Essay on the Freedom of the Will," 1754; and "The Doctrine of Original Sin Defended," 1758. His writings suggest his power, but it is only when his imagination has free play in such sermons as "Wrath upon the Wicked to the Uttermost" that he reaches his climaxes. The "Transcendentalist" and "Come Outer" movements in New England, which made Emerson and Thoreau possible, are generally attributed to the reaction against the dreadful pictures drawn by the highly poetical imagination which inspired these sermons.

ON ORDER, BEAUTY, AND HARMONY

THAT consent, agreement, or union of Being to Being, which has been spoken of, *viz.*, the union or propensity of minds to mental or spiritual existence, may be called the highest, and first, or primary beauty that is to be found among things that exist; being the proper and peculiar beauty of spiritual and moral Beings, which are the highest and first part of the universal system, for whose sake all the rest has existence. Yet there is another inferior, secondary beauty, which is some image of this, and which is not peculiar to spiritual Beings, but is found even in inanimate things; which consists in a mutual consent and agreement of different things in form, manner, quantity, and visible end or design; called by the various names of regularity, order, uniformity, symmetry, proportion, harmony. Such is the mutual agreement of the various sides of a square, or equilateral triangle, or of a regular polygon. Such is, as it were, the mutual consent of the different parts of the periphery of a circle, or surface of a sphere, and of the corresponding parts of an ellipsis. Such is the agreement of the colors, figures, dimensions, and distances of the different spots on the chessboard. Such is the beauty of the figures on a piece of chintz or brocade. Such is the beautiful proportion of the various parts of a human body or countenance. And such is the sweet, mutual consent and agreement of the various notes of a melodious tune. This is the same that Mr. Hutcheson, in his "Treatise on Beauty," expresses by uniformity in the midst of variety; which is no other than the consent or agreement of different things, in form, quantity, etc. He observes that the greater the variety is, in equal uniformity the greater the beauty; which is no more than to

say, the more there are of different mutually agreeing things, the greater is the beauty. And the reason of that is because it is more considerable to have many things consent one with another than a few only.

The beauty which consists in the visible fitness of a thing to its use and unity of design is not a distinct sort of beauty from this. For it is to be observed that one thing which contributes to the beauty of the agreement and proportion of various things is their relation one to another; which connects them, and introduces them together into view and consideration, and whereby one suggests the other to the mind, and the mind is led to compare them, and so to expect and desire agreement. Thus the uniformity of two or more pillars, as they may happen to be found in different places, is not an equal degree of beauty, as that uniformity in so many pillars in the corresponding parts of the same building. So means and an intended effect are related one to another. The answerableness of a thing to its use is only the proportion, fitness, and agreeing of a cause or means to a visibly designed effect, and so an effect suggested to the mind by the idea of the means. This kind of beauty is not entirely different from that beauty which there is in fitting a mortise to its tenon. Only when the beauty consists in unity of design, or the adaptedness of a variety of things to promote one intended effect, in which all conspire, as the various parts of an ingenious complicated machine, there is a double beauty, as there is a twofold agreement and conformity. First, there is the agreement of the various parts to the designed end. Second, through this, *viz.*, the designed end or effect, all the various particulars agree one with another, as the general medium of their union, whereby being united in this third, they thereby are all united one to another.

The reason, or at least one reason, why God has made this kind of mutual consent and agreement of things beautiful and grateful to those intelligent Beings that perceive it, probably is that there is in it some image of the true, spiritual, original beauty which has been spoken of; consisting in Being's consent to Being, or the union of minds or spiritual Beings in a mutual propensity and affection of heart. The other is an image of this, because by that uniformity diverse things become as it were one, as it is in this cordial union. And it pleases God to observe

analogy in his works, as is manifest in fact in innumerable instances; and especially to establish inferior things in an analogy to superior. Thus, in how many instances has he formed brutes in analogy to the nature of mankind! And plants in analogy to animals with respect to the manner of their generation and nutrition! And so he has constituted the external world in an analogy to things in the spiritual world, in numberless instances; as might be shown, if it were necessary, and here were proper place and room for it. Why such analogy in God's works pleases him, it is not needful now to inquire. It is sufficient that he makes an agreement or consent of different things, in their form, manner, measure, to appear beautiful, because here is some image of a higher kind of agreement and consent of spiritual Beings. It has pleased him to establish a law of nature, by virtue of which the uniformity and mutual correspondence of a beautiful plant, and the respect which the various parts of a regular building seem to have one to another, and their agreement and union, and the consent or concord of the various notes of a melodious tune, should appear beautiful; because therein is some image of the consent of mind, of the different members of a society or system of intelligent Beings sweetly united in a benevolent agreement of heart. And here, by the way, I would further observe, probably it is with regard to this image or resemblance which secondary beauty has of true spiritual beauty, that God has so constituted nature that the presenting of this inferior beauty, especially in those kinds of it which have the greatest resemblance of the primary beauty, as the harmony of sounds and the beauties of nature, have a tendency to assist those whose hearts are under the influence of a truly virtuous temper to dispose them to the exercises of divine love, and enliven in them a sense of spiritual beauty. . . .

This secondary kind of beauty, consisting in uniformity and proportion, not only takes place in material and external things, but also in things immaterial; and is, in very many things, plain and sensible in the latter as well as the former; and when it is so, there is no reason why it should not be grateful to them that behold it, in these as well as the other, by virtue of the same sense, or the same determination of mind to be gratified with uniformity and proportion. If uniformity and proportion be the things that affect and appear agreeable to this sense of beauty,

then why should not uniformity and proportion affect the same sense in immaterial things as well as material, if there be equal capacity of discerning it in both? And indeed more in spiritual things (*cæteris paribus*) as these are more important than things merely external and material.

This is not only reasonable to be supposed, but it is evident in fact, in numberless instances. There is a beauty of order in society, besides what consists in benevolence, or can be referred to it, which is of the secondary kind. As when the different members of society have all their appointed office, place, and station, according to their several capacities and talents, and every one keeps his place and continues in his proper business. In this there is a beauty, not of a different kind from the regularity of a beautiful building, or piece of skillful architecture, where the strong pillars are set in their proper place, the pilasters in a place fit for them, the square pieces of marble in the pavement, in a place suitable for them, the panels in the walls and partitions in their proper places, the cornices in places proper for them, etc. As the agreement of a variety in one common design of the parts of a building, or complicated machine, is one instance of that regularity, which belongs to the secondary kind of beauty, so there is the same kind of beauty in immaterial things, in what is called wisdom, consisting in the united tendency of thoughts, ideas, and particular volitions, to one general purpose; which is a distinct thing from the goodness of that general purpose, as being useful and benevolent.

So there is a beauty in the virtue called justice, which consists in the agreement of different things, that have relation to one another, in nature, manner, and measure, and therefore is the very same sort of beauty with that uniformity and proportion, which is observable in those external and material things that are esteemed beautiful. There is a natural agreement and adaptedness of things that have relation one to another, and a harmonious corresponding of one thing to another; that he who from his will does evil to others should receive evil from the will of others, or from the will of him or them whose business it is to take care of the injured, and to act in their behalf; and that he should suffer evil in proportion to the evil of his doings. Things are in natural regularity and mutual agreement, not in a metaphorical but literal sense, when he whose heart opposes the

general system should have the hearts of that system, or the heart of the head and ruler of the system, against him; and that, in consequence, he should receive evil in proportion to the evil tendency of the opposition of his heart. So there is a like agreement in nature and measure, when he that loves has the proper returns of love, when he that from his heart promotes the good of another has his good promoted by the other; as there is a kind of justice in a becoming gratitude.

From a "Dissertation on the Nature of True Virtue."

GEORGE ELIOT.

After the Etching by E. A. Fowle.

THIS portrait of George Eliot has displaced all others in popular favor. The face shows the severe genius which found its highest expression in the "Choir Invisible," without doubt the sublimest poem ever written by an Englishwoman. In her prose George Eliot has no equal among the women of the nineteenth century.

"GEORGE ELIOT"

(MARY ANN EVANS)

(1819–1880)

"The Impressions of Theophrastus Such" appeared in 1879; and as "George Eliot" was then in her sixtieth year, it may be assumed that the essays in sequence which compose the volume represent her matured views of life and morals. Those who remember the great influence over her life exerted by George Henry Lewes may be surprised at the conservatism, both of style and thought, which controls, if it does not characterize, her writings as an essayist. In "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such," as in the "Leaves from a Note Book," and in her essays contributed to English reviews, she shows that unconsciously she is at bottom a "Low-Church" Englishwoman, governed by all the virtues which belong to good women in England through the heredity of a hundred generations of clean and virtuous lives.

In the literary history of England and of civilization she belongs to a period of storm and stress when great contending forces met in a struggle which seemed full of promise or of menace, as those who viewed it were inspired by courage or depressed by timidity. In England, in 1849, when the death of her father threw her on her own resources, the intellectual development of the century, as it influenced men of such varying activities as Darwin, Carlyle, Cobden, and Bright, was being met by the marshaling of the great forces which were to precipitate the Empire in France and the Crimean War after it, as means of postponing the millenium of popular enfranchisement annonnced by the Hugos, the Mazzinis, and the Heckers,—Idealists who believed in progress at any cost of the profits of that inertia which calculates percentages upon the *status quo*, no matter what it is. In such periods of disturbance, visionaries, whose disorderly imagination frees itself from the restraints of judgment, set up as prophets of a new and fantastic social order, and the air grows thick with the *evoes* of their vaticination. Society is to be taken apart as a child takes apart its doll after discovering that its faculty of crying depends on pieces of pine and sheepskin and that it is stuffed with a very unsightly article of sawdust. The analytical faculty threatens the constructive — or at least seems to do so, until every abuse which the world was about

to get rid of through the imperceptible processes of progress, is turned into a sacrosanct part of the Established Order and given sanctuary in whatever Holy of Holies orthodoxy has to offer. With Carlyle preaching Goethe's "Elective Affinities," and half a hundred aspiring prophets of a new dispensation of phalanxes and agapemones, announcing a "new order" under which virtue is to consist in having the largest number of passions and the greatest possible means of gratifying them, it is no wonder that English conservatism was able to shift its ground and take the aggressive. George Henry Lewes, who among English men of letters sympathized most strongly with Fourier's theory that morals and the repressive philosophy founded on morals are a mistake, came into the life of Mary Ann Evans, then leading the life of a literary woman in London, and his influence over her was in one sense decisive.

But Lewes himself was fundamentally a man of good impulses, and, in spite of the great intellectual disturbance of her time and of her own life, George Eliot retained *il ben del intelletto*,—that moral soundness which alone gives intellectual strength its value,—which in Dante's hell is lost irretrievably not by those who err most, but by those who venture nothing. Born on an English farm, the daughter of an English middle-class family ambitious enough to educate her above the average of the time, she had ingrained into her in her girlhood the tradition of goodness for which the virtuous Englishwoman has stood ever since the study of her character made Shakespeare great. The accident of her acquaintance with a family which was impregnated with the German "transcendentalism," then fashionable, turned her intellectually into "an extreme Radical," but her radicalism was never that of a disordered intellect. She rose superior to her mistakes by force of the inherent nobility of character which enabled her to write "The Choir Invisible,"— without doubt, the noblest blank verse of the nineteenth century. Her "Scenes of Clerical Life," which appeared in 1857, were written at the suggestion of Lewes with whom she had formed an association in 1854. She had begun her literary career in London as assistant editor of the Westminster Review, and her first work was that of an essayist; but Lewes discovered her talent as a novelist and persuaded her to develop it. "Adam Bede," in which it is said she used her father as "a prototype of her hero," followed "Scenes of Clerical Life" and established her place as one of the greatest novelists of the century. Her subsequent novels merely confirmed her title to the rank she had so easily taken, and at her death, December 22d, 1880, she had won for herself the approval not merely of English aristocratic conservatism, but of Puritanism itself. Her faults of judgment—and they were grave; her follies—and they were hers by infection from some of the most

dangerous of all intellectual insanities — were wiped out by the strength of her sympathy for mankind. Much was given and forgiven her because she had loved much — with a love possible only for those who crucify passion that they may

«Live again
«In hearts made better by their presence.»

W. V. B.

MORAL SWINDLERS

It is a familiar example of irony in the degradation of words that «what a man is worth» has come to mean how much money he possesses; but there seems a deeper and more melancholy irony in the shrunken meaning that popular or polite speech assigns to «morality» and «morals.» The poor part these words are made to play recalls the fate of those pagan divinities who, after being understood to rule the powers of the air and the destinies of men, came down to the level of insignificant demons, or were even made a farcical show for the amusement of the multitude.

Talking to Melissa in a time of commercial trouble, I found her disposed to speak pathetically of the disgrace which had fallen on Sir Gavial Mantrap, because of his conduct in relation to the Eocene Mines, and to other companies ingeniously devised by him for the punishment of ignorance in people of small means: a disgrace by which the poor titled gentleman was actually reduced to live in comparative obscurity on his wife's settlement of one or two hundred thousand in the consols.

«Surely your pity is misapplied,» said I, rather dubiously, for I like the comfort of trusting that correct moral judgment is the strong point in woman (seeing that she has a majority of about a million in our island), and I imagined that Melissa might have some unexpressed grounds for her opinion. «I should have thought you would rather be sorry for Mantrap's victims — the widows, spinsters, and hard-working fathers whom his unscrupulous haste to make himself rich has cheated of all their savings, while he is eating well, lying softly, and after impudently justifying himself before the public, is perhaps joining in the General Confession with a sense that he is an acceptable object in the sight of God, though decent men refuse to meet him.»

«Oh, all that about the Companies, I know, was most unfortunate. In commerce people are led to do so many things, and he might not know exactly how everything would turn out. But Sir Gavial made a good use of his money, and he is a thoroughly moral man.»

«What do you mean by a thoroughly moral man?» said I.

«Oh, I suppose every one means the same by that,» said Melissa, with a slight air of rebuke. «Sir Gavial is an excellent family man — quite blameless there; and so charitable round his place at Tip-Top. Very different from Mr. Barabbas, whose life, my husband tells me, is most objectionable, with actresses and that sort of thing. I think a man's morals should make a difference to us. I'm not sorry for Mr. Barabbas, but I am sorry for Sir Gavial Mantrap.»

I will not repeat my answer to Melissa, for I fear it was offensively brusque, my opinion being that Sir Gavial was the more pernicious scoundrel of the two, since his name for virtue served as an effective part of a swindling apparatus; and perhaps I hinted that to call such a man moral showed rather a silly notion of human affairs. In fact, I had an angry wish to be instructive, and Melissa, as will sometimes happen, noticed my anger without appropriating my instruction; for I have since heard that she speaks of me as rather violent tempered, and not overstrict in my views of morality.

I wish that this narrow use of words which are wanted in their full meaning were confined to women like Melissa. Seeing that Morality and Morals under their *alias* of Ethics are the subject of voluminous discussion, and their true basis a pressing matter of dispute, — seeing that the most famous book ever written on Ethics, and forming a chief study in our colleges, allies ethical with political science, or that which treats of the constitution and prosperity of States, one might expect that educated men would find reason to avoid a perversion of language which lends itself to no wider view of life than that of village gossips. Yet I find even respectable historians of our own and of foreign countries, after showing that a king was treacherous, rapacious, and ready to sanction gross breaches in the administration of justice, end by praising him for his pure moral character, by which one must suppose them to mean that he was not lewd or debauched, not the European twin of the typical Indian potentate whom Macaulay describes as passing his life in chewing bang and

fondling dancing girls. And since we are sometimes told of such maleficent kings that they were religious, we arrive at the curious result that the most serious wide-reaching duties of man lie quite outside both Morality and Religion,—the one of these consisting in not keeping mistresses (and perhaps not drinking too much), and the other in certain ritual and spiritual transactions with God, which can be carried on equally well side by side with the basest conduct toward men.

With such a classification as this, it is no wonder, considering the strong reaction of language on thought, that many minds, dizzy with indigestion of recent science and philosophy, are far to seek for the grounds of social duty, and without entertaining any private intention of commiting a perjury which would ruin an innocent man, or seeking gain by supplying bad preserved meats to our navy, feel themselves speculatively obliged to inquire why they should not do so, and are inclined to measure their intellectual subtlety by their dissatisfaction with all answers to this "Why?" It is of little use to theorize in ethics, while our habitual phraseology stamps the larger part of our social duties as something that lies aloof from the deepest needs and affections of our nature. The informal definitions of popular language are the only medium through which theory really affects the mass of minds even among the nominally educated; and when a man whose business hours—the solid part of every day—are spent in an unscrupulous course of public or private action which has every calculable chance of causing widespread injury and misery, can be called moral because he comes home to dine with his wife and children, and cherishes the happiness of his own hearth, the augury is not good for the use of high ethical and theological disputation.

Not for one moment would one willingly lose sight of the truth that the relation of the sexes and the primary ties of kinship are the deepest roots of human well-being, but to make them by themselves the equivalent of morality is verbally to cut off the channels of feeling through which they are the feeders of that well-being. They are the original fountains of a sensibility to the claims of others which is the bond of societies; but being necessarily in the first instance a private good, there is always the danger that individual selfishness will see in them only the best part of its own gain; just as knowledge, navigation, commerce, and all the conditions which are of a nature to awaken

men's consciousness of their mutual dependence and to make the world one great society, are the occasions of selfish, unfair action, of war and oppression, so long as the public conscience or chief force of feeling and opinion is not uniform and strong enough in its insistence on what is demanded by the general welfare. And among the influences that must retard a right public judgment, the degradation of words which involve praise and blame will be reckoned worth protesting against by every mature observer. To rob words of half their meaning, while they retain their dignity as qualifications, is like allowing to men who have lost half their faculties the same high and perilous command which they won in their time of vigor; or like selling food and seeds after fraudulently abstracting their best virtues: in each case what ought to be beneficently strong is fatally enfeebled, if not empoisoned. Until we have altered our dictionaries, and have found some other word than morality to stand in popular use for the duties of man to man, let us refuse to accept as moral the contractor who enriches himself by using large machinery to make pasteboard soles pass as leather for the feet of unhappy conscripts fighting at miserable odds against invaders; let us rather call him a miscreant, though he were the tenderest, most faithful of husbands, and contend that his own experience of home happiness makes his reckless infliction of suffering on others all the more atrocious. Let us refuse to accept as moral any political leader who should allow his conduct in relation to great issues to be determined by egoistic passion, and boldly say that he would be less immoral, even though he were as lax in his personal habits as Sir Robert Walpole, if at the same time his sense of the public welfare were supreme in his mind, quelling all pettier impulses beneath a magnanimous impartiality. And though we were to find among that class of journalists who live by recklessly reporting injurious rumors, insinuating the blackest motives in opponents, descanting at large, and with an air of infallibility, on dreams which they both find and interpret, and stimulating bad feeling between nations by abusive writing, which is as empty of real conviction as the rage of a pantomime king, and would be ludicrous if its effects did not make it appear diabolical,—though we were to find among these a man who was benignancy itself in his own circle, a healer of private differences, a soother in private calamities, let us pronounce him, nevertheless, flagrantly immoral, a root of hideous cancer in the commonwealth,

turning the channels of instruction into feeders of social and political disease.

In opposite ways one sees bad effects likely to be encouraged by this narrow use of the word morals, shutting out from its meaning half those actions of a man's life which tell momentously on the well-being of his fellow-citizens, and on the preparation of a future for the children growing up around him.

Thoroughness of workmanship, care in the execution of every task undertaken, as if it were the acceptance of a trust which it would be a breach of faith not to discharge well, is a form of duty so momentous that if it were to die out from the feeling and practice of a people, all reforms of institutions would be helpless to create national prosperity and national happiness. Do we desire to see public spirit penetrating all classes of the community and affecting every man's conduct, so that he shall make neither the saving of his soul nor any other private saving an excuse for indifference to the general welfare? Well and good. But the sort of public spirit that scamps its bread-winning work, whether with the trowel, the pen, or the overseeing brain, that it may hurry to scenes of political or social agitation, would be as baleful a gift to our people as any malignant demon could devise. One best part of educational training is that which comes through special knowledge and manipulative or other skill, with its usual accompaniment of delight in relation to work which is the daily bread-winning occupation — which is a man's contribution to the effective wealth of society in return for what he takes as his own share. But this duty of doing one's proper work well, and taking care that every product of one's labor shall be genuinely what it pretends to be, is not only left out of morals in popular speech, it is very little insisted on by public teachers, at least in the only effective way — by tracing the continuous effects of ill-done work. Some of them seem to be still hopeful that it will follow as a necessary consequence from week-day services, ecclesiastical decoration, and improved hymn books; others apparently trust to descanting on self-culture in general, or to raising a general sense of faulty circumstances; and meanwhile lax, makeshift work, from the high conspicuous kind to the average and obscure, is allowed to pass unstamped with the disgrace of immorality, though there is not a member of society who is not daily suffering from it materially and spiritually, and though it is the fatal cause that must degrade our national rank and our com-

merce, in spite of all open markets and discovery of available coal seams.

I suppose one may take the popular misuse of the words Morality and Morals as some excuse for certain absurdities which are occasional fashions in speech and writing — certain old lay figures, as ugly as the queerest Asiatic idol, which at different periods get propped into loftiness, and attired in magnificent Venetian drapery, so that whether they have a human face or not is of little consequence. One is the notion that there is a radical, irreconcilable opposition between intellect and morality. I do not mean the simple statement of fact, which everybody knows, that remarkably able men have had very faulty morals, and have outraged public feeling even at its ordinary standard; but the supposition that the ablest intellect, the highest genius, will see through morality as a sort of twaddle for bibs and tuckers, a doctrine of dullness, a mere incident in human stupidity. We begin to understand the acceptance of this foolishness by considering that we live in a society where we may hear a treacherous monarch, or a malignant and lying politician, or a man who uses either official or literary power as an instrument of his private partiality or hatred, or a manufacturer who devises the falsification of wares, or a trader who deals in virtueless seed-grains, praised or compassionated because of his excellent morals. Clearly, if morality meant no more than such decencies as are practiced by these poisonous members of society, it would be possible to say, without suspicion of light-headedness, that morality lay aloof from the grand stream of human affairs, as a small channel fed by the stream and not missed from it. While this form of nonsense is conveyed in the popular use of words, there must be plenty of well-dressed ignorance at leisure to run through a box of books, which will feel itself initiated in the freemasonry of intellect by a view of life which might take for a Shakespearean motto: —

> "Fair is foul and foul is fair,
> Hover through the fog and filthy air" —

and will find itself easily provided with striking conversation by the rule of reversing all the judgments on good and evil which have come to be the calendar and clockwork of society. But let our habitual talk give morals their full meaning as the conduct which, in every human relation, would follow from the fullest

knowledge and the fullest sympathy — a meaning perpetually corrected and enriched by a more thorough appreciation of dependence in things, and a finer sensibility to both physical and spiritual fact — and this ridiculous ascription of superlative power to minds which have no effective awe-inspiring vision of the human lot, no response of understanding to the connection between duty and the material processes by which the world is kept habitable for cultivated man, will be tacitly discredited without any need to cite the immortal names that all are obliged to take as the measure of intellectual rank and highly-charged genius.

Suppose a Frenchman — I mean no disrespect to the great French nation, for all nations are afflicted with their peculiar parasitic growths, which are lazy, hungry forms, usually characterized by a disproportionate swallowing apparatus; suppose a Parisian who should shuffle down the Boulevard with a soul ignorant of the gravest cares and the deepest tenderness of manhood, and a frame more or less fevered by debauchery, mentally polishing into utmost refinement of phrase and rhythm verses which were an enlargement on that Shakespearean motto, and worthy of the most expensive title to be furnished by the vendors of such antithetic ware as *Les Marguerites de l' Enfer*, or *Les délices de Béelzébuth.* This supposed personage might probably enough regard his negation of those moral sensibilities which make half the warp and woof of human history, his indifference to the hard thinking and hard handiwork of life, to which he owed even his own gauzy mental garments with their spangles of poor paradox, as the royalty of genius, for we are used to witness such self-crowning in many forms of mental alienation; but he would not, I think, be taken, even by his own generation, as a living proof that there can exist such a combination as that of moral stupidity and trivial emphasis of personal indulgence with the large yet finely discriminating vision which marks the intellectual masters of our kind. Doubtless there are many sorts of transfiguration, and a man who has come to be worthy of all gratitude and reverence may have had his swinish period, wallowing in ugly places; but suppose it had been handed down to us that Sophocles or Virgil had at one time made himself scandalous in this way: the works which have consecrated their memory for our admiration and gratitude are not a glorifying of swinishness, but an artistic incorporation of the highest sentiment known to their age.

All these may seem to be wide reasons for objecting to Melissa's pity for Sir Gavial Mantrap on the ground of his good morals; but their connection will not be obscure to any one who has taken pains to observe the links uniting the scattered signs of our social development.

Complete. From «The Impressions of Theophrastus Such.»

JUDGMENTS ON AUTHORS

IN ENDEAVORING to estimate a remarkable writer who aimed at more than temporary influence, we have first to consider what was his individual contribution to the spiritual wealth of mankind. Had he a new conception? Did he animate long-known but neglected truths with new vigor, and cast fresh light on their relation to other admitted truths? Did he impregnate any ideas with a fresh store of emotion, and in this way enlarge the area of moral sentiment? Did he, by a wise emphasis here, and a wise disregard there, give a more useful or beautiful proportion to aims or motives? And even where his thinking was most mixed with the sort of mistake which is obvious to the majority, as well as that which can only be discerned by the instructed, or made manifest by the progress of things, has it that salt of a noble enthusiasm which should rebuke our critical discrimination if its correctness is inspired with a less admirable habit of feeling?

This is not the common or easy course to take in estimating a modern writer. It requires considerable knowledge of what he has himself done, as well as of what others had done before him, or what they were doing contemporaneously; it requires deliberate reflection as to the degree in which our own prejudices may hinder us from appreciating the intellectual or moral bearing of what, on a first view, offends us. An easier course is to notice some salient mistakes, and take them as decisive of the writer's incompetence; or to find out that something apparently much the same as what he has said in some connection not clearly ascertained had been said by somebody else, though without great effect, until this new effect of discrediting the other's originality had shown itself as an adequate final cause; or to pronounce from the point of view of individual taste that this writer for whom

regard is claimed is repulsive, wearisome, not to be borne, except by those dull persons who are of a different opinion.

Elder writers who have passed into classics were doubtless treated in this easy way when they were still under the misfortune of being recent,—nay, are still dismissed with the same rapidity of judgment by daring ignorance. But people who think that they have a reputation to lose in the matter of knowledge have looked into cyclopædias and histories of philosophy or literature, and possessed themselves of the duly balanced epithets concerning the immortals. They are not left to their own unguided rashness, or their own unguided pusillanimity. And it is this sheep-like flock who have no direct impressions, no spontaneous delight, no genuine objection or self-confessed neutrality in relation to the writers become classic; it is these who are incapable of passing a genuine judgment on the living. Necessarily. The susceptibility they have kept active is a susceptibility to their own reputation for passing the right judgment, not the susceptibility to qualities in the object of judgment. Who learns to discriminate shades of color by considering what is expected of him? The habit of expressing borrowed judgments stupefies the sensibilities, which are the only foundation of genuine judgments, just as the constant reading and retailing of results from other men's observations through the microscope, without ever looking through the lens oneself, is an instruction in some truths and some prejudices, but is no instruction in observant susceptibility; on the contrary, it breeds a habit of inward seeing according to verbal statement, which dulls the power of outward seeing according to visual evidence.

On this subject, as on so many others, it is difficult to strike the balance between the educational needs of passivity or receptivity and independent selection. We should learn nothing without the tendency to implicit acceptance; but there must clearly be a limit to such mental submission, else we should come to a standstill. The human mind would be no better than a dried specimen, representing an unchangeable type. When the assimilation of new matter ceases, decay must begin. In a reasoned self-restraining deference there is as much energy as in rebellion; but among the less capable, one must admit that the superior energy is on the side of the rebels. And certainly a man who dares to say that he finds an eminent classic feeble here, extravagant there, and in general overrated, may chance to give

an opinion which has some genuine discrimination in it concerning a new work or a living thinker,—an opinion such as can hardly ever be got from the reputed judge, who is a correct echo of the most approved phrases concerning those who have been already canonized.

Complete. From «Leaves from a Note Book.»

«A FINE EXCESS»—FEELING IS ENERGY

One can hardly insist too much, in the present stage of thinking, on the efficacy of feeling in stimulating to ardent co-operation, quite apart from the conviction that such co-operation is needed for the achievement of the end in view. Just as hatred will vent itself in private curses no longer believed to have any potency, and joy in private singing far out among the woods and fields, so sympathetic feeling can only be satisfied by joining in the action which expresses it, though the added "Bravo!" the added push, the added penny, is no more than a grain of dust on a rolling mass. When students take the horses out of a political hero's carriage, and draw him home by the force of their own muscles, the struggle in each is simply to draw or push, without consideration whether his pace would not be as well filled by somebody else, or whether his one arm be really needful to the effect. It is under the same inspiration that abundant help rushes towards the scene of a fire, rescuing imperiled lives, and laboring with generous rivalry in carrying buckets. So the old blind King John of Bohemia at the battle of Crécy begged his vassals to lead him into the fight that he might strike a good blow, though his own stroke, possibly fatal to himself, could not turn by a hair's breadth the imperious course of victory.

The question, "Of what use is it for me to work towards an end confessedly good?" comes from that sapless kind of reasoning which is falsely taken for a sign of supreme mental activity, but is really due to languor, or incapability of that mental grasp which makes objects strongly present, and to a lack of sympathetic emotion. In the "Spanish Gipsy" Fedalma says:—

> "The grandest death! to die in vain—for Love
> Greater than sways the forces of the world,"—

referring to the image of the disciples throwing themselves, consciously in vain, on the Roman spears. I really believe and mean this,—not as a rule of general action, but as a possible grand instance of determining energy in human sympathy, which even in particular cases, where it has only a magnificent futility, is more adorable, or as we say divine, than unpitying force, or than a prudent calculation of results. Perhaps it is an implicit joy in the resources of our human nature which has stimulated admiration for acts of self-sacrifice which are vain as to their immediate end. Marcus Curtius was probably not imagined as concluding to himself that he and his horse would so fill up the gap as to make a smooth *terra firma*. The impulse and act made the heroism, not the correctness of adaptation. No doubt the passionate inspiration which prompts and sustains a course of self-sacrificing labor in the light of soberly-estimated results gathers the highest title to our veneration, and makes the supreme heroism. But the generous leap of impulse is needed too, to swell the flood of sympathy in us beholders, that we may not fall completely under the mastery of calculation, which in its turn may fail of ends for want of energy got from ardor. We have need to keep the sluices open for possible influxes of the rarer sort.

Complete. From «Leaves from a Note Book.»

THE HISTORIC IMAGINATION

The exercise of a veracious imagination in historical picturing seems to be capable of a development that might help the judgment greatly with regard to present and future events. By veracious imagination, I mean the working out in detail of the various steps by which a political or social change was reached, using all extant evidence and supplying deficiencies by careful analogical creation. How triumphant opinions originally spread; how institutions arose; what were the conditions of great inventions, discoveries, or theoretic conceptions; what circumstances affecting individual lots are attendant on the decay of long-established systems,—all these grand elements of history require the illumination of special imaginative treatment. But effective truth in this application of art requires freedom from the vulgar coercion of conventional plot, which is become hardly of higher

influence on imaginative representation than a detailed "order" for a picture sent by a rich grocer to an eminent painter,—allotting a certain portion of the canvas to a rural scene, another to a fashionable group, with a request for a murder in the middle distance, and a little comedy to relieve it. A slight approximation to the veracious glimpses of history artistically presented, which I am indicating, but applied only to an incident of contemporary life, is "Un Paquet de Lettres," by Gustave Droz. For want of such real, minute vision of how changes come about in the past, we fall into ridiculously inconsistent estimates of actual movements, condemning in the present what we belaud in the past, and pronouncing impossible processes that have been repeated again and again in the historical preparation of the very system under which we live. A false kind of idealization dulls our perception of the meaning of words when they relate to past events which have had a glorious issue; for lack of comparison no warning image rises to check scorn of the very phrases which in other associations are consecrated.

Utopian pictures help the reception of ideas as to constructive results, but hardly so much as a vivid presentation of how results have been actually brought, especially in religious and social change. And there is pathos, the heroism, often accompanying the decay and final struggle of old systems, which has not had its share of tragic commemoration. What really took place in and around Constantine before, upon, and immediately after his declared conversion? Could a momentary flash be thrown on Eusebius in his sayings and doings as an ordinary man in bishop's garments? Or on Julian and Libanius? There has been abundant writing on such great turning points, but not such as serves to instruct the imagination in true comparison. I want something different from the abstract treatment which belongs to grave history from a doctrinal point of view, and something different from the schemed picturesqueness of ordinary historical fiction. I want brief, severely conscientious reproductions, in their concrete incidents, of movements in the past.

Complete. From "Leaves from a Note Book."

VALUE IN ORIGINALITY

THE supremacy given in European cultures to the literatures of Greece and Rome has had an effect almost equal to that of a common religion in binding the Western nations together. It is foolish to be forever complaining of the consequent uniformity, as if there were an endless power of originality in the human mind. Great and precious origination must always be comparatively rare, and can only exist on condition of a wide, massive uniformity. When a multitude of men have learned to use the same language in speech and writing, then and then only can the greatest masters of language arise. For in what does their mastery consist? They use words which are already a familiar medium of understanding and sympathy in such a way as greatly to enlarge the understanding and sympathy. Originality of this order changes the wild grasses into world-feeding grain. Idiosyncrasies are pepper and spices of questionable aroma.

Complete. From «Leaves from a Note Book.»

DEBASING THE MORAL CURRENCY

«*Il ne faut pas mettre un ridicule où il n'y en a point: c'est se gâter le goût, c'est corrompre son jugement et celui des autres. Mais le ridicule qui est quelque part, il faut l'y voir, l'en tirer avec grâce et d'une manière qui plaise et qui instruise.*»

I am fond of quoting this passage from La Bruyère, because the subject is one where I like to show a Frenchman on my side, to save my sentiments from being set down to my peculiar dullness and deficient sense of the ludicrous, and also that they may profit by that enchantment of ideas when presented in a foreign tongue, that glamor of unfamiliarity conferring a dignity on the foreign names of very common things, of which even a philosopher like Dugald Stewart confesses the influence. I remember hearing a fervid woman attempt to recite in English the narrative of a begging Frenchman who described the violent death of his father in the July days. The narrative had impressed her, through the mists of her flushed anxiety to under-

stand it, as something quite grandly pathetic; but finding the facts turn out meagre, and her audience cold, she broke off, saying, "It sounded so much finer in French—*j' ai vu le sang de mon père*, and so on—I wish I could repeat it in French." This was a pardonable illusion in an old-fashioned lady who had not received the polyglot education of the present day; but I observe that even now much nonsense and bad taste win admiring acceptance solely by virtue of the French language, and one may fairly desire that what seems just discrimination should profit by the fashionable prejudice in favor of La Bruyère's idiom. But I wish he had added that the habit of dragging the ludicrous into topics where the chief interest is of a different or even opposite kind is a sign not of endowment, but of deficiency. The art of spoiling is within reach of the dullest faculty; the coarsest clown, with a hammer in his hand, might chip the nose off every statue and bust in the Vatican, and stand grinning at the effect of his work. Because wit is an exquisite product of high powers, we are not therefore forced to admit the sadly confused inference of the monotonous jester, that he is establishing his superiority over every less facetious person, and over every topic on which he is ignorant or insensible, by being uneasy until he has distorted it in the small cracked mirror which he carries about with him as a joking apparatus. Some high authority is needed to give many worthy and timid persons the freedom of muscular repose, under the growing demand on them to laugh when they have no other reason than the peril of being taken for dullards; still more to inspire them with the courage to say that they object to the theatrical spoiling for themselves and their children of all affecting themes, all the grander deeds and aims of men, by burlesque associations adapted to the taste of rich fishmongers in the stalls and their assistants in the gallery. The English people in the present generation are falsely reputed to know Shakespeare (as by some innocent persons the Florentine mule drivers are believed to have known the "Divina Commedia," not, perhaps, excluding all the subtle discourses in the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso"); but there seems a clear prospect that in the coming generation he will be known to them through burlesques, and that his plays will find a new life as pantomines. A bottle-nosed Lear will come on with a monstrous corpulence, from which he will frantically dance himself free during the midnight storm; Rosalind and Celia will join in a grotesque ballet with shepherds

and shepherdesses; Ophelia, in fleshings and a voluminous brevity of grenadine, will dance through the mad scene, finishing with the famous "attitude of the scissors" in the arms of Laertes; and all the speeches in "Hamlet" will be so ingeniously parodied that the originals will be reduced to a mere *memoria technica* of the improver's puns — premonitory signs of a hideous millennium, in which the lion will have to lie down with the lascivious monkeys whom (if we may trust Pliny) his soul naturally abhors.

I have been amazed to find that some artists, whose own works have the ideal stamp, are quite insensible to the damaging tendency of the burlesquing spirit which ranges to and fro and up and down, on the earth, seeing no reasons (except a precarious censorship) why it should not appropriate every sacred, heroic, and pathetic theme which serves to make up the treasure of human admiration, hope, and love. One would have thought that their own half-despairing efforts to invest in worthy outward shape the vague inward impressions of sublimity, and the consciousness of an implicit ideal in the commonest scenes, might have made them susceptible of some disgust or alarm at the species of burlesque which is likely to render their compositions no better than a dissolving view, where every noble form is seen melting into its preposterous caricature. It used to be imagined of the unhappy mediæval Jews that they parodied Calvary by crucifying dogs; if they had been guilty, they would at least have had the excuse of the hatred and rage begotten by persecution. Are we on the way to a parody which shall have no other excuse than the reckless search after fodder for degraded appetites,—after the pay to be earned by pasturing Circe's herd where they may defile every monument of that growing life which should have kept them human?

The world seems to me well supplied with what is genuinely ridiculous: wit and humor may play as harmlessly or beneficently round the changing facts of egoism, absurdity, and vice, as the sunshine over the rippling sea or the dewy meadows. Why should we make our delicious sense of the ludicrous, with its invigorating shocks of laughter and its irrepressible smiles, which are the outglow of an inward radiation as gentle and cheering as the warmth of morning, flourish like a brigand on the robbery of our mental wealth? or let it take its exercise as a madman might, if allowed a free nightly promenade by drawing the populace with bonfires which leave some venerable structure a

blackened ruin, or send a scorching smoke across the portraits of the past at which we once looked with a loving recognition of fellowship, and disfigure them into butts of mockery? — nay, worse — use it to degrade the healthy appetites and affections of our nature as they are seen to be degraded in insane patients whose system, all out of joint, finds matter for screaming laughter in mere topsy-turvy, makes every passion preposterous or obscene, and turns the hard-won order of life into a second chaos, hideous enough to make one wail that the first was ever thrilled with light?

This is what I call debasing the moral currency; lowering the value of every inspiring fact and tradition so that it will command less and less of the spiritual products, the generous motives which sustain the charm and elevation of our social existence, — the something besides bread by which man saves his soul alive. The bread winner of the family may demand more and more coppery shillings, or assignats, or greenbacks for his day's work, and so get the needful quantum of food; but let that moral currency be emptied of its value — let a greedy buffoonery debase all historic beauty, majesty, and pathos, and the more you heap up the desecrated symbols the greater will be the lack of the ennobling emotions which subdue the tyranny of suffering, and make ambition one with social virtue.

And yet, it seems, parents will put into the hands of their children ridiculous parodies (perhaps with more ridiculous "illustrations") of the poems which stirred their own tenderness or filial piety, and carry them to make their first acquaintance with great men, great works, or solemn crises through the medium of some miscellaneous burlesque, which, with its idiotic puns and farcial attitudes, will remain among their primary associations, and reduce them, throughout their time of studious preparation for life, to the moral imbecility of an inward giggle at what might have stimulated their high emulation, or fed the fountains of compassion, trust, and constancy. One wonders where these parents have deposited that stock of morally educating stimuli which is to be independent of poetic tradition, and to subsist in spite of the finest images being degraded, and the finest words of genius being poisoned as with some befooling drug.

Will fine wit, will exquisite humor prosper the more through this turning of all things indiscriminately into food for a gluttonous laughter, an idle craving without sense of flavors? On the

contrary. That delightful power which La Bruyère points to—"*le ridicule qui est quelque part, il faut l'y voir, l'en tirer avec grâce et d'une manière qui plaise et qui instruise*"—depends on a discrimination only compatible with the varied sensibilities which give sympathetic insight, and with the justice of perception which is another name for grave knowledge. Such a result is no more to be expected from faculties on the strain to find some small hook by which they may attach the lowest incongruity to the most momentous subject than it is to be expected of a sharper watching for gulls in a great political assemblage, that he will notice the blundering logic of partisan speakers, or season his observation with the salt of historical parallels. But after all our psychological teaching, and in the midst of our zeal for education, we are still, most of us, at the stage of believing that mental powers and habits have somehow, not perhaps in the general statement, but in any particular case, a kind of spiritual glaze against conditions which we are continually applying to them. We soak our children in habits of contempt and exultant gibing, and yet are confident that, as Clarissa one day said to me,—"We can always teach them to be reverent in the right place, you know." And doubtless if she were to take her boys to see a burlesque Socrates, with swollen legs, dying in the utterance of cockney puns, and were to hang up a sketch of this comic scene among their bedroom prints, she would think this preparation not at all to the prejudice of their emotions on hearing their tutor read that narrative of the "Apology," which has been consecrated by the reverent gratitude of ages. This is the impoverishment that threatens our posterity; a new Famine, a meagre fiend with lewd grin and clumsy hoof, is breathing a moral mildew over the harvest of our human sentiments. These are the most delicate elements of our too easily perishable civilization. And here again I like to quote a French testimony. Sainte-Beuve, referring to a time of insurrectionary disturbance, says:—

"*Rien de plus prompt à baisser que la civilization dans les crises comme celleci; on perd en trois semaines le résultat de plusieurs siècles. La civilization, la vie est une chose apprise et inventée, qu'on le sache bien: 'Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.' Les hommes aprés quelques années de paix oublient trope cette verité: ils arrivent à croire que la culture est chose innée, qu'elle est la même chose que la nature. La sauvagerie est toujours là à deux pas, et, dès qu'on lâche pied, elle recommence.*"

We have been severely enough taught (if we were willing to learn) that our civilization, considered as a splendid material fabric, is helplessly in peril without the spiritual police of sentiments or ideal feelings. And it is this invisible police which we had need, as a community, strive to maintain in efficient force.

How if a dangerous "Swing" were sometimes disguised in a versatile entertainer, devoted to the amusement of mixed audiences? And I confess that sometimes when I see a certain style of a young lady, who checks our tender admiration with rouge and henna and all the blazonry of an extravagant expenditure, with slang and bold *brusquerie* intended to signify her emancipated view of things, and the cynical mockery which she mistakes for penetration, I am sorely tempted to hiss out "*Pétroleuse!*" It is a small matter to have our palaces set aflame compared with the misery of having our sense of a noble womanhood, which is the inspiration of a purifying shame, the promise of life-penetrating affection, stained and blotted out by images of repulsiveness. These things come, not of higher education, but — of dull ignorance, fostered into pertness by the greedy vulgarity which reverses Peter's visionary lesson, and learns to call all things common and unclean. It comes of debasing the moral currency.

The Tirynthians, according to an ancient story reported by Athenæus, becoming conscious that their trick of laughter at everything and nothing was making them unfit for the conduct of serious affairs, appealed to the Delphic oracle for some means of cure. The god prescribed a peculiar form of sacrifice, which would be effective if they could carry it through without laughing. They did their best; but the flimsy joke of a boy upset their unaccustomed gravity, and in this way the oracle taught them that even the gods could not prescribe a quick cure for a long vitiation, or give power and dignity to a people who in a crisis of the public well-being were at the mercy of a poor jest.

Complete. From "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such."

STORY-TELLING

WHAT is the best way of telling a story? Since the standard must be the interest of the audience, there must be several or many good ways rather than one best, for we get interested in the stories life presents to us through divers orders and modes of presentation. Very commonly our first awakening to a desire of knowing a man's past or future comes from our seeing him as a stranger in some unusual or pathetic or humorous situation, or manifesting some remarkable characteristics. We make inquiries in consequence, or we become observant and attentive whenever opportunities of knowing more may happen to present themselves without our search. You have seen a refined face among the prisoners picking tow in jail; you afterwards see the same unforgetful face in a pulpit: he must be of dull fibre who would not care to know more about a life which showed such contrasts, though he might gather his knowledge in a fragmentary and unchronological way.

Again, we have heard much, or at least something not quite common, about a man whom we have never seen, and hence we look round with curiosity when we are told that he is present; whatever he says or does before us is charged with a meaning due to our previous hearsay knowledge about him, gathered either from dialogue of which he was expressly and emphatically the subject, or from incidental remark, or from general report either in or out of print.

These indirect ways of arriving at knowledge are always the most stirring even in relation to impersonal subjects. To see a chemical experiment gives an attractiveness to a definition of chemistry, and fills it with a significance which it would never have had without the pleasant shock of an unusual sequence, such as the transformation of a solid into gas, and *vice versâ*. To see a word for the first time either as a substantive or adjective in a connection where we care about knowing its complete meaning, is the way to vivify its meaning in our recollection. Curiosity becomes the more eager from the incompleteness of the first information. Moreover, it is in this way that memory works in its incidental revival of events: some salient experience appears in inward vision, and in consequence the antecedent facts are retraced from what is regarded as the beginning of the epi-

sode in which that experience made a more or less strikingly memorable part. "Ah! I remember addressing the mob from the hustings at Westminster — you wouldn't have thought that I could ever have been in such a position. Well, how I came there was in this way ——;" and then follows a retrospective narration.

The modes of telling a story founded on these processes of outward and inward life derive their effectiveness from the superior mastery of images and pictures in grasping the attention, — or, one might say with more fundamental accuracy, from the fact that our earliest, strongest impressions, our most intimate convictions, are simply images added to more or less of sensation. These are the primitive instruments of thought. Hence it is not surprising that early poetry took this way,— telling a daring deed, a glorious achievement, without caring for what went before. The desire for orderly narration is a later, more reflective birth. The presence of the Jack in the box affects every child: it is the more reflective lad, the miniature philosopher, who wants to know how he got there.

The only stories life presents to us in an orderly way are those of our autobiography, or the career of our companions from our childhood upwards, or perhaps of our own children. But it is a great art to make a connected strictly relevant narrative of such careers as we can recount from the beginning. In these cases the sequence of associations is almost sure to overmaster the sense of proportion. Such narratives *ab ovo* are summer's day stories for happy loungers; not the cup of self-forgetting excitement to the busy who can snatch an hour of entertainment.

But the simple opening of a story with a date and necessary account of places and people, passing on quietly towards the more rousing elements of narrative and dramatic presentation, without need of retrospect, has its advantages, which have to be measured by the nature of the story. Spirited narrative, without more than a touch of dialogue here and there, may be made eminently interesting, and is suited to the novelette. Examples of its charm are seen in the short tales in which the French have a mastery never reached by the English, who usually demand coarser flavors than are given by that delightful gayety which is well described by La Fontaine as not anything that provokes fits of laughter, but a certain charm, an agreeable mode

of handling, which lends attractiveness to all subjects, even the most serious. And it is this sort of gayety which plays around the best French novelettes. But the opening chapters of the "Vicar of Wakefield" are as fine as anything that can be done in this way.

Why should a story not be told in the most irregular fashion that an author's idiosyncrasy may prompt, provided that he give us what we can enjoy? The objections to Sterne's wild way of telling "Tristram Shandy" lie more solidly in the quality of the interrupting matter than in the fact of interruption. The dear public would do well to reflect that they are often bored from the want of flexibility in their own minds. They are like the topers of "one liquor."

Complete. From "Leaves from a Note Book."

ON THE CHARACTER OF SPIKE—A POLITICAL MOLECULE

The most arrant denier must admit that a man often furthers larger ends than he is conscious of, and that while he is transacting his particular affairs with the narrow pertinacity of a respectable ant, he subserves an economy larger than any purpose of his own. Society is happily not dependent for the growth of fellowship on the small minority already endowed with comprehensive sympathy. Any molecule of the body politic working toward his own interest in an orderly way gets his understanding more or less penetrated with the fact that his interest is included in that of a large number. I have watched several political molecules being educated in this way by the nature of things into a faint feeling of fraternity. But at this moment I am thinking of Spike, an elector who voted on the side of Progress, though he was not inwardly attached to it under that name. For abstractions are deities having many specific names, local habitations, and forms of activity, and so get a multitude of devout servants who care no more for them under their highest titles than the celebrated person who, putting with forcible brevity a view of human motives now much insisted on, asked what Posterity had done for him that he should care for Posterity? To many minds, even among the Ancients (thought by some to have been invariably poetical), the goddess of wisdom was doubtless worshiped simply as the patroness of spinning and weaving.

Now spinning and weaving from a manufacturing, wholesale point of view, was the chief form under which Spike from early years had unconsciously been a devotee of Progress.

He was a political molecule of the most gentleman-like appearance, not less than six feet high, and showing the utmost nicety in the care of his person and equipment. His umbrella was especially remarkable for its neatness, though perhaps he swung it unduly in walking. His complexion was fresh; his eyes small, bright, and twinkling. He was seen to great advantage in a hat and greatcoat,—garments frequently fatal to the impressiveness of shorter figures; but when he was uncovered in the drawing-room, it was impossible not to observe that his head shelved off too rapidly from the eyebrows toward the crown, and that his length of limb seemed to have used up his mind so as to cause an air of abstraction from conversational topics. He appeared, indeed, to be preoccupied with a sense of his exquisite cleanliness, clapped his hands together and rubbed them frequently, straightened his back, and even opened his mouth and closed it again with a slight snap, apparently for no other purpose than the confirmation to himself of his own powers in that line. These are innocent exercises, but they are not such as give weight to a man's personality. Sometimes Spike's mind, emerging from its preoccupations, burst forth in a remark delivered with smiling zest; as that he did like to see gravel walks well rolled, or that a lady should always wear the best jewelry, or that a bride was a most interesting object; but finding these ideas received rather coldly, he would relapse into abstraction, draw up his back, wrinkle his brows longitudinally, and seem to regard society, even including gravel walks, jewelry and brides, as essentially a poor affair. Indeed, his habit of mind was desponding, and he took melancholy views as to the possible extent of human pleasure and the value of existence. Especially after he had made his fortune in the cotton manufacture, and had thus attained the chief object of his ambition,—the object which had engaged his talent for order and persevering application. For his easy leisure caused him much ennui. He was abstemious, and had none of those temptations to sensual excess which fill up a man's time, first with indulgence, and then with the process of getting well from its effects. He had not, indeed, exhausted the sources of knowledge, but here again his notions of human pleasure were narrowed by his want of appetite; for though he seemed rather

surprised at the consideration that Alfred the Great was a Catholic, or that, apart from the Ten Commandments, any conception of moral conduct had occurred to mankind, he was not stimulated to further inquiries on these remote matters. Yet he aspired to what he regarded as intellectual society, willingly entertained beneficed clergymen, and bought the books he heard spoken of, arranging them carefully on the shelves of what he called his library, and occasionally sitting alone in the same room with them. But some minds seem well glazed by nature against the admission of knowledge, and Spike's was one of them. It was not, however, entirely so with regard to politics. He had had a strong opinion about the Reform Bill, and saw clearly that the large trading towns ought to send members. Portraits of the Reform heroes hung framed and glazed in his library; he prided himself on being a Liberal. In this last particular, as well as in not giving benefactions and not making loans without interest, he showed unquestionable firmness. On the Repeal of the Corn Laws, again, he was thoroughly convinced. His mind was expansive toward foreign markets, and his imagination could see that the people from whom we took corn might be able to take the cotton goods which they had hitherto dispensed with. On his conduct in these political concerns his wife, otherwise influential as a woman who belonged to a family with a title in it, and who had condescended in marrying him, could gain no hold: she had to blush a little at what was called her husband's "radicalism," — an epithet which was a very unfair impeachment of Spike, who never went to the root of anything. But he understood his own trading affairs, and in this way became a genuine, constant political element. If he had been born a little later he could have been accepted as an eligible member of Parliament, and if he had belonged to a high family he might have done for a member of the Government. Perhaps his indifference to "views" would have passed for administrative judiciousness, and he would have been so generally silent that he must often have been silent in the right place. But this is empty speculation; there is no warrant for saying what Spike would have been and known, so as to have made a calculable political element, if he had not been educated by having to manage his trade. A small mind trained to useful occupation for the satisfying of private need becomes a representative of genuine class-needs. Spike objected to certain items of legislation because they hampered his own

trade, but his neighbor's trade was hampered by the same causes· and though he would have been simply selfish, in a question of light or water between himself and a fellow-townsman, his need for a change in legislation, being shared by all his neighbors in trade, ceased to be simply selfish, and raised him to a sense of common injury and common benefit True, if the law could have been changed for the benefit of his particular business, leaving the cotton trade in general in a sorry condition while he prospered, Spike might not have thought that result intolerably unjust; but the nature of things did not allow of such a result being contemplated as possible; it allowed of an enlarged market for Spike only through the enlargement of his neighbor's market, and the Possible is always the ultimate master of our efforts and desires. Spike was obliged to contemplate a general benefit, and thus became public-spirited in spite of himself. Or, rather, the nature of things transmuted his active egoism into a demand for a public benefit.

Certainly, if Spike had been born a marquis, he could not have had the same chance of being useful as a political element. But he might have had the same appearance, have been equally null in conversation, skeptical as to the reality of pleasure, and destitute of historical knowledge; perhaps even dimly disliking Jesuitism as a quality in Catholic minds, or regarding Bacon as the inventor of physical science. The depths of middle-aged gentlemen's ignorance will never be known, for want of public examinations in this branch.

Complete. From "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such."

«LEAVES FROM A NOTE BOOK»

Divine Grace a Real Emanation

THERE is no such thing as an impotent or neutral deity, if the deity be really believed in, and contemplated either in prayer or meditation. Every object of thought reacts on the mind that conceives it, still more on that which habitually contemplates it. In this we may be said to solicit help from a generalization or abstraction. Wordsworth had this truth in his consciousness when he wrote (in the "Prelude"):—

"Nor general truths, which are themselves a sort
Of elements and agents, Under-powers,
Subordinate helpers of the living mind,"—

not indeed precisely in the same relation, but with a meaning which involves that wider moral influence.

Complete.

Felix Qui Non Potuit

Many feel themselves very confidently on safe ground when they say: It must be good for man to know the Truth. But it is clearly not good for a particular man to know some particular truth, as irremediable treachery in one whom he cherishes—better that he should die without knowing it.

Of scientific truth, is it not conceivable that some facts as to the tendency of things affecting the final destination of the race might be more hurtful when they had entered into the human consciousness than they would have been if they had remained purely external in their activity?

Complete.

«Dear Religious Love»

We get our knowledge of perfect Love by glimpses and in fragments chiefly,—the rarest only among us knowing what it is to worship and caress, reverence and cherish, divide our bread and mingle our thoughts at one and the same time, under inspiration of the same object. Finest aromas will so often leave the fruits to which they are native and cling elsewhere, leaving the fruit empty of all but its coarser structure!

Complete.

We Make Our Own Precedents

In the times of national mixture when modern Europe was, as one may say, a-brewing, it was open to a man who did not like to be judged by the Roman law to choose which of certain other codes he would be tried by. So, in our own times, they who openly adopt a higher rule than their neighbors do thereby make act of choice as to the laws and precedents by

which they shall be approved or condemned, and thus it may happen that we see a man morally pilloried for a very customary deed, and yet having no right to complain, inasmuch as in his foregoing deliberative course of life he had referred himself to the tribunal of those higher conceptions, before which such a deed is without question condemnable.

Complete.

To the Prosaic All Things Are Prosaic

"Is the time we live in prosaic?" "That depends: it must certainly be prosaic to one whose mind takes a prosaic stand in contemplating it." "But it is precisely the most poetic minds that most groan over the vulgarity of the present, its degenerate sensibility to beauty, eagerness for materialistic explanation, noisy triviality." "Perhaps they would have had the same complaint to make about the age of Elizabeth, if, living then, they had fixed their attention on its more sordid elements, or had been subject to the grating influence of its every-day meannesses, and had sought refuge from them in the contemplation of whatever suited their taste in a former age."

Complete.

SIR THOMAS ELYOT

(*c.* 1490–1546)

THE spirit of Dante came into England with Chaucer in the fourteenth century; and through the writers inspired by Chaucer's spirit, Italian poetry became a great civilizing force, making the ways straight for Shakespeare and the Elizabethan age. But that age, the most remarkable phenomenon in modern literary history, would not have been possible as a result of Latin inspiration alone. As Chaucer was inspired by Dante, as Dante was taught by Virgil, so Virgil was made possible by Homer; and before England could be prepared to do its great work in leading the Gothic nations of northern Europe, it was necessary that it should have the direct inspiration of the first great prophet of European civilization,—of Homer himself. Sir Thomas Elyot, born ninety years after the death of Chaucer, seems to be the first notable English writer whom the greatness of Homer's mind had inspired with a due reverence for the supernatural forces which have worked such miraculous results through the deathless music of his verse. "I could rehearse divers other poets which for matter and eloquence be very necessary," writes Elyot; "but I fear me to be too long from noble Homer, from whom as from a fountain proceeded all eloquence and learning. For in his books he contained, and most perfectly expressed, not only the documents martial and discipline of arms, but also incomparable wisdoms, and instructions for politic governance of people: with the worthy commendation and laud of noble princes: wherewith the readers shall be so all inflamed, that they most fervently shall desire and covet, by the imitation of their virtues, to acquire semblable glory."

Constantinople fell in 1453, and learned Greeks, the last custodians of the Homeric traditions, had scattered over Europe as far north as England. It was as a result of their teaching that Elyot could write this simple and noble tribute to the simple and noble idealism which made Homer at once the greatest musician, the greatest poet, the greatest prophet of Europe. When Homer came thus to a people who already had Dante, Virgil, and Chaucer, they acquired the one thing they still needed to make the Shakespearean cycle possible,—the constructive intellect which can so compel the sententiousness natural to the Gothic peoples, that the idea of unity incident to a definite and fully determined purpose will govern throughout every

work that is attempted. This the Greeks had as no other people ever did. The sublimity of Hebrew poetry is greater than that of Homer or Æschylus, but no Hebrew poem is unified by such a purpose resulting from predetermined poetic conception as runs through the "Odyssey," as it does through the plan of the Parthenon.

When in England we find not only Shakespeare, but a hundred poets, named and nameless, of whose abilities his are the sum, producing works of the highest lyrical value; when we compare such works with the "Ormulum" and the "Vision of Piers Plowman," they seem a miraculous result, beyond the power of any evolution possible for the race intellect. But a dozen lines of Elyot's tribute to Homer make it clear that long-separated peoples of a common stock are at last reunited by the intellectual and spiritual power of their poets. Modern England was promised when Chaucer learned Italian and when Elyot learned Greek, all after times were given assurance that the promise must necessarily be fulfilled.

Elyot, who was one of the most accomplished scholars of the reign of Henry VIII. is claimed by both Oxford and Cambridge. He wrote a Latin Dictionary, a "Defense of Good Women," "The Knowledge which Maketh a Wise Man," and other essays and treatises, including "The Boke Named the Governour," an essay on education, for which he is best remembered. He died in 1546 and was buried at Carleton in Cambridgeshire. W. V. B.

ON A CLASSICAL EDUCATION

Grammar being but an introduction to the understanding of authors, if it be made too long or exquisite to the learner, it in a manner mortifieth his courage: and by that time he cometh to the most sweet and pleasant reading of old authors, the sparks of fervent desire of learning is extinct with the burden of grammar, like as a little fire is soon quenched with a great heap of small sticks: so that it can never come to the principal logs where it should long burn in a great pleasant fire.

Now to follow my purpose: after a few and quick rules of grammar, immediately, or interlacing it therewith, would be read to the child Æsop's "Fables" in Greek: in which argument children much do delight. And surely it is a much pleasant lesson and also profitable, as well for that it is elegant and brief (and notwithstanding it hath much variety in words, and therewith much helpeth to the understanding of Greek), as also in those fables

is included much moral and politic wisdom. Wherefore, in the teaching of them, the master diligently must gather together those fables, which may be most accommodate to the advancement of some virtue, whereto he perceiveth the child inclined: or to the rebuke of some vice, whereto he findeth his nature disposed. And therein the master ought to exercise his wit, as well to make the child plainly to understand the fable, as also declaring the signification thereof compendiously and to the purpose, foreseen alway, that, as well this lesson, as all other authors which the child shall learn, either Greek or Latin, verse or prose, be perfectly had without the book: whereby he shall not only attain plenty of the tongues called *Copie*, but also increase and nourish remembrance wonderfully.

The next lesson would be some quick and merry dialogues, elect out of Lucian, which would be without ribaldry, or too much scorning, for either of them is exactly to be eschewed, specially for a noble man, the one annoying the soul, the other his estimation concerning his gravity. The comedies of Aristophanes may be in the place of Lucian, and by reason that they be in metre they be the sooner learned by heart. I dare make none other comparison between them for offending the friends of them both: but thus much dare I say, that it were better that a child should never read any part of Lucian than all Lucian.

I could rehearse divers other poets which for matter and eloquence be very necessary, but I fear me to be too long from noble Homer, from whom as from a fountain proceeded all eloquence and learning. For in his books be contained, and most perfectly expressed, not only the documents martial and discipline of arms, but also incomparable wisdoms, and instructions for politic governance of people: with the worthy commendation and laud of noble princes: wherewith the readers shall be so all inflamed, that they most fervently shall desire and covet, by the imitation of their virtues, to acquire semblable glory. For the which occasion, Aristotle, most sharpest witted and excellent learned philosopher, as soon as he had received Alexander from King Philip his father, he before any other thing taught him the most noble works of Homer: wherein Alexander found such sweetness and fruit, that ever after he had Homer not only with him in all his journeys, but also laid him under his pillow when he went to rest, and oftentimes would purposely wake some hours of the night, to take as it were his pastime with that most noble poet.

For by the reading of his work called "Iliados," where the assembly of the most noble Greeks against Troy is recited with their affairs, he gathered courage and strength against his enemies, wisdom, and eloquence, for consultations, and persuasions to his people and army. And by the other work called "Odissea," which recounteth the sundry adventures of the wise Ulysses, he, by the example of Ulysses, apprehended many noble virtues, and also learned to escape the fraud and deceitful imaginations of sundry and subtle crafty wits. Also there shall he learn to ensearch and perceive the manners and conditions of them that be his familiars, sifting out (as I mought say) the best from the worst, whereby he may surely commit his affairs, and trust to every person after his virtues. Therefore I now conclude that there is no lesson for a young gentleman to be compared with Homer, if he be plainly and substantially expounded and declared by the master.

From "The Governour."

THE TRUE SIGNIFICATION OF TEMPERANCE AS A MORAL VIRTUE

Aristotle defineth this virtue to be a mediocrity in the pleasures of the body, specially in taste and touching. Therefore he that is temperate fleeth pleasures voluptuous, and with the absence of them is not discontented, and from the presence of them he willingly abstaineth. But in mine opinion, Plotinus, the wonderful philosopher, maketh an excellent definition of temperance, saying that the property or office thereof is to covet nothing which may be repented, also not to exceed the bounds of mediocrity, and to keep desire under the yoke of reason. He that practiceth this virtue is called a temperate man, and he that doeth contrary thereto is named intemperate. Between whom and a person incontinent Aristotle maketh this diversity; that he is intemperate which by his own election is led, supposing that the pleasure that is present, or, as I might say, in use should always be followed. But the person incontinent supposeth not so, and yet he, notwithstanding, doth follow it. The same author also maketh a diversity between him that is temperate and him that is continent; saying that the continent man is such, one that nothing will do for bodily pleasure which shall stand against

reason. The same is he which is temperate, saving that the other hath corrupt desires, which this man lacketh. Also the temperate man delighteth in nothing contrary to reason. But he that is continent delighteth, yet he will not be led against reason. Finally, to declare it in a few words, we may well call him a temperate man that desireth the thing which he ought to desire, and as he ought to desire, and when he ought to desire. Notwithstanding there be divers other virtues which do seem to be as it were companions with temperance. Of whom, for the eschewing of tediousness, I will speak now only of two, moderation and soberness, which no man, I suppose, doubteth to be of such efficacy that without them no man may attain unto wisdom, and by them wisdom is soonest espied.

From "The Governour."

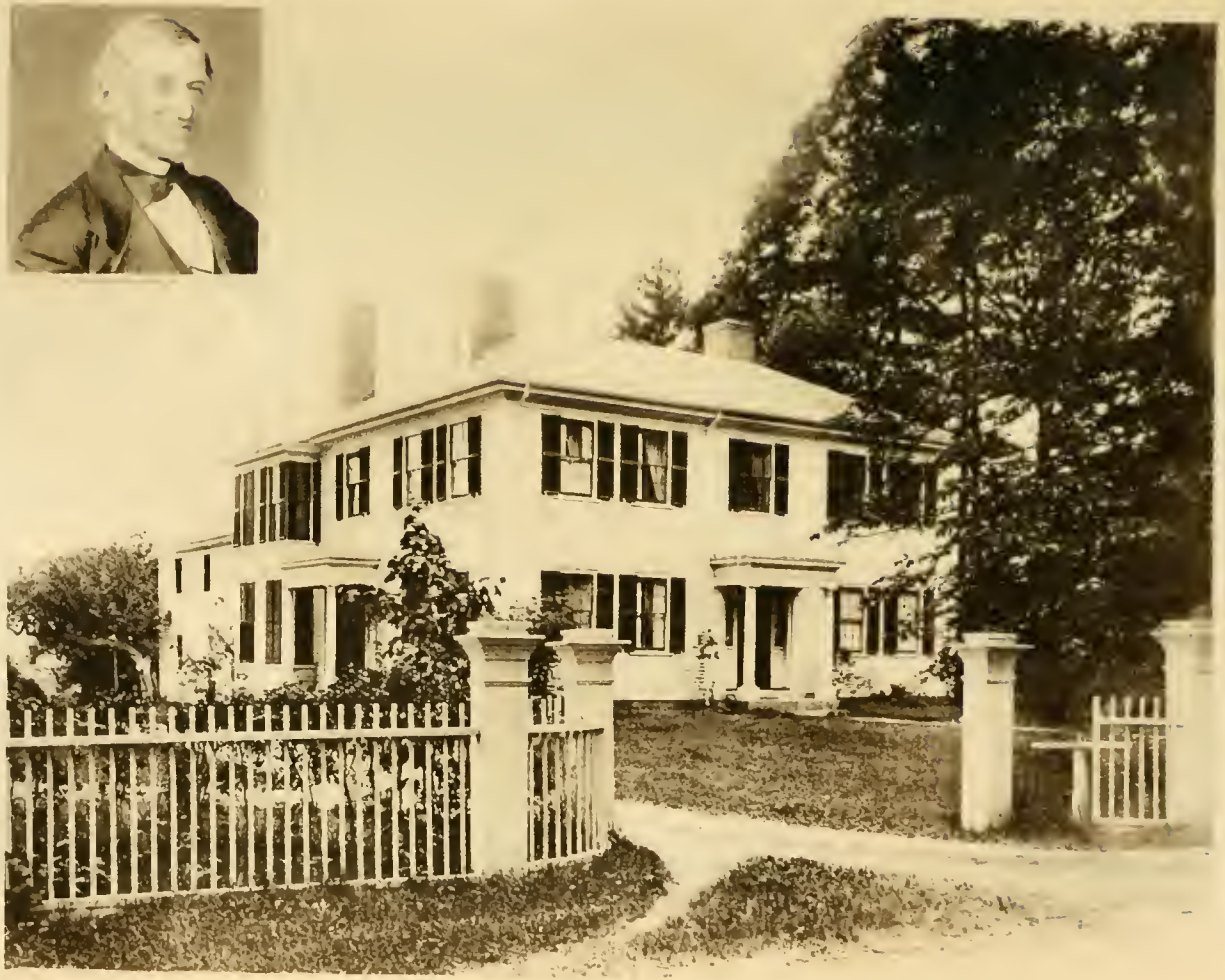
RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(1803–1882)

EMERSON was "the eighth in succession of a line of Puritan ministers." He was born May 25th, 1803, in Boston, where his father, Rev. William Emerson, was pastor of the "First Church." Emerson himself was educated at Harvard for the ministry, and from 1829 to 1832 he filled a Unitarian pulpit in Boston; but he found the pulpit uncongenial because of its restrictions, and gave it up to preach in a field where his intellect could create for itself the largest possible liberty of expression. In 1833 he began the work as a lecturer and platform-teacher, which lasted until his death, April 27th, 1882. It was work for which he was in every way fitted; and as an incident of it, he became one of the greatest essayists of the nineteenth century. Primarily and fundamentally he is a poet, who failed to become the greatest American poet of the century because no one can be at once a great poet and a great preacher. The poet is a picture maker. He must give his thoughts harmonious images, and make them move before us to concordant music. He must make us forget that they are the thoughts of his mind and convince us that they are living things, or he fails as a poet. But the preacher must compel us to recognize his thought as valid; to think it ourselves and to enter with it into his own relations with the great universe of thought to which it belongs. This faculty Emerson has above any other American essayist. It is part of his nature and his creed that he should have it. He felt that the supreme necessity of his existence was intellectual activity, that he might enter into closer relations with the ceaseless intellectual activity of which all nature is a result. "Behold there in the wood the fine madman. He is a palace of sweet sounds and sights; he dilates; he is twice a man; he walks with arms akimbo; he soliloquizes; he accosts the grass and the trees; he feels the blood of the violet, the clover, and the lily in his veins; . . . He does not longer appertain to his family and society. He is somewhat. He is a person. He is a soul."—This is his own account of himself and of how he grew into possession of the high courage necessary to give expression to such an individuality as his, in spite of scoffs, which were hard to bear, and of neglect, which was harder still. It is said that it took twelve years to sell five hundred copies of the first edition of "Nature"—the volume in

EMERSON'S HOUSE AT CONCORD.

With a Vignette Portrait. Both from Photographs.



which he first defined his purposes. But he had something higher than self-confidence to sustain him. He had faith. He believed that all truth is a direct inspiration from God, and that this inspiration will go on increasing as long as love and faith are left on earth. This was his creed. He did not hesitate to believe himself inspired by God with all the truth his mind was capable of receiving; and in his lectures, his poems, and his essays, he attempted to so express truth as to make it appear to all others as beautiful and desirable as it did to him. It was a high and noble ambition, and it has given his work an immortality of high and noble usefulness.

W. V. B.

CHARACTER

I HAVE read that those who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there was something finer in the man than anything which he said. It has been complained of our brilliant English historian of the French Revolution, that when he has told all his facts about Mirabeau, they do not justify his estimate of his genius. The Gracchi, Agis, Cleomenes, and others of Plutarch's heroes, do not in the record of facts equal their own fame. Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, are men of great figure and of few deeds. We cannot find the smallest part of the personal weight of Washington, in the narrative of his exploits. The authority of the name of Schiller is too great for his books. This inequality of the reputation to the works or the anecdotes is not accounted for by saying that the reverberation is longer than the thunderclap; but somewhat resided in these men which begot an expectation that outran all their performance. The largest part of their power was latent. This is that which we call Character,—a reserved force which acts directly by presence, and without means. It is conceived of as a certain undemonstrable force, a Familiar or Genius, by whose impulses the man is guided, but whose counsels he cannot impart; which is company for him, so that such men are often solitary, or if they chance to be social, do not need society, but can entertain themselves very well alone. The purest literary talent appears at one time great, at another time small; but character is of a stellar and undiminishable greatness. What others effect by talent or by eloquence, this man accomplishes by some magnetism. "Half his strength he put not forth." His

victories are by demonstration of superiority, and not by crossing of bayonets. He conquers, because his arrival alters the face of affairs. "O Iole! how did you know that Hercules was a god?" "Because," answered Iole, "I was content the moment my eyes fell on him. When I beheld Theseus, I desired that I might see him offer battle, or at least guide his horses in the chariot race; but Hercules did not wait for a contest; he conquered whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did." Man, ordinarily a pendant to events, only half attached, and that awkwardly, to the world he lives in, in these examples appears to share the life of things, and to be an expression of the same laws which control the tides and the sun, numbers, and quantities.

But to use a more modest illustration, and nearer home, I observe that in our political elections, where this element, if it appears at all, can only occur in its coarsest form, we sufficiently understand its incomparable rate. The people know that they need in their representative much more than talent, namely, the power to make his talent trusted. They cannot come at their ends by sending to Congress a learned, acute, and fluent speaker, if he be not one who, before he was appointed by the people to represent them, was appointed by Almighty God to stand for a fact,—invincibly persuaded of that fact in himself,—so that the most confident and the most violent persons learn that here is resistance on which both impudence and terror are wasted, namely, faith in a fact. The men who carry their points do not need to inquire of their constituents what they should say, but are themselves the country which they represent: nowhere are its emotions or opinions so instant and true as in them; nowhere so pure from a selfish infusion. The constituency at home hearkens to their words, watches the color of their cheek, and therein, as in a glass, dresses its own. Our public assemblies are pretty good tests of manly force. Our frank countrymen of the west and south have a taste for character, and like to know whether the New Englander is a substantial man, or whether the hand can pass through him.

The same motive force appears in trade. There are geniuses in trade, as well as in war, or the state, or letters; and the reason why this or that man is fortunate is not to be told. It lies in the man: that is all anybody can tell you about it. See him, and you will know as easily why he succeeds, as, if you saw Na-

poleon, you would comprehend his fortune. In the new objects we recognize the old game, the habit of fronting the fact, and not dealing with it at second hand, through the perceptions of somebody else. Nature seems to authorize trade, as soon as you see the natural merchant, who appears not so much a private agent as her factor and minister of commerce. His natural probity combines with his insight into the fabric of society to put him above tricks, and he communicates to all his own faith that contracts are of no private interpretation. The habit of his mind is a reference to standards of natural equity and public advantage; and he inspires respect, and the wish to deal with him, both for the quiet spirit of honor which attends him, and for the intellectual pastime which the spectacle of so much ability affords. This immensely stretched trade, which makes the capes of the Southern Ocean his wharves, and the Atlantic Sea his familiar port, centres in his brain only; and nobody in the universe can make his place good. In his parlor I see very well that he has been at hard work this morning, with that knitted brow, and that settled humor, which all his desire to be courteous cannot shake off. I see plainly how many firm acts have been done; now many valiant noes have this day been spoken, when others would have uttered ruinous yeas. I see, with the pride of art, and skill of masterly arithmetic and power of remote combination, the consciousness of being an agent and playfellow of the original laws of the world. He too believes that none can supply him, and that a man must be born to trade, or he cannot learn it.

This virtue draws the mind more when it appears in action to ends not so mixed. It works with most energy in the smallest companies and in private relations. In all cases it is an extraordinary and incomputable agent. The excess of physical strength is paralyzed by it. Higher natures overpower lower ones by affecting them with a certain sleep. The faculties are locked up, and offer no resistance. Perhaps that is the universal law. When the high cannot bring up the low to itself, it benumbs it, as man charms down the resistance of the lower animals. Men exert on each other a similar occult power. How often has the influence of a true master realized all the tales of magic! A river of command seemed to run down from his eyes into all those who beheld him, a torrent of strong sad light, like an Ohio or Danube, which pervaded them with his thoughts, and colored

all events with the hue of his mind. "What means did you employ?" was the question asked of the wife of Concini, in regard to her treatment of Mary of Medici; and the answer was, "Only that influence which every strong mind has over a weak one." Cannot Cæsar in irons shuffle off the irons, and transfer them to the person of Hippo or Thraso the turnkey? Is an iron handcuff so immutable a bond? Suppose a slaver on the coast of Guinea should take on board a gang of negroes, which should contain persons of the stamp of Toussaint L'Ouverture; or let us fancy under these swarthy masks he has a gang of Washingtons in chains. When they arrive at Cuba, will the relative order of the ship's company be the same? Is there nothing but rope and iron? Is there no love, no reverence? Is there never a glimpse of right in a poor slave captain's mind; and cannot these be supposed available to break, or elude, or in any manner overmatch the tension of an inch or two of iron ring?

This is a natural power, like light and heat, and all nature co-operates with it. The reason why we feel one man's presence, and do not feel another's, is as simple as gravity. Truth is the summit of being: justice is the application of it to affairs. All individual natures stand in a scale, according to the purity of this element in them. The will of the pure runs down from them into other natures, as water runs down from a higher into a lower vessel. This natural force is no more to be withstood than any other natural force. We can drive a stone upward for a moment into the air, but it is yet true that all stones will forever fall; and whatever instances can be quoted of unpunished theft, or of a lie which somebody credited, justice must prevail, and it is the privilege of truth to make itself believed. Character is this moral order seen through the medium of an individual nature. An individual is an inclosure. Time and space, liberty and necessity, truth and thought, are left at large no longer. Now, the universe is a close or pound. All things exist in the man tinged with the manners of his soul. With what quality is in him he infuses all nature that he can reach; nor does he tend to lose himself in vastness, but, at how long a curve soever, all his regards return into his own good at last. He animates all he can, and he sees only what he animates. He incloses the world as the patriot does his country, as a material basis for his character, and a theatre for action. A healthy soul stands united with the Just and the True, as the magnet arranges itself with

the pole, so that he stands to all beholders like a transparent object betwixt them and the sun, and whoso journeys towards the sun journeys towards that person. He is thus the medium of the highest influence to all who are not on the same level. Thus, men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.

The natural measure of this power is the resistance of circumstances. Impure men consider life as it is reflected in opinions, events, and persons. They cannot see the action, until it is done. Yet its moral element pre-existed in the actor, and its quality as right or wrong it was easy to predict. Everything in nature is bipolar, or has a positive and negative pole. There is a male and a female, a spirit and a fact, a north and a south. Spirit is the positive, the event is the negative. Will is the north, action the south pole. Character may be ranked as having its natural place in the north. It shares the magnetic currents of the system. The feeble souls are drawn to the south or negative pole. They look at the profit or hurt of the action. They never behold a principle until it is lodged in a person. They do not wish to be lovely, but to be loved. The class of character like to hear of their faults; the other class do not like to hear of faults; they worship events; secure to them a fact, a connection, a certain chain of circumstances, and they will ask no more. The hero sees that the event is ancillary; it must follow him. A given order of events has no power to secure to him the satisfaction which the imagination attaches to it; the soul of goodness escapes from any set of circumstances, whilst prosperity belongs to a certain mind, and will introduce that power and victory which is its natural fruit, into any order of events. No change of circumstances can repair a defect of character. We boast our emancipation from many superstitions; but if we have broken any idols, it is through a transfer of the idolatry. What have I gained, that I no longer immolate a bull to Jove, or to Neptune, or a mouse to Hecate; that I do not tremble before the Eumenides, or the Catholic Purgatory, or the Calvinistic Judgment Day, — if I quake at opinion, the public opinion, as we call it; or at the threat of assault, or contumely, or bad neighbors, or poverty, or mutilation, or at the rumor of revolution, or of murder? If I quake, what matters it what I quake at? Our proper vice takes form in one or another shape, according to the sex, age, or temperament of the person, and, if we are capable of fear, will

readily find terrors. The covetousness or the malignity which saddens me, when I ascribe it to society is my own. I am always environed by myself. On the other part, rectitude is a perpetual victory, celebrated not by cries of joy, but by serenity, which is joy fixed or habitual. It is disgraceful to fly to events for confirmation of our truth and worth. The capitalist does not run every hour to the broker, to coin his advances into current money of the realm; he is satisfied to read in the quotations of the market that his stocks have risen. The same transport which the occurrence of the best events in the best order would occasion me I must learn to taste purer in the perception that my position is every hour meliorated, and does already command those events I desire. That exultation is only to be checked by the foresight of an order of things so excellent as to throw all our prosperities into the deepest shade.

The face which character wears to me is self-sufficingness. I revere the person who is riches; so that I cannot think of him as alone, or poor, or exiled, or unhappy, or a client, but as perpetual patron, benefactor, and beatified man. Character is centrality, the impossibility of being displaced or overset. A man should give us a sense of mass. Society is frivolous, and shreds its day into scraps, its conversation into ceremonies and escapes. But if I go to see an ingenious man, I shall think myself poorly entertained if he give me nimble pieces of benevolence and etiquette; rather he shall stand stoutly in his place, and let me apprehend, if it were only his resistance; know that I have encountered a new and positive quality; — great refreshment for both of us. It is much, that he does not accept the conventional opinions and practices. That nonconformity will remain a goad and remembrancer, and every inquirer will have to dispose of him in the first place. There is nothing real or useful that is not a seat of war. Our houses ring with laughter and personal and critical gossip, but it helps little. But the uncivil, unavailable man, who is a problem and a threat to society, whom it cannot let pass in silence, but must either worship or hate, — and to whom all parties feel related, both the leaders of opinion, and the obscure and eccentric, — he helps; he puts America and Europe in the wrong, and destroys the skepticism which says, "man is a doll, let us eat and drink, 'tis the best we can do," by illuminating the untried and unknown. Acquiescence in the establishment, and appeal to the public, indicate infirm faith, heads which are

not clear, and which must see a house built before they can comprehend the plan of it. The wise man not only leaves out of his thought the many, but leaves out the few. Fountains, fountains, the self-moved, the absorbed, the commander because he is commanded, the assured, the primary, — they are good; for these announce the instant presence of supreme power.

Our action should rest mathematically on our substance. In nature, there are no false valuations. A pound of water in the ocean tempest has no more gravity than in a midsummer pond. All things work exactly according to their quality, and according to their quantity; attempt nothing they cannot do, except man only. He has pretension; he wishes and attempts things beyond his force. I read in a book of English memoirs, "Mr. Fox [afterwards Lord Holland] said he must have the Treasury; he had served up to it, and would have it." Xenophon and His Thousand were quite equal to what they attempted, and did it; so equal, that it was not suspected to be a grand and inimitable exploit. Yet there stands that fact unrepeated, a high-water mark in military history. Many have attempted it since, and not been equal to it. It is only on reality that any power of action can be based. No institution will be better than the institutor. I knew an amiable and accomplished person who undertook a practical reform, yet I was never able to find in him the enterprise of love he took in hand. He adopted it by ear and by the understanding from the books he had been reading. All his action was tentative, a piece of the city carried out into the fields, and was the city still, and no new fact, and could not inspire enthusiasm. Had there been something latent in the man, a terrible undemonstrated genius agitating and embarrassing his demeanor, we had watched for its advent. It is not enough that the intellect should see the evils and their remedy. We shall still postpone our existence, nor take the ground to which we are entitled, whilst it is only a thought, and not a spirit that incites us. We have not yet served up to it.

These are properties of life, and another trait is the notice of incessant growth. Men should be intelligent and earnest. They must also make us feel that they have a controlling happy future opening before them, which sheds a splendor on the passing hour. The hero is misconceived and misreported; he cannot therefore wait to unravel any man's blunders; he is again on his road, adding new powers and honors to his domain, and new

claims on your heart, which will bankrupt you, if you have loitered about the old things, and have not kept your relation to him, by adding to your wealth. New actions are the only apologies and explanations of old ones, which the noble can bear to offer or to receive. If your friend has displeased you, you shall not sit down to consider it, for he has already lost all memory of the passage, and has doubled his power to serve you, and, ere you can rise up again, will burden you with blessings.

We have no pleasure in thinking of a benevolence that is only measured by its works. Love is inexhaustible, and if its estate is wasted, its granary emptied, still cheers and enriches; and the man, though he sleep, seems to purify the air, and his house to adorn the landscape and strengthen the laws. People always recognize this difference. We know who is benevolent, by quite other means than the amount of subscription to soup societies. It is only low merits that can be enumerated. Fear, when your friends say to you that you have done well, and say it through; but when they stand with uncertain timid looks of respect and half-dislike, and must suspend their judgment for years to come, you may begin to hope. Those who live to the future must always appear selfish to those who live to the present. Therefore it was droll in the good Riemer, who has written memoirs of Goethe, to make out a list of his donations and good deeds, as so many hundred thalers given to Stilling, to Hegel, to Tischbein; a lucrative place found for Professor Voss, a post under the grand duke for Herder, a pension for Meyer, two professors recommended to foreign universities, etc., etc. The longest list of specifications of benefit would look very short. A man is a poor creature, if he is to be measured so. For all these, of course, are exceptions; and the rule and hodiernal life of a good man is benefaction. The true charity of Goethe is to be inferred from the account he gave Dr. Eckermann of the way in which he had spent his fortune. "Each bonmot of mine has cost a purse of gold. Half a million of my own money, the fortune I inherited, my salary, and the large income derived from my writings for fifty years back, have been expended to instruct me in what I now know. I have besides seen," etc.

I own it is but poor chat and gossip to go to enumerate traits of this simple and rapid power, and we are painting the lightning with charcoal; but in these long nights and vacations, I like to console myself so. Nothing but itself can copy it. A

word warm from the heart enriches me. I surrender at discretion. How death-cold is literary genius before this fire of life! These are the touches that reanimate my heavy soul, and give it eyes to pierce the dark of nature. I find, where I thought myself poor, there was I most rich. Thence comes a new intellectual exaltation, to be again rebuked by some new exhibition of character. Strange alternation of attraction and repulsion! Character repudiates intellect, yet excites it; and character passes into thought, is published so, and then is ashamed before new flashes of moral worth.

Character is nature in the highest form. It is of no use to ape it, or to contend with it. Somewhat is possible of resistance, and of persistence, and of creation, to this power, which will foil all emulation.

This masterpiece is best where no hands but Nature's have been laid on it. Care is taken that the greatly destined shall slip up into life in the shade, with no thousand-eyed Athens to watch and blazon every new thought, every blushing emotion of young genius. Two persons lately,—very young children of the most high God,—have given me occasion for thought. When I explored the source of their sanctity, and charm for the imagination, it seemed as if each answered, "From my nonconformity: I never listened to your people's law, or to what they call their gospel, and wasted my time. I was content with the simple rural poverty of my own: hence this sweetness: my work never reminds you of that;—is pure of that." And Nature advertises me in such persons, that in democratic America she will not be democratized. How cloistered and constitutionally sequestered from the market and from scandal! It was only this morning that I sent away some wild flowers of these wood gods. They are a relief from literature,—these fresh draughts from the sources of thought and sentiment; as we read, in an age of polish and criticism, the first lines of written prose and verse of a nation. How captivating is their devotion to their favorite books, whether Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, or Scott, as feeling that they have a stake in that book: who touches that touches them;—and especially the total solitude of the critic, the Patmos of thought from which he writes, in unconsciousness of any eyes that shall ever read this writing. Could they dream on still, as angels, and not wake to comparisons, and to be flattered! Yet some natures are too good to be spoiled by praise, and wherever the vein of thought reaches down

into the profound, there is no danger from vanity. Solemn friends will warn them of the danger of the head's being turned by the flourish of trumpets, but they can afford to smile. I remember the indignation of an eloquent Methodist, at the kind admonitions of a doctor of divinity,— "My friend, a man can neither be praised nor insulted." But forgive the counsels; they are very natural. I remember the thought which occurred to me when some ingenious and spiritual foreigners came to America was, Have you been victimized in being brought hither?— or, prior to that, answer me this, "Are you victimizable?"

As I have said, Nature keeps these sovereignties in her own hands, and however pertly our sermons and disciplines would divide some share of credit, and teach that the laws fashion the citizen, she goes her own gait, and puts the wisest in the wrong. She makes very light of Gospel and prophets, as one who has a great many more to produce, and no excess of time to spare on any one. There is a class of men, individuals of which appear at long intervals, so eminently endowed with insight and virtue, that they have been unanimously saluted as divine, and who seem to be an accumulation of that power we consider. Divine persons are character born, or, to borrow a phrase from Napoleon, they are victory organized. They are usually received with ill will, because they are new, and because they set a bound to the exaggeration that has been made of the personality of the last divine person. Nature never rhymes her children, nor makes two men alike. When we see a great man we fancy a resemblance to some historical person, and predict the sequel of his character and fortune,— a result which he is sure to disappoint. None will ever solve the problem of his character according to our prejudice, but only in his own high unprecedented way. Character wants room; must not be crowded on by persons, nor be judged from glimpses got in the press of affairs or on few occasions. It needs perspective, as a great building. It may not, probably does not, form relations rapidly; and we should not require rash explanation, either on the popular ethics, or on our own, of its action.

I look on sculpture as history. I do not think the Apollo and the Jove impossible in flesh and blood. Every trait which the artist recorded in stone he had seen in life, and better than his copy. We have seen many counterfeits, but we are born believers in great men. How easily we read in old books, when

men were few, of the smallest action of the patriarchs. We require that a man should be so large and columnar in the landscape that it should deserve to be recorded that he arose, and girded up his loins, and departed to such a place. The most credible pictures are those of majestic men who prevailed at their entrance, and convinced the senses; as happened to the Eastern magian who was sent to test the merits of Zertusht or Zoroaster. When the Yunani sage arrived at Balkh, the Persians tell us, Gushtasp appointed a day on which the Mobeds of every country should assemble, and a golden chair was placed for the Yunani sage. Then the beloved of Yezdam, the prophet Zertusht, advanced into the midst of the assembly. The Yunani sage, on seeing that chief, said, "This form and this gait cannot lie, and nothing but truth can proceed from them." Plato said it was impossible not to believe in the children of the gods, "though they should speak without probable or necessary arguments." I should think myself very unhappy in my associates, if I could not credit the best things in history. "John Bradshaw," says Milton, "appears like a consul, from whom the fasces are not to depart with the year; so that not on the tribunal only, but throughout his life, you would regard him as sitting in judgment upon kings." I find it more credible, since it is anterior information, that one man should know heaven, as the Chinese say, than that so many men should know the world. "The virtuous prince confronts the gods, without any misgiving. He waits a hundred ages till a sage comes, and does not doubt. He who confronts the gods, without any misgiving, knows heaven; he who waits a hundred ages until a sage comes, without doubting, knows men Hence the virtuous prince moves, and for ages shows empire the way." But there is no need to seek remote examples. He is a dull observer whose experience has not taught him the reality and force of magic, as well as of chemistry. The coldest precisian cannot go abroad without encountering inexplicable influences. One man fastens an eye on him, and the graves of the memory render up their dead; the secrets that make him wretched either to keep or to betray must be yielded; — another, and he cannot speak, and the bones of his body seem to lose their cartilages; the entrance of a friend adds grace, boldness, and eloquence to him; and there are persons, he cannot choose but remember, who gave a transcendent expansion to his thought, and kindled another life in his bosom.

What is so excellent as strict relations of amity, when they spring from this deep root? The sufficient reply to the skeptic, who doubts the power and the furniture of man, is in that possibility of joyful intercourse with persons which makes the faith and practice of all reasonable men. I know nothing which life has to offer so satisfying as the profound good understanding which can subsist, after much exchange of good offices, between two virtuous men, each of whom is sure of himself, and sure of his friend. It is a happiness which postpones all other gratifications, and makes politics, and commerce, and churches cheap. For when men shall meet as they ought, each a benefactor, a shower of stars, clothed with thoughts, with deeds, with accomplishments, it should be the festival of nature which all things announce. Of such friendship, love in the sexes is the first symbol, as all other things are symbols of love. Those relations to the best men, which, at one time, we reckoned the romances of youth, become, in the progress of the character, the most solid enjoyment.

If it were possible to live in right relations with men! — if we could abstain from asking anything of them, from asking their praise, or help, or pity, and content us with compelling them through the virtue of the eldest laws! Could we not deal with a few persons, — with one person, — after the unwritten statutes, and make an experiment of their efficacy? Could we not pay our friend the compliment of truth, of silence, of forbearing? Need we be so eager to seek him? If we are related we shall meet. It was a tradition of the ancient world that no metamorphosis could hide a god from a god; and there is a Greek verse which runs: —

"The gods are to each other not unknown."

Friends also follow the laws of divine necessity; they gravitate to each other, and cannot otherwise: —

"When each the other shall avoid,
Shall each by each be most enjoyed."

Their relation is not made, but allowed. The gods must seat themselves without seneschal in our Olympus, and as they can install themselves by seniority divine. Society is spoiled, if pains are taken, if the associates are brought a mile to meet. And if it be not society, it is a mischievous, low, degrading jangle,

though made up of the best. All the greatness of each is kept back, and every foible in painful activity, as if the Olympians should meet to exchange snuffboxes.

Life goes headlong. We chase some flying scheme, or we are hunted by some fear or command behind us. But if suddenly we encounter a friend we pause; or heat and hurry look foolish enough; now pause, now possession, is required, and the power to swell the moment from the resources of the heart. The moment is all, in all noble relations.

A divine person is the prophecy of the mind; a friend is the hope of the heart. Our beatitude waits for the fulfillment of these two in one. The ages are opening this moral force. All force is the shadow or symbol of that. Poetry is joyful and strong, as it draws its inspiration thence. Men write their names on the world, as they are filled with this. History has been mean; our nations have been mobs; we have never seen a man: that divine form we do not yet know, but only the dream and prophecy of such: we do not know the majestic manners which belong to him, which appease and exalt the beholder. We shall one day see that the most private is the most public energy, that quality atones for quantity, and grandeur of character acts in the dark, and succors them who never saw it. What greatness has yet appeared, is beginnings and encouragements to us in this direction. The history of those gods and saints which the world has written, and then worshiped, are documents of character. The ages have exulted in the manners of a youth who owed nothing to fortune, and who was hanged at the Tyburn of his nation, who, by the pure quality of his nature, shed an epic splendor around the facts of his death, which has transfigured every particular into a universal symbol for the eyes of mankind. This great defeat is hitherto our highest fact. But the mind requires a victory to the senses, a force of character which will convert judge, jury, soldier, and king; which will rule animal and mineral virtues, and blend with the courses of sap, of rivers, of winds, of stars, and of moral agents.

If we cannot attain at a bound to these grandeurs, at least let us do them homage. In society high advantages are set down to the possessor as disadvantages. It requires the more wariness in our private estimates. I do not forgive in my friends the failure to know a fine character, and to entertain it with thankful hospitality. When at last that which we have always longed for is

arrived, and shines on us with glad rays out of that far celestial land, then to be coarse, then to be critical, and treat such a visitant with the jabber and suspicion of the streets, argues a vulgarity that seems to shut the doors of heaven. This is confusion, this the right insanity, when the soul no longer knows its own, nor where its allegiance, its religion, are due. Is there any religion but this, to know that wherever in the wide desert of being the holy sentiment we cherish has opened into a flower, it blooms for me? If none sees it, I see it; I am aware, if I alone, of the greatness of the fact. Whilst it blooms, I will keep Sabbath or holy time, and suspend my gloom and my folly and jokes. Nature is indulged by the presence of this guest. There are many eyes that can detect and honor the prudent and household virtues; there are many that can discern Genius on his starry track, though the mob is incapable; but when that love which is all-suffering, all-abstaining, all-aspiring; which has vowed to itself that it will be a wretch and also a fool in this world, sooner than soil its white hands by any compliances, comes into our streets and houses,—only the pure and aspiring can know its face, and the only compliment they can pay it is to own it.

Complete.

INTELLECT

Every substance is negatively electric to that which stands above it in the chemical tables, positively to that which stands below it. Water dissolves wood and stone and salt; air dissolves water; electric fire dissolves air; but the intellect dissolves fire, gravity, laws, method, and the subtlest unnamed relations of nature in its resistless menstruum. Intellect lies behind genius, which is intellect constructive. Intellect is the simple power anterior to all action or construction. Gladly would I unfold in calm degrees a natural history of the intellect, but what man has yet been able to mark the steps and boundaries of that transparent essence? The first questions are always to be asked, and the wisest doctor is graveled by the inquisitiveness of a child. How can we speak of the action of the mind under any divisions, as of its knowledge, of its ethics, of its works, and so forth, since it melts will into perception, knowledge into act? Each becomes the other. Itself alone is. Its vision is not like the vision of the eye, but is union with the things known.

Intellect and intellection signify, to the common ear, consideration of abstract truth. The consideration of time and place, of you and me, of profit and hurt, tyrannize over most men's minds. Intellect separates the fact considered from you, from all local and personal reference, and discerns it as if it existed for its own sake. Heraclitus looked upon the affections as dense and colored mists. In the fog of good and evil affections, it is hard for man to walk forward in a straight line. Intellect is void of affection, and sees an object as it stands in the light of science, cool and disengaged. The intellect goes out of the individual, floats over its own personality, and regards it as a fact, and not as I and mine. He who is immersed in what concerns person or place cannot see the problem of existence. This the intellect always ponders. Nature shows all things formed and bound. The intellect pierces the form, overleaps the wall, detects intrinsic likeness between remote things, and reduces all things into a few principles.

The making a fact the subject of thought raises it. All that mass of mental and moral phenomena which we do not make objects of voluntary thought comes within the power of fortune; they constitute the circumstance of daily life; they are subject to change, to fear, and hope. Every man beholds his human condition with a degree of melancholy. As a ship aground is battered by the waves, so man, imprisoned in mortal life, lies open to the mercy of coming events. But a truth separated by the intellect is no longer a subject of destiny. We behold it as a god upraised above care and fear. And so any fact in our life, or any record of our fancies or reflections, disentangled from the web of our unconsciousness, becomes an object impersonal and immortal. It is the past restored, but embalmed. A better art than that of Egypt has taken fear and corruption out of it. It is eviscerated of care. It is offered for science. What is addressed to us for contemplation does not threaten us, but makes us intellectual beings.

The growth of the intellect is spontaneous in every step. The mind that grows could not predict the times, the means, the mode of that spontaneity. God enters by a private door into every individual. Long prior to the age of reflection is the thinking of the mind. Out of darkness, it came insensibly into the marvelous light of to-day. Over it always reigned a firm law. In the period of infancy it accepted and disposed of all impressions from the surrounding creation after its own way. Whatever any mind

doth or saith, is after a law. It has no random act or word. And this native law remains over it after it has come to reflection or conscious thought. In the most worn, pedantic, introverted, self-tormentor's life, the greatest part is incalculable by him, unforeseen, unimaginable, and must be, until he can take himself up by his own ears. What am I? What has my will done to make me that I am? Nothing. I have been floated into this thought, this hour, this connection of events, by might and mind sublime, and my ingenuity and willfulness have not thwarted, have not aided to an appreciable degree.

Our spontaneous action is always the best. You cannot, with your best deliberation and heed, come so close to any question as your spontaneous glance shall bring you, whilst you rise from your bed or walk abroad in the morning, after meditating the matter before sleep on the previous night. Always our thinking is a pious reception. Our truth of thought is therefore vitiated as much by too violent direction given by our will, as by too great negligence. We do not determine what we will think. We only open our senses, clear away as we can all obstruction from the fact, and suffer the intellect to see. We have little control over our thoughts. We are the prisoners of ideas. They catch us up for moments into their heaven, and so fully engage us that we take no thought for the morrow, gaze like children, without an effort to make them our own. By and by we fall out of that rapture, bethink us where we have been, what we have seen, and repeat as truly as we can what we have beheld. As far as we can recall these ecstasies we carry away in the ineffaceable memory the result, and all men and all the ages confirm it. It is called Truth. But the moment we cease to report, and attempt to correct and contrive, it is not truth.

If we consider what persons have stimulated and profited us, we shall perceive the superiority of the spontaneous or intuitive principle over the arithmetical or logical. The first always contains the second, but virtual and latent. We want, in every man, a long logic; we cannot pardon the absence of it, but it must not be spoken. Logic is the procession or proportionate unfolding of the intuition; but its virtue is as silent method; the moment it would appear as propositions and have a separate value, it is worthless.

In every man's mind some images, words, and facts remain, without effort on his part to imprint them, which others forget,

and afterwards these illustrate to him important laws. All our progress is an unfolding, like the vegetable bud. You have first an instinct, then an opinion, then a knowledge, as the plant has root, bud, and fruit. Trust the instinct to the end, though you can render no reason. It is vain to hurry it. By trusting it to the end it shall ripen into truth, and you shall know why you believe.

Each mind has its own method. A true man never acquires after college rules. What you have aggregated in a natural manner surprises and delights when it is produced. For we cannot oversee each other's secret. And hence the differences between men in natural endowment are insignificant in comparison with their common wealth. Do you think the porter and the cook have no anecdotes, no experiences, no wonders for you? Everybody knows as much as the savant. The walls of rude minds are scrawled all over with facts, with thoughts. They shall one day bring a lantern and read the inscriptions. Every man, in the degree in which he has wit and culture, finds his curiosity inflamed concerning the modes of living and thinking of other men, and especially of those classes whose minds have not been subdued by the drill of school education.

This instinctive action never ceases in a healthy mind, but becomes richer and more frequent in its informations through all states of culture. At last comes the era of reflection, when we not only observe, but take pains to observe; when we of set purpose sit down to consider an abstract truth; when we keep the mind's eye open whilst we converse, whilst we read, whilst we act, intent to learn the secret law of some class of facts.

What is the hardest task in the world? To think. I would put myself in the attitude to look in the eye an abstract truth, and I cannot. I blench and withdraw on this side and on that. I seem to know what he meant who said, No man can see God face to face and live. For example, a man explores the basis of civil government. Let him intend his mind without respite, without rest, in one direction. His best heed long time avails him nothing. Yet thoughts are flitting before him. We all but apprehend, we dimly forbode the truth. We say, I will walk abroad, and the truth will take form and clearness to me. We go forth, but cannot find it. It seems as if we needed only the stillness and composed attitude of the library to seize the thought. But we come in, and are as far from it as at first. Then, in a

moment, and unannounced, the truth appears. A certain, wandering light appears, and is the distinction, the principle we wanted. But the oracle comes, because we had previously laid siege to the shrine. It seems as if the law of the intellect resembled that law of nature by which we now inspire, now expire, the breath; by which the heart now draws in, then hurls out, the blood,—the law of undulation. So now you must labor with your brains, and now you must forbear your activity, and see what the great Soul showeth.

Our intellections are mainly prospective. The immortality of man is as legitimately preached from the intellections as from the moral volitions. Every intellection is mainly prospective. Its present value is its least. It is a little seed. Inspect what delights you in Plutarch, in Shakespeare, in Cervantes. Each truth that a writer acquires is a lantern which he instantly turns full on what facts and thoughts lay already in his mind, and behold, all the mats and rubbish which had littered his garret become precious. Every trivial fact in his private biography becomes an illustration of this new principle, revisits the day, and delights all men by its piquancy and new charm. Men say, where did he get this? and think there was something divine in his life. But no; they have myriads of facts just as good, would they only get a lamp to ransack their attics withal.

We are all wise. The difference between persons is not in wisdom, but in art. I knew, in an academical club, a person who always deferred to me, who, seeing my whim for writing, fancied that my experiences had somewhat superior; whilst I saw that his experiences were as good as mine. Give them to me, and I would make the same use of them. He held the old; he holds the new; I had the habit of tacking together the old and the new, which he did not use to exercise. This may hold in the great examples. Perhaps if we should meet Shakespeare, we should not be conscious of any steep inferiority; no, but of a great equality,—only that he possessed a strange skill of using, of classifying his facts, which we lacked. For, notwithstanding our utter incapacity to produce anything like "Hamlet" and "Othello," see the perfect reception this wit, and immense knowledge of life, and liquid eloquence find in us all.

If you gather apples in the sunshine, or make hay, or hoe corn, and then retire within doors, and shut your eyes, and press them with your hand, you shall still see apples hanging in the

bright light, with boughs and leaves thereto, or the tasseled grass, or the corn flags, and this for five or six hours afterwards. There lie the impressions on the retentive organ, though you knew it not. So lies the whole series of natural images with which your life has made you acquainted, in your memory, though you know it not, and a thrill of passion flashes light on their dark chamber, and the active power seizes instantly the fit image, as the word of its momentary thought.

It is long ere we discover how rich we are. Our history, we are sure, is quite tame. We have nothing to write, nothing to infer. But our wiser years still run back to the despised recollections of childhood, and always we are fishing up some wonderful article out of that pond; until, by and by, we begin to suspect that the biography of the one foolish person we know, is, in realty, nothing less than the miniature paraphrase of the hundred volumes of the "Universal History."

In the intellect constructive, which we popularly designate by the word Genius, we observe the same balance of two elements as in intellect receptive. The constructive intellect produces thoughts, sentences, poems, plans, designs, systems. It is the generation of the mind, the marriage of thought with nature. To genius must always go two gifts, the thought and the publication. The first is revelation, always a miracle, which no frequency of occurrence or incessant study can ever familiarize, but which must always leave the inquirer stupid with wonder. It is the advent of truth into the world; a form of thought now, for the first time, bursting into the universe; a child of the old eternal soul; a piece of genuine and immeasurable greatness. It seems, for the time, to inherit all that has yet existed, and to dictate to the unborn. It affects every thought of man, and goes to fashion every institution. But to make it available, it needs a vehicle or art by which it is conveyed to men. To be communicable, it must become picture or sensible object. We must learn the language of facts. The most wonderful inspirations die with their subject, if he has no hand to paint them to the senses. The ray of light passes invisible through space, and only when it falls on an object is it seen. When the spiritual energy is directed on something outward, then is it a thought. The relation between it and you first makes you, the value of you, apparent to me. The rich, inventive genius of the painter must be smothered and lost for want of the power of drawing, and in our happy

hours we should be inexhaustible poets, if once we could break through the silence into adequate rhyme. As all men have some access to primary truth, so all have some art or power of communication in their heads, but only in the artist does it descend into the hand. There is an inequality whose laws we do not yet know, between two men and between two moments of the same man in respect to this faculty. In common hours we have the same facts as in the uncommon or inspired; but they do not sit for their portraits; they are not detached, but lie in a web. The thought of genius is spontaneous; but the power of picture or expression in the most enriched and flowing nature implies a mixture of will, a certain control over the spontaneous states, without which no production is possible. It is a conversion of all nature into the rhetoric of thought, under the eye of judgment, with a strenuous exercise of choice. And yet the imaginative vocabulary seems to be spontaneous also. It does not flow from experience only or mainly, but from a richer source. Not by any conscious imitation of particular forms are the grand strokes of the painter executed, but by repairing to the fountain head of all forms in his mind. Who is the first drawing master? Without instruction we know very well the ideal of the human form. A child knows if an arm or leg be distorted in a picture, if the attitude be natural, or grand, or mean, though he has never received any instruction in drawing, nor heard any conversation on the subject, nor can himself draw with correctness a single feature. A good form strikes all eyes pleasantly long before they have any science on the subject, and a beautiful face sets twenty hearts in palpitation, prior to all consideration of the mechanical proportions of the features and head. We may owe to dreams some light on the fountain of this skill; for, as soon as we let our will go, and let the unconscious states ensue, see what cunning draughtsmen we are! We entertain ourselves with wonderful forms of men, of women, of animals, of gardens, of woods, and of monsters, and the mystic pencil wherewith we then draw has no awkwardness or inexperience, no meagreness or poverty; it can design well and group well; its composition is full of art, its colors are well laid on, and the whole canvas which it paints is lifelike and apt to touch us with terror, with tenderness, with desire, and with grief. Neither are the artist's copies from experience ever mere copies, but always touched and softened by tints from this ideal domain.

The conditions essential to a constructive mind do not appear to be so often combined but that a good sentence or verse remains fresh and memorable for a long time. Yet when we write with ease, and come out into the free air of thought, we seem to be assured that nothing is easier than to continue this communication at pleasure. Up, down, around, the kingdom of thought has no inclosures, but the Muse makes us free of her city. Well, the world has a million writers. One would think, then, that good thought would be as familiar as air and water, and the gifts of each new hour would exclude the last. Yet we can count all our good books; nay, I remember any beautiful verse for twenty years. It is true that the discerning intellect of the world is always greatly in advance of the creative, so that always there are many competent judges of the best book, and few writers of the best books. But some of the conditions of intellectual construction are of rare occurrence. The intellect is a whole, and demands integrity in every work. This is resisted equally by a man's devotion to a single thought, and by his ambition to combine too many.

Truth is our element, or life; yet if a man fasten his attention on a single aspect of truth, and apply himself to that alone for a long time, the truth becomes distorted and not itself, but falsehood; herein resembling the air, which is our natural element, and the breath of our nostrils; but if a stream of the same be directed on the body for a time, it causes cold, fever, and even death. How wearisome the grammarian, the phrenologist, the political or religious fanatic, or, indeed, any possessed mortal, whose balance is lost by the exaggeration of a single topic. It is incipient insanity. Every thought is a prison also. I cannot see what you see, because I am caught up by a strong wind and blown so far in one direction that I am out of the hoop of your horizon.

Is it any better if the student, to avoid this offense and to liberalize himself, aims to make a mechanical whole, of history, or science, or philosophy, by a numerical addition of all the facts that fall within his vision? The world refuses to be analyzed by addition and subtraction. When we are young we spend much time and pains in filling our notebooks with all definitions of religion, love, poetry, politics, art, in the hope that in the course of a few years we shall have condensed into our encyclopædia the net value of all the theories at which the world has yet

arrived. But year after year our tables get no completeness, and at last we discover that our curve is a parabola, whose arcs will never meet.

Neither by detachment, neither by aggregation, is the integrity of the intellect transmitted to its works, but by a vigilance which brings the intellect in its greatness and best state to operate every moment. It must have the same wholeness which nature has. Although no diligence can rebuild the universe in a model, by the best accumulation or disposition of details, yet does the world reappear in miniature in every event, so that all the laws of nature may be read in the smallest fact. The intellect must have the like perfection in its apprehension and in its works. For this reason an index or mercury of intellectual proficiency is the perception of identity. We talk with accomplished persons who appear to be strangers in nature. The cloud, the tree, the turf, the bird are not theirs, have nothing of them; the world is only their lodging and table. But the poet whose verses are to be spheral and complete is one whom Nature cannot deceive, whatsoever face of strangeness she may put on. He feels a strict consanguinity, and detects more likeness than variety in all her changes. We are stung by the desire for new thought; but when we receive a new thought, it is only the old thought with a new face; and though we make it our own, we instantly crave another; we are not really enriched. For the truth was in us, before it was reflected to us from natural objects; and the profound genius will cast the likeness of all creatures into every product of his wit.

But if the constructive powers are rare, and it is given to few men to be poets, yet every man is a receiver of this descending Holy Ghost, and may well study the laws of its influx. Exactly parallel is the whole rule of intellectual duty to the rule of moral duty. A self-denial, no less austere than the saint's, is demanded of the scholar. He must worship truth and forego all things for that, and choose defeat and pain so that his treasure in thought is thereby augmented.

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please,—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates ever. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets,—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation; but he shuts

the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings, and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism and recognize all the opposite negations between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being.

The circle of the green earth he must measure with his shoes to find the man who can yield him truth. He shall then know that there is somewhat more blessed and great in hearing than in speaking. Happy is the hearing man; unhappy the speaking man. As long as I hear truth, I am bathed by a beautiful element, and am not conscious of any limits to my nature. The suggestions are thousandfold that I hear and see. The waters of the great deep have ingress and egress to the soul. But if I speak, I define, I confine, and am less. When Socrates speaks, Lysis and Menexenus are afflicted by no shame that they do not speak. They also are good. He likewise defers to them, loves them, whilst he speaks. Because a true and natural man contains and is the same truth which an eloquent man articulates; but in the eloquent man, because he can articulate it, it seems something the less to reside, and he turns to these — silent, beautiful, with the more inclination and respect. The ancient sentence said, Let us be silent, for so are the gods. Silence is a solvent that destroys personality, and gives us leave to be great and universal. Every man's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom seems at the time to have a superlative influence; but it at last gives place to a new. Frankly let him accept it all. Jesus says, Leave father, mother, house, and lands, and follow me. Who leaves all, receives more. This is as true intellectually as morally. Each new mind we approach seems to require an abdication of all our past and present possessions. A new doctrine seems, at first, a subversion of all our opinions, tastes, and manner of living. Such has Swedenborg, such has Kant, such has Coleridge, such has Cousin seemed to many young men in this country. Take thankfully and heartily all they can give. Exhaust them, wrestle with them, let them not go until their blessing be won, and, after a short season, the dismay will be over past, the excess of influence withdrawn, and they will be no longer an alarming meteor, but one more bright

star shining serenely in your heaven, and blending its light with all your day.

But whilst he gives himself up unreservedly to that which draws him, because that is his own, he is to refuse himself to that which draws him not, whatsoever fame and authority may attend it, because it is not his own. Entire self-reliance belongs to the intellect. One soul is a counterpoise of all souls, as a capillary column of water is a balance for the sea. It must treat things and books and sovereign genius, as itself also a sovereign. If Æschylus be that man he is taken for, he has not yet done his office, when he has educated the learned of Europe for a thousand years. He is now to approve himself a master of delight to me also. If he cannot do that, all his fame shall avail him nothing with me. I were a fool not to sacrifice a thousand Æschyluses to my intellectual integrity. Especially take the same ground in regard to abstract truth, the science of the mind. The Bacon, the Spinoza, the Hume, Schelling, Kant, or whosoever propounds to you a philosophy of the mind, is only a more or less awkward translator of things in your consciousness, which you have also your way of seeing, perhaps of denominating. Say then, instead of too timidly poring into his obscure sense, that he has not succeeded in rendering back to you your consciousness. He has not succeeded; now let another try. If Plato cannot, perhaps Spinoza will. If Spinoza cannot, then perhaps Kant. Anyhow, when at last it is done, you will find it is no recondite, but a simple, natural, common state, which the writer restores to you.

But let us end these didactics. I will not, though the subject might provoke it, speak to the open question between Truth and Love. I shall not presume to interfere in the old politics of the skies: "The cherubim know most; the seraphim love most." The gods shall settle their own quarrels. But I cannot recite, even thus rudely, laws of the intellect, without remembering that lofty and sequestered class of men who have been its prophets and oracles, the high priesthood of the pure reason, the Trismegisti, the expounders of the principles of thought from age to age. When at long intervals we turn over their abstruse pages, wonderful seems the calm and grand air of these few, these great spiritual lords, who have walked in the world,— these of the old religion,— dwelling in a worship which makes the sanctities of

Christianity look parvenues and popular; for "persuasion is in soul, but necessity is in intellect." This band of grandees, Hermes, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Plato, Plotinus, Olympiodorus, Proclus, Synesius, and the rest, have somewhat so vast in their logic, so primary in their thinking, that it seems antecedent to all the ordinary distinctions of rhetoric and literature, and to be at once poetry, and music, and dancing, and astronomy, and mathematics. I am present at the sowing of the seed of the world. With a geometry of sunbeams, the soul lays the foundations of nature. The truth and grandeur of their thought is proved by its scope and applicability, for it commands the entire schedule and inventory of things for its illustration. But what marks its elevation, and has even a comic look to us, is the innocent serenity with which these babe-like Jupiters sit in their clouds, and from age to age prattle to each other, and to no contemporary. Well assured that their speech is intelligible, and the most natural thing in the world, they add thesis to thesis, without a moment's heed of the universal astonishment of the human race below, who do not comprehend their plainest argument; nor do they ever relent so much as to insert a popular or explaining sentence; nor testify the least displeasure or petulance at the dullness of their amazed auditory. The angels are so enamored of the language that is spoken in heaven that they will not distort their lips with the hissing and unmusical dialects of men, but speak their own, whether there be any who understand it or not.

Complete.

ART

BECAUSE the soul is progressive, it never quite repeats itself, but in every act attempts the production of a new and fairer whole. This appears in works both of the useful and the fine arts, if we employ the popular distinction of works according to their aim, either at use or beauty. Thus in our fine arts, not imitation, but creation, is the aim. In landscapes, the painter should give the suggestion of a fairer creation than we know. The details, the prose of nature he should omit, and give us only the spirit and splendor. He should know that the landscape has beauty for his eye, because it expresses a thought which is to him good; and this because the same power

which sees through his eyes is seen in that spectacle; and he will come to value the expression of nature, and not nature itself, and so exalt in his copy the features that please him. He will give the gloom of gloom, and the sunshine of sunshine. In a portrait, he must inscribe the character, and not the features, and must esteem the man who sits to him as himself only an imperfect picture or likeness of the aspiring original within.

What is that abridgment and selection we observe in all spiritual activity, but itself the creative impulse? For it is the inlet of that higher illumination which teaches to convey a larger sense by simpler symbols. What is a man but nature's finer success in self-explication? What is a man but a finer and compacter landscape than the horizon figures; nature's eclecticism? And what is his speech, his love of painting, love of nature, but a still finer success? All the weary miles and tons of space and bulk left out, and the spirit or moral of it contracted into a musical word, or the most cunning stroke of the pencil? But the artist must employ the symbols in use in his day and nation to convey his enlarged sense to his fellowmen. Thus the new in art is always formed out of the old. The genius of the hour always sets his ineffaceable seal on the work, and gives it an inexpressible charm for the imagination. As far as the spiritual character of the period overpowers the artist, and finds expression in his work, so far it will always retain a certain grandeur, and will represent to future beholders the unknown, the inevitable, the divine. No man can quite exclude this element of necessity from his labor. No man can quite emancipate himself from his age and country; or produce a model in which the education, the religion, the politics, usages, and arts, of his times shall have no share. Though he were never so original, never so willful and fantastic, he cannot wipe out of his work every trace of the thoughts amidst which it grew. The very avoidance betrays the usage he avoids. Above his will, and out of his sight, he is necessitated, by the air he breathes, and the idea on which he and his contemporaries live and toil, to share the manner of his times, without knowing what that manner is. Now that which is inevitable in the work has a higher charm than individual talent can ever give, inasmuch as the artist's pen or chisel seems to have been held and guided by a gigantic hand to inscribe a line in the history of the human race. This circumstance gives a value to the Egyptian hieroglyphics, to the Indian, Chinese, and

Mexican idols, however gross and shapeless. They denote the height of the human soul in that hour, and were not fantastic, but sprung from a necessity as deep as the world. Shall I now add that the whole extant product of the plastic arts has herein its highest value, as history: — as a stroke drawn in the portrait of that fate, perfect and beautiful, according to whose ordinations all beings advance to their beatitude?

Thus, historically viewed, it has been the office of art to educate the perception of beauty. We are immersed in beauty, but our eyes have no clear vision. It needs, by the exhibition of single traits, to assist and lead the dormant taste. We carve and paint, or we behold what is carved and painted, as students of the mystery of Form. The virtue of art lies in detachment, in sequestering one object from the embarrassing variety. Until one thing comes out from the connection of things, there can be enjoyment, contemplation, but no thought. Our happiness and unhappiness are unproductive. The infant lies in a pleasing trance; but his individual character and his practical power depend on his daily progress in the separation of things, and dealing with one at a time. Love and all the passions concentrate all existence around a single form. It is the habit of certain minds to give an all-excluding fullness to the object, the thought, the word, they alight upon, and to make that for the time the deputy of the world. These are the artists, the orators, the leaders of society. The power to detach, and to magnify by detaching, is the essence of rhetoric in the hands of the orator and the poet. This rhetoric, or power to fix the momentary eminency of an object, so remarkable in Burke, in Byron, in Carlyle, — the painter and sculptor exhibit in color and in stone. The power depends on the depth of the artist's insight of that object he contemplates. For every object has its roots in central nature, and may, of course, be so exhibited to us as to represent the world. Therefore, each work of genius is the tyrant of the hour, and concentrates attention on itself. For the time, it is the only thing worth naming, to do that, — be it a sonnet, an opera, a landscape, a statue, an oration, the plan of a temple, of a campaign, or of a voyage of discovery. Presently we pass to some other object, which rounds itself into a whole, as did the first; for example, a well-laid garden; and nothing seems worth doing but the laying out of gardens. I should think fire the best thing in the world, if I were not acquainted with air, and water, and

earth; for it is the right and property of all natural objects, of all genuine talents, of all native properties whatsoever, to be for their moment the top of the world. A squirrel leaping from bough to bough, and making the wood but one wide tree for his pleasure, fills the eye not less than a lion, is beautiful, self-sufficing, and stands then and there for nature. A good ballad draws my ear and heart whilst I listen, as much as an epic has done before. A dog, drawn by a master, or a litter of pigs, satisfies, and is a reality not less than the frescoes of Angelo. From this succession of excellent objects, learn we at last the immensity of the world, the opulence of human nature, which can run out to infinitude in any direction. But I also learn that what astonished and fascinated me in the first work astonished me in the second work also, that excellence of all things is one.

The office of painting and sculpture seems to be merely initial. The best pictures can easily tell us their last secret. The best pictures are rude draughts of a few of the miraculous dots and lines and dyes which make up the ever-changing "landscape with figures" amidst which we dwell. Painting seems to be to the eye what dancing is to the limbs. When that has educated the frame to self-possession, to nimbleness, to grace, the steps of the dancing master are better forgotten; so painting teaches me the splendor of color and the expression of form, and, as I see many pictures and higher genius in the art, I see the boundless opulence of the pencil, the indifferency in which the artist stands free to choose out of the possible forms. If he can draw everything, why draw anything? and then is my eye opened to the eternal picture which nature paints in the street with moving men and children, beggars, and fine ladies, draped in red, and green, and blue, and gray; long-haired, grizzled, white-faced, black-faced, wrinkled, giant, dwarf, expanded, elfish,—capped and based by heaven, earth, and sea.

A gallery of sculpture teaches more austerely the same lesson. As picture teaches the coloring, so sculpture the anatomy of form. When I have seen fine statues, and afterwards enter a public assembly, I understand well what he meant who said, "When I have been reading Homer, all men look like giants." I, too, see that painting and sculpture are gymnastics of the eye, its training to the niceties and curiosities of its function. There is no statue like this living man, with his infinite advantage over all ideal sculpture, of perpetual variety. What a gallery of art

have I here! No mannerist made these varied groups and diverse original single figures. Here is the artist himself improvising, grim and glad, at his block. Now one thought strikes him, now another, and with each moment he alters the whole air, attitude, and expression of his clay. Away with your nonsense of oil and easels, of marble and chisels; except to open your eyes to the witchcraft of eternal art, they are hypocritical rubbish.

The reference of all production at last to an Aboriginal Power explains the traits common to all works of the highest art, that they are universally intelligible; that they restore to us the simplest states of mind, and are religious. Since what skill is therein shown is the reappearance of the original soul, a jet of pure light, it should produce a similar impression to that made by natural objects. In happy hours nature appears to us one with art; art perfected,—the work of genius. And the individual in whom simple tastes and susceptibility to all the great human influences overpowers the accidents of a local and special culture is the best critic of art. Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not. The best of beauty is a finer charm than skill in surfaces, in outlines, or rules of art can ever teach, namely, a radiation from the work of art, of human character,—a wonderful expression through stone, or canvas, or musical sound of the deepest and simplest attributes of our nature, and therefore most intelligible at last to those souls which have these attributes. In the sculptures of the Greeks, in the masonry of the Romans, and in the pictures of the Tuscan and Venetian masters, the highest charm is the universal language they speak. A confession of moral nature, of purity, love, and hope breathes from them all. That which we carry to them, the same we bring back more fairly illustrated in the memory. The traveler who visits the Vatican, and passes from chamber to chamber through galleries of statues, vases, sarcophagi, and candelabra, through all forms of beauty, cut in the richest materials, is in danger of forgetting the simplicity of the principles out of which they all sprung, and that they had their origin from thoughts and laws in his own breast. He studies the technical rules on these wonderful remains, but forgets that these works were not always thus constellated; that they are the contributions of many ages and many countries; that each came out of the solitary workshop of one artist, who toiled perhaps in ignorance of

the existence of other sculpture, created his work without other model, save life, household life, and the sweet and smart of personal relations, of beating hearts, and meeting eyes, of poverty, and necessity, and hope, and fear. These were his inspirations, and these are the effects he carries home to your heart and mind. In proportion to his force, the artist will find in his work an outlet for his proper character. He must not be in any manner pinched or hindered by his material; but through his necessity of imparting himself, the adamant will be wax in his hands, and will allow an adequate communication of himself in his full stature and proportion. Not a conventional nature and culture need he cumber himself with, nor ask what is the mode in Rome or in Paris; but that house and weather and manner of living, which poverty and the fate of birth have made at once so odious and so dear, in the gray, unpainted wood cabin, on the corner of a New Hampshire farm, or in the log hut of the backwoods, or in the narrow lodging where he has endured the constraints and seeming of a city poverty,—will serve as well as any other condition, as the symbol of a thought which pours itself indifferently through all.

I remember, when in my younger days I had heard of the wonders of Italian painting, I fancied the great pictures would be great strangers; some surprising combination of color and form; a foreign wonder, barbaric pearl and gold, like the spontoons and standards of the militia, which play such pranks in the eyes and imaginations of schoolboys. I was to see and acquire I knew not what. When I came at last to Rome, and saw with eyes the pictures, I found that genius left to novices the gay and fantastic and ostentatious, and itself pierced directly to the simple and true; that it was familiar and sincere; that it was the old, eternal fact I had met already in so many forms; unto which I lived; that it was the plain you and me I knew so well,—had left at home in so many conversations. I had the same experience already in a church at Naples. There I saw that nothing was changed with me but the place, and said to myself,—"Thou foolish child, hast thou come out hither, over four thousand miles of salt water, to find that which was perfect to thee, there at home?"—that fact I saw again in the Academmia at Naples, in the chambers of sculpture, and yet again when I came to Rome, and to the paintings of Raphael, Angelo, Sacchi, Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci. "What old mole! workest

thou in the earth so fast?" It had traveled by my side; that which I fancied I had left in Boston was here in the Vatican, and again at Milan, and at Paris, and made all traveling ridiculous as a treadmill. I now require this of all pictures, that they domesticate me, not that they dazzle me. Pictures must not be too picturesque. Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing. All great actions have been simple, and all great pictures are.

The "Transfiguration" by Raphael is an eminent example of this peculiar merit. A calm, benignant beauty shines over all this picture, and goes directly to the heart. It seems almost to call you by name. The sweet and sublime face of Jesus is beyond praise, yet how it disappoints all florid expectations! This familiar, simple, home-speaking countenance is as if one should meet a friend. The knowledge of picture dealers has its value, but listen not to their criticism when your heart is touched by genius. It was not painted for them, it was painted for you; for such as had eyes capable of being touched by simplicity and lofty emotions.

Yet when we have said all our fine things about the arts, we must end with a frank confession, that the arts, as we know them, are but initial. Our best praise is given to what they aimed and promised, not to the actual result. He has conceived meanly of the resources of man, who believes that the best age of production is past. The real value of the "Iliad," or the "Transfiguration," is as signs of power; billows or ripples they are of the great stream of tendency; tokens of the everlasting effort to produce, which, even in its worst estate, the soul betrays. Art has not yet come to its maturity, if it do not put itself abreast with the most potent influences of the world; if it is not practical and moral; if it do not stand in connection with the conscience; if it do not make the poor and uncultivated feel that it addresses them with a voice of lofty cheer. There is higher work for Art than the arts. They are abortive births of an imperfect or vitiated instinct. Art is the need to create; but in its essence, immense and universal, it is impatient of working with lame or tied hands, and of making cripples and monsters, such as all pictures and statues are. Nothing less than the creation of man and nature is its end. A man should find in it an outlet for his whole energy. He may paint and carve only as long as he can do that. Art should exhilarate, and throw down the walls of circum-

stance on every side, awakening in the beholder the same sense of universal relation and power which the work evinced in the artist, and its highest effect is to make new artists.

Already history is old enough to witness the old age and disappearance of particular arts. The art of sculpture is long ago perished to any real effect. It was originally a useful art, a mode of writing, a savage's record of gratitude or devotion; and among a people possessed of a wonderful perception of form, this childish carving was refined to the utmost splendor of effect. But it is the game of a rude and youthful people, and not the manly labor of a wise and spiritual nation. Under an oak tree loaded with leaves and nuts, under a sky full of eternal eyes, I stand in a thoroughfare; but in the works of our plastic arts, and especially of sculpture, creation is driven into a corner. I cannot hide from myself that there is a certain appearance of paltriness, as of toys, and the trumpery of a theatre in sculpture. Nature transcends all our moods of thought, and its secret we do not yet find. But the gallery stands at the mercy of our moods, and there is a moment when it becomes frivolous. I do not wonder that Newton, with an attention habitually engaged on the path of planets and suns, should have wondered what the Earl of Pembroke found to admire in "stone dolls." Sculpture may serve to teach the pupil how deep is the secret of form, how purely the spirit can translate its meanings into that eloquent dialect. But the statue will look cold and false before that new activity which needs to roll through all things, and is impatient of counterfeits, and things not alive. Picture and sculpture are the celebrations and festivities of form. But true art is never fixed, but always flowing. The sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice when it speaks from its instant life tones of tenderness, truth, or courage. The oratorio has already lost its relation to the morning, to the sun, and the earth, but that persuading voice is in tune with these. All works of art should not be detached, but extempore performances. A great man is a new statue in every attitude and action. A beautiful woman is a picture which drives all beholders nobly mad. Life may be lyric or epic, as well as a poem or a romance.

A true announcement of the law of creation, if a man were found worthy to declare it, would carry art up into the kingdom of nature, and destroy its separate and contrasted existence. The fountains of invention and beauty in modern society are all but

dried up. A popular novel, a theatre, or a ballroom makes us feel that we are all paupers in the almshouse of this world, without dignity, without skill, or industry. Art is as poor and low. The old tragic necessity, which lowers on the brows even of the Venuses and the Cupids of the antique, and furnishes the sole apology for the intrusion of such anomalous figures into nature, — namely, that they were inevitable; that the artist was drunk with a passion for form which he could not resist, and which vented itself in these fine extravagancies,— no longer dignifies the chisel or the pencil. But the artist and the connoisseur now seek in art the exhibition of their talent, or an asylum from the evils of life. Men are not well pleased with the figure they make in their own imagination, and they flee to art, and convey their better sense in an oratorio, a statue, or a picture. Art makes the same effort which a sensual prosperity makes, namely, to detach the beautiful from the useful, to do up the work as unavoidable, and, hating it, pass on to enjoyment. These solaces and compensations, this division of beauty from use, the laws of nature do not permit. As soon as beauty is sought not from religion and love, but for pleasure, it degrades the seeker. High beauty is no longer attainable by him in canvas or in stone, in sound, or in lyrical construction; an effeminate, prudent, sickly beauty, which is not beauty, is all that can be formed; for the hand can never execute anything higher than the character can inspire.

The art that thus separates is itself first separated. Art must not be a superficial talent, but must begin further back in man. Now men do not see nature to be beautiful, and they go to make a statue which shall be. They abhor men as tasteless, dull, and inconvertible, and console themselves with color bags and blocks of marble. They reject life as prosaic, and create a death which they call poetic. They dispatch the day's weary chores, and fly to voluptuous reveries. They eat and drink, that they may afterwards execute the ideal. Thus is art vilified; the name conveys to the mind its secondary and bad senses; it stands in the imagination as somewhat contrary to nature, and struck with death from the first. Would it not be better to begin higher up,— to serve the ideal before they eat and drink; to serve the ideal in eating and drinking, in drawing the breath, and in the functions of life? Beauty must come back to the useful arts, and the distinction between the fine and the useful arts be forgotten. If

history were truly told, if life were nobly spent, it would be no longer easy or possible to distinguish the one from the other. In nature all is useful, all is beautiful. It is therefore beautiful, because it is alive, moving, reproductive; it is therefore useful, because it is symmetrical and fair. Beauty will not come at the call of a legislature, nor will it repeat in England or America its history in Greece. It will come, as always, unannounced, and spring up between the feet of brave and earnest men. It is in vain that we look for genius to reiterate its miracles in the old arts; it is its instinct to find beauty and holiness in new and necessary facts, in the field and roadside, in the shop and mill. Proceeding from a religious heart, it will raise to a divine use the railroad, the insurance office, the joint-stock company, our law, our primary assemblies, our commerce, the galvanic battery, the electric jar, the prism, and the chemist's retort, in which we seek now only an economical use. Is not the selfish, and even cruel aspect which belongs to our great mechanical works, to mills, railways, and machinery, the effect of the mercenary impulses which these works obey? When its errands are noble and adequate, a steamboat bridging the Atlantic between Old and New England, and arriving at its ports with the punctuality of a planet,— is a step of man into harmony with nature. The boat at St. Petersburg, which plies along the Lena by magnetism, needs little to make it sublime. When science is learned in love, and its powers are wielded by love, they will appear the supplements and continuations of the material creation.

Complete.

LOVE

Every soul is a celestial Venus to every other soul. The heart has its Sabbaths and jubilees in which the world appears as a hymeneal feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances. Love is omnipresent in nature as motive and reward. Love is our highest word and the synonym of God.

Every promise of the soul has innumerable fulfillments; each of its joys ripens into a new want. Nature, uncontainable, flowing, forelooking, in the first sentiment of kindness anticipates already a benevolence which shall lose all particular regards in its

general light. The introduction to this felicity is in a private and tender relation of one to one, which is the enchantment of human life; which, like a certain divine rage and enthusiasm, seizes on man at one period and works a revolution in his mind and body; unites him to his race, pledges him to the domestic and civic relations, carries him with new sympathy into nature, enhances the power of the senses, opens the imagination, adds to his character heroic and sacred attributes, establishes marriage and gives permanence to human society.

The natural association of the sentiment of love with the heydey of the blood seems to require that in order to portray it in vivid tints, which every youth and maid should confess to be true to their throbbing experience, one must not be too old. The delicious fancies of youth reject the least savor of a mature philosophy, as chilling with age and pedantry their purple bloom. And therefore I know I incur the imputation of unnecessary hardness and stoicism from those who compose the court and parliament of Love. But from these formidable censors I shall appeal to my seniors. For it is to be considered that this passion of which we speak, though it begin with the young, yet forsakes not the old, or rather suffers no one who is truly its servant to grow old, but makes the aged participators of it not less than the tender maiden, though in a different and nobler sort. For it is a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private heart, glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and all nature with its generous flame. It matters not, therefore, whether we attempt to describe the passion at twenty, at thirty, or at eighty years. He who paints it at the first period will lose some of its later, he who paints it at the last, some of its earlier traits. Only it is to be hoped that by patience and the Muses' aid we may attain to that inward view of the law which shall describe a truth ever young, ever beautiful, so central that it shall commend itself to the eye at whatever angle beholden.

And the first condition is that we must leave a too close and lingering adherence to the actual, to facts, and study the sentiment as it appeared in hope, and not in history. For each man sees his own life defaced and disfigured, as the life of man is not to his imagination. Each man sees over his own experience

a certain slime of error, whilst that of other men looks fair and ideal. Let any man go back to those delicious relations which make the beauty of his life, which have given him sincerest instruction and nourishment, he will shrink and writhe. Alas! I know not why, but infinite compunctions embitter in mature life all the remembrances of budding sentiment, and cover every beloved name. Everything is beautiful seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour if seen as experience. Details are always melancholy; the plan is seemly and noble. It is strange how painful is the actual world,—the painful kingdom of time and place. There dwells care and canker and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the muses sing. But with names and persons and the partial interests of to-day and yesterday is grief.

The strong bent of nature is seen in the proportion which this topic of personal relations usurps in the conversation of society. What do we wish to know of any worthy person so much as how he has sped in the history of this sentiment? What books in the circulating libraries circulate? How we glow over these novels of passion, when the story is told with any spark of truth and nature! And what fastens attention, in the intercourse of life, like any passage betraying affection between two parties? Perhaps we never saw them before and never shall meet them again. But we see them exchange a glance or betray a deep emotion, and we are no longer strangers. We understand them and take the warmest interest in the development of the romance. All mankind love a lover. The earliest demonstrations of complacency and kindness are nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases the girls about the schoolhouse door;—but to-day he comes running into the entry and meets one fair child arranging her satchel; he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him; and these two little neighbors that were so close just now have learned to respect each other's personality. Or who can avert his eyes from the engaging, half-artful, half-artless ways of schoolgirls who go into the country shops to buy a skein of silk or a sheet of paper, and talk half an hour about nothing with the broad-faced, good-natured shopboy. In the village they are on a perfect equality,

which love delights in, and without any coquetry the happy, affectionate nature of woman flows out in this pretty gossip. The girls may have little beauty, yet plainly do they establish between them and the good boy the most agreeable, confiding relations; what with their fun and their earnest about Edgar and Jonas and Almira, and who was invited to the party, and who danced at the dancing school, and when the singing school would begin, and other nothings concerning which the parties cooed. By and by that boy wants a wife, and very truly and heartily will he know where to find a sincere and sweet mate, without any risk such as Milton deplores as incident to scholars and great men.

I have been told that my philosophy is unsocial, and that in public discourses my reverence for the intellect makes me unjustly cold to the personal relations. But now I almost shrink at the remembrance of such disparaging words. For persons are love's world, and the coldest philosopher cannot recount the debt of the young soul wandering here in nature to the power of love without being tempted to unsay, as treasonable to nature, aught derogatory to the social instincts. For though the celestial rapture falling out of heaven seizes only upon those of tender age, and although a beauty overpowering all analysis or comparison, and putting us quite beside ourselves, we can seldom see after thirty years, yet the remembrance of these visions outlasts all other remembrances, and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows. But here is a strange fact; it may seem to many men, in revising their experience, that they have no fairer page in their life's book than the delicious memory of some passages wherein affection contrived to give a witchcraft, surpassing the deep attraction of its own truth, to a parcel of accidental and trivial circumstances. In looking backward they may find that several things which were not the charm have more reality to this groping memory than the charm itself which embalmed them. But be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart beat, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory; when he became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone; when the youth

becomes a watcher of windows and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary and none too silent for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; for the figures, the motions, the words of the beloved object are not, like other images, written in water, but as Plutarch said, "enameled in fire," and make the study of midnight: —

"Thou art not gone being gone, where'er thou art,
Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy loving heart."

In the noon and the afternoon of life we still throb at the recollection of days when happiness was not happy enough, but must be drugged with the relish of pain and fear; for he touched the secret of the matter who said of love,—

"All other pleasures are not worth its pains";

and when the day was not long enough, but the night too must be consumed in keen recollections; when the head boiled all night on the pillow with the generous deed it resolved on; when the moonlight was a pleasing fever, and the stars were letters, and the flowers ciphers, and the air was coined into song; when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets mere pictures.

The passion remakes the world for the youth. It makes all things alive and significant. Nature grows conscious. Every bird on the boughs of the tree sings now to his heart and soul. Almost the notes are articulate. The clouds have faces as he looks on them. The trees of the forest, the waving grass and the peeping flowers have grown intelligent; and almost he fears to trust them with the secret which they seem to invite. Yet nature soothes and sympathizes. In the green solitude he finds a dearer home than with men: —

"Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves,
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are safely housed, save bats and owls,
A midnight bell, a passing groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon."

Behold there in the wood the fine madman! He is a palace of sweet sounds and sights; he dilates; he is twice a man; he walks with arms akimbo; he soliloquizes; he accosts the grass and the trees; he feels the blood of the violet, the clover, and the lily in his veins; and he talks with the brook that wets his foot.

The causes that have sharpened his perceptions of natural beauty have made him love music and verse. It is a fact often observed, that men have written good verses under the inspiration of passion, who cannot write well under any other circumstances.

The like force has the passion over all his nature. It expands the sentiment, it makes the clown gentle, and gives the coward heart. Into the most pitiful and abject it will infuse a heart and courage to defy the world, so only it have the countenance of the beloved object. In giving him to another it still more gives him to himself. He is a new man, with new perceptions, new and keener purposes, and a religious solemnity of character and aims. He does not longer appertain to his family and society. He is somewhat. He is a person. He is a soul.

And here let us examine a little nearer the nature of that influence which is thus potent over the human youth. Let us approach and admire Beauty, whose revelation to man we now celebrate,— Beauty, welcome as the sun wherever it pleases to shine, which pleases everybody with it and with themselves. Wonderful is its charm. It seems sufficient to itself. The lover cannot paint his maiden to his fancy poor and solitary. Like a tree in flower, so much soft, budding, informing loveliness is society for itself; and she teaches his eye why Beauty was ever painted with Loves and Graces attending her steps. Her existence makes the world rich. Though she extrudes all other persons from his attention as cheap and unworthy, she indemnifies him by carrying out her own being into somewhat impersonal, large, mundane, so that the maiden stands to him for a representative of all select things and virtues. For that reason the lover sees never personal resemblances in his mistress to her kindred or to others. His friends find in her a likeness to her mother, or her sisters, or to persons not of her blood. The lover sees no resemblance except to summer evenings and diamond mornings, to rainbows and the song of birds.

Beauty is ever that divine thing the ancients esteemed it. It is, they said, the flowering of virtue. Who can analyze the name-

less charm which glances from one and another face and form? We are touched with emotions of tenderness and complacency, but we cannot find whereat this dainty emotion, this wandering gleam, point. It is destroyed for the imagination by any attempt to refer it to organization. Nor does it point to any relations of friendship or love that society knows and has, but, as it seems to me, to a quite other and unattainable sphere, to relations of transcendent delicacy and sweetness, a true fairy land; to what roses and violets hint and foreshow. We cannot get at beauty. Its nature is like opaline doves'-neck lustres, hovering and evanescent. Herein it resembles the most excellent things, which all have this rainbow character, defying all attempts at appropriation and use. What else did Jean Paul Richter signify when he said to music: "Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have not found and shall not find"? The same fact may be observed in every work of the plastic arts. The statue is then beautiful when it begins to be incomprehensible, when it is passing out of criticism and can no longer be defined by compass and measuring wand, but demands an active imagination to go with it and to say what it is in the act of doing. The god or hero of the sculptor is always represented in a transition from that which is representable to the senses to that which is not. Then first it ceases to be a stone. The same remark holds of painting. And of poetry the success is not attained when it lulls and satisfies, but when it astonishes and fires us with new endeavors after the unattainable. Concerning it Landor inquires "whether it is not to be referred to some purer state of sensation and existence."

So must it be with personal beauty which love worships. Then first is it charming and itself when it dissatisfies us with any end; when it becomes a story without an end; when it suggests gleams and visions and not earthly satisfactions; when it seems

> "too bright and good,
> For human nature's daily food";

when it makes the beholder feel his unworthiness; when he cannot feel his right to it, though he were Cæsar; he cannot feel more right to it than to the firmament and the splendors of a sunset.

Hence arose the saying, "If I love you, what is that to you?" We say so, because we feel that what we love is not in your will, but above it. It is the radiance of you and not you. It is that which you know not in yourself and can never know.

This agrees well with that high philosophy of beauty which the ancient writers delighted in; for they said that the soul of man, embodied here on earth, went roaming up and down in quest of that other world of its own, out of which it came into this, but was soon stupefied by the light of the natural sun, and unable to see any other objects than those of this world, which are but shadows of real things. Therefore the Deity sends the glory of youth before the soul, that it may avail itself of beautiful bodies as aids to its recollection of the celestial good and fair; and the man beholding such a person in the female sex runs to her and finds the highest joy in contemplating the form, movement, and intelligence of this person, because it suggests to him the presence of that which indeed is within the beauty, and the cause of the beauty.

If, however, from too much conversing with material objects, the soul was gross, and misplaced its satisfaction in the body, it reaped nothing but sorrow; body being unable to fulfill the promise which beauty holds out; but if, accepting the hint of these visions and suggestions which beauty makes to his mind, the soul passes through the body and falls to admire strokes of character, and the lovers contemplate one another in their discourses and their actions, then they pass to the true palace of beauty, more and more inflame their love of it, and by this love extinguishing the base affection, as the sun puts out the fire by shining on the hearth, they become pure and hallowed. By conversation with that which is in itself excellent, magnanimous, lowly, and just, the lover comes to a warmer love of these nobilities, and a quicker apprehension of them. Then he passes from loving them in one to loving them in all, and so is the one beautiful soul only the door through which he enters to the society of all true and pure souls. In the particular society of his mate he attains a clearer sight of any spot, any taint which her beauty has contracted from this world, and is able to point it out, and this with mutual joy that they are now able, without offense, to indicate blemishes and hindrances in each other, and give to each all help and comfort in curing the same. And, beholding in many souls the traits of the divine beauty, and sepa-

rating in each soul that which is divine from the taint which it has contracted in the world, the lover ascends to the highest beauty, to the love and knowledge of the Divinity, by steps on this ladder of created souls.

Somewhat like this have the truly wise told us of love in all ages. The doctrine is not old, nor is it new. If Plato, Plutarch, and Apuleius taught it, so have Petrarch, Angelo, and Milton. It awaits a truer unfolding in opposition and rebuke to that subterranean prudence which presides at marriages with words that take hold of the upper world, whilst one eye is eternally boring down into the cellar; so that its gravest discourse has ever a slight savor of hams and powdering tubs. Worst, when the snout of this sensualism intrudes into the education of young women, and withers the hope and affection of human nature by teaching that marriage signifies nothing but a housewife's thrift, and that woman's life has no other aim.

But this dream of love, though beautiful, is only one scene in our play. In the procession of the soul from within outward, it enlarges its circles ever, like the pebble thrown into the pond, or the light proceeding from an orb. The rays of the soul alight first on things nearest, on every utensil and toy, on nurses and domestics, on the house and yard and passengers, on the circle of household acquaintance, on politics and geography and history. But by the necessity of our constitution things are ever grouping themselves according to higher or more interior laws. Neighborhood, size, numbers, habits, persons, lose by degrees their power over us. Cause and effect, real affinities, the longing for harmony between the soul and the circumstance, the high progressive, idealizing instinct, these predominate later, and ever the step backward from the higher to the lower relations is impossible. Thus even love, which is the deification of persons, must become more impersonal every day. Of this at first it gives no hint. Little think the youth and maiden who are glancing at each other across crowded rooms with eyes so full of mutual intelligence,—of the precious fruit long hereafter to proceed from this new, quite external stimulus. The work of vegetation begins first in the irritability of the bark and leaf-buds. From exchanging glances, they advance to acts of courtesy, of gallantry, then to fiery passion, to plighting troth and marriage. Passion beholds its object as a perfect unit. The soul is wholly embodied, and the body is wholly ensouled:—

"Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks; and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought."

Romeo, if dead, should be cut up into little stars to make the heavens fine. Life with this pair has no other aim, asks no more, than Juliet,—than Romeo. Night, day, studies, talents, kingdoms, religion, are all contained in this form full of soul, in this soul which is all form. The lovers delight in endearments, in avowals of love, in comparisons of their regards. When alone, they solace themselves with the remembered image of the other. Does that other see the same star, the same melting cloud,—read the same book, feel the same emotion, that now delight me? They try and weigh their affection, and adding up all costly advantages, friends, opportunities, properties, exult in discovering that willingly, joyfully, they would give all as a ransom for the beautiful, the beloved head, not one hair of which shall be harmed. But the lot of humanity is on these children. Danger, sorrow, and pain arrive to them as to all. Love prays. It makes covenants with Eternal Power in behalf of this dear mate. The union which is thus effected and which adds a new value to every atom in nature, for it transmutes every thread throughout the whole web of relation into a golden ray, and bathes the soul in a new and sweeter element, is yet a temporary state. Not always can flowers, pearls, poetry, protestations, nor even home in another heart, content the awful soul that dwells in clay. It arouses itself at last from these endearments, as toys, and puts on the harness and aspires to vast and universal aims. The soul which is in the soul of each, craving for a perfect beatitude, detects incongruities, defects, and disproportion in the behavior of the other. Hence arise surprise, expostulation, and pain. Yet that which drew them to each other was signs of loveliness, signs of virtue; and these virtues are there, however eclipsed. They appear and reappear and continue to attract; but the regard changes, quits the sign, and attaches to the substance. This repairs the wounded affection. Meantime, as life wears on, it proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties, to extort all the resources of each and acquaint each with the whole strength and weakness of the other. For it is the nature and end of this relation that they should represent the human race to each other. All that is in the world which is or ought

to be known is cunningly wrought into the texture of man, of woman: —

> "The person love does to us fit,
> Like manna, has the taste of all in it."

The world rolls; the circumstances vary every hour. All the angels that inhabit this temple of the body appear at the windows, and all the gnomes and vices also. By all the virtues they are united. If there be virtue, all the vices are known as such; they confess and flee. Their once flaming regard is sobered by time in either breast, and losing in violence what it gains in extent, it becomes a thorough good understanding. They resign each other without complaint to the good offices which man and woman are severally appointed to discharge in time, and exchange the passion which once could not lose sight of its object, for a cheerful, disengaged furtherance, whether present or absent, of each other's designs. At last they discover that all which at first drew them together, — those once sacred features, that magical play of charms, — was deciduous, had a prospective end, like the scaffolding by which the house was built; and the purification of the intellect and the heart from year to year is the real marriage, foreseen and prepared from the first, and wholly above their consciousness. Looking at these aims with which two persons, a man and a woman, so variously and correlatively gifted, are shut up in one house to spend in the nuptial society forty or fifty years, I do not wonder at the emphasis with which the heart prophesies this crisis from early infancy, at the profuse beauty with which the instincts deck the nuptial bower, and nature and intellect and art emulate each other in the gifts and the melody they bring to the epithalamium.

Thus are we put in training for a love which knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality, but which seeketh virtue and wisdom everywhere, to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom. We are by nature observers, and thereby learners. That is our permanent state. But we are often made to feel that our affections are but tents of a night. Though slowly and with pain, the objects of the affections change, as the objects of thought do. There are moments when the affections rule and absorb the man and make his happiness dependent on a person or persons. But in health the mind is presently seen again, — its overarching vault, bright with galaxies of immutable lights, and the warm

loves and fears that swept over us as clouds must lose their finite character and blend with God, to attain their own perfection. But we need not fear that we can lose anything by the progress of the soul. The soul may be trusted to the end. That which is so beautiful and attractive as these relations, must be succeeded and supplanted only by what is more beautiful, and so on forever.

Complete.

SELF-RELIANCE

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man in a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If anybody will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach him. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment, there is for me an utterance bare and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses, or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if I can hear what these patriarchs say, surely I can reply to them in the same pitch of voice, for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Dwell up there in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.

As our religion, our education, our art look abroad, so does our spirit of society. All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves.

Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. Its progress is only apparent, like the workers of a treadmill. It undergoes continual changes: it is barba-

rous, it is civilized, it is Christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For everything that is given something is taken. Society acquires new arts, and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under. But compare the health of the two men, and you shall see that his aboriginal strength the white man has lost. If the traveler tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad ax, and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but loses so much support of muscle. He has got a fine Geneva watch, but he has lost the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His notebooks impare his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents: and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigor of wild virtue. For every stoic was a stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?

There is no more deviation in the moral standard than in the standard of height or bulk. No greater men are now than ever were. A singular equality may be observed between the great men of the first and of the last ages; nor can all the science, art, religion, and philosophy of the nineteenth century avail to educate greater men than Plutarch's heroes, three or four and twenty centuries ago. Not in time is the race progressive. Phocion, Socrates, Anaxagoras, Diogenes, are great men, but they leave no class. He who is really of their class will not be called by their name, but be wholly his own man, and, in his turn, the founder of a sect. The arts and inventions of each period are only its costume, and do not invigorate men. The harm of the improved machinery may compensate its good. Hudson and

Bering accomplished so much in their fishing boats as to astonish Parry and Franklin, whose equipment exhausted the resources of science and art. Galileo, with an opera glass, discovered a more splendid series of facts than any one since. Columbus found the New World in an undecked boat. It is curious to see the periodical disuse and perishing of means and machinery which were introduced with loud laudation a few years or centuries before. The great genius returns to essential man. We reckoned the improvements of the art of war among the triumphs of science, and yet Napoleon conquered Europe by the Bivouac, which consisted of falling back on naked valor, and disencumbering it of all aids. The emperor held it impossible to make a perfect army, says Las Casas, "without abolishing our arms, magazines, commissaries, and carriages, until in imitation of the Roman custom, the soldier should receive his supply of corn, grind it in his hand mill, and bake his bread himself."

Society is a wave. The wave moves onward, but the water of which it is composed does not. The same particle does not rise from the valley to the ridge. Its unity is only phenomenal. The persons who make up a nation to-day, next year die, and their experience with them.

And so the reliance on property, including the reliance on governments which protect it, is the want of self-reliance. Men have looked away from themselves and at things so long, that they have come to esteem what they call the soul's progress, namely, the religious, learned, and civil institutions, as guards of property, and they deprecate assaults on these, because they feel them to be assaults on property. They measure their esteem of each other by what each has, and not by what each is. But a cultivated man becomes ashamed of his property, ashamed of what he has, out of new respect for his being. Especially he hates what he has, if he see that it is accidental,—came to him by inheritance or gift or crime; then he feels that it is not having; it does not belong to him, has no root in him, and merely lies there, because no revolution or no robber takes it away. But that which a man is does always by necessity acquire, and what the man acquires is permanent and living property, which does not wait the beck of rulers or mobs or revolutions or fire or storm or bankruptcies, but perpetually renews itself wherever the man is put. "Thy lot or portion of life," said the Caliph Ali, "is seeking after thee; therefore be at rest from seeking after

it." Our dependence on these foreign goods leads us to our slavish respect for numbers. The political parties meet in numerous conventions; the greater the concourse, and with each new uproar of announcement, The delegation from Essex! The Democrats from New Hampshire! The Whigs of Maine! the young patriot feels himself stronger than before by a new thousand of eyes and arms. In like manner the reformers summon conventions, and vote and resolve in multitude. But not so, O friends! will the God deign to enter and inhabit you, but by a method precisely the reverse. It is only as a man puts off from himself all external support, and stands alone, that I see him to be strong and to prevail. He is weaker by every recruit to his banner. Is not a man better than a town? Ask nothing of men, and in the endless mutation, thou only firm column must presently appear the upholder of all that surrounds thee. He who knows that power is in the soul, that he is weak only because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head.

So use all that is called Fortune. Most men gamble with her, and gain all, and lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave as unlawful these winnings, and deal with cause and effect, the chancellors of God. In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance, and shalt always drag her after thee. A political victory, a rise of rent, the recovery of your sick, or the return of your absent friend, or some other quite external event, raises your spirits, and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. It can never be so. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

From the essay on "Self-Reliance."

THE MIND IN HISTORY

There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.

Of the works of this mind history is the record. Its genius is illustrated by the entire series of days. Man is explicable by nothing less than all his history. Without hurry, without rest, the human spirit goes forth from the beginning to embody every faculty, every thought, every emotion, which belongs to it in appropriate events. But always the thought is prior to the fact; all the facts of history pre-exist in the mind as laws. Each law in turn is made by circumstances predominant, and the limits of nature give power to but one at a time. A man is the whole encyclopædia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man. Epoch after epoch, camp, kingdom, empire, republic, democracy, are merely the application of his manifold spirit to the manifold world.

This human mind wrote history, and this must read it. The Sphinx must solve her own riddle. If the whole of history is in one man, it is all to be explained from individual experience. There is a relation between the hours of our life and the centuries of time. As the air I breathe is drawn from the great repositories of nature, as the light on my book is yielded by a star a hundred millions of miles distant, as the poise of my body depends on the equilibrium of centrifugal and centripetal forces, so the hours should be instructed by the ages, and the ages explained by the hours. Of the universal mind each individual man is one more incarnation. All its properties consist in him. Every step in his private experience flashes a light on what great bodies of men have done, and the crises of his life refer to national crises. Every revolution was first a thought in one man's mind; and when the same thought occurs to another man, it is the key to that era. Every reform was once a private opinion; and when it shall be a private opinion again, it will

solve the problem of the age. The fact narrated must correspond to something in me to be credible or intelligible. We as we read must become Greeks, Romans, Turks, priest, and king, martyr and executioner, must fasten these images to some reality in our secret experience, or we shall see nothing, learn nothing, keep nothing. What befell Asdrubal or Cæsar Borgia is as much an illustration of the mind's powers and depravations as what has befallen us. Each new law and political movement has meaning for you. Stand before each of its tablets and say, "Here is one of my coverings. Under this fantastic, or odious, or graceful mask, did my Proteus nature hide itself." This remedies the defect of our too great nearness to ourselves. This throws our own actions into perspective; and as crabs, goats, scorpions, the balance and the waterpot, lose all their meanness when hung as signs in the zodiac, so I can see my own vices without heat in the distant persons of Solomon, Alcibiades, and Catiline.

It is this universal nature which gives worth to particular men and things. Human life as containing this is mysterious and inviolable, and we hedge it round with penalties and laws. All laws derive hence their ultimate reason, all express at last reverence for some command of this supreme illimitable essence. Property also holds of the soul, covers great spiritual facts, and instinctively we at first hold to it with swords and laws, and wide and complex combinations. The obscure consciousness of this fact is the light of all our day, the claim of claims; the plea for education, for justice, for charity, the foundation of friendship and love, and of the heroism and grandeur which belongs to acts of self-reliance. It is remarkable that involuntarily we always read as superior beings. Universal history, the poets, the romancers, do not in their stateliest pictures,—in the sacerdotal, the imperial palaces, in the triumphs of will, or of genius, anywhere lose our ear, anywhere make us feel that we intrude, that this is for our betters, but rather is it true that in their grandest strokes, there we feel most at home. All that Shakespeare says of the king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in the corner feels to be true of himself. We sympathize in the great moments of history, in the great discoveries, the great resistances, the great prosperities of men;—because there law was enacted, the sea was searched, the land was found, or the blow was struck for us, as we ourselves in that place would have done or applauded.

So is it in respect to condition and character. We honor the rich because they have externally the freedom, power, and grace which we feel to be proper to man, proper to us. So all that is said of the wise man by stoic, or Oriental, or modern essayist, describes to each man his own idea, describes his unattained but attainable self. All literature writes the character of the wise man. All books, monuments, pictures, conversation, are portraits in which the wise man finds the lineaments he is forming. The silent and the loud praise him, and accost him, and he is stimulated wherever he moves as by personal allusions. A wise and good soul, therefore, never need look for allusions personal and laudatory in discourse. He hears the commendation, not of himself, but more sweet, of that character he seeks, in every word that is said concerning character, yea, further, in every fact that befalls,—in the running river and the rustling corn. Praise is looked, homage tendered, love flows from mute nature, from the mountains and the lights of the firmament.

These hints, dropped as it were from sleep and night, let us use in broad day. The student is to read history actively and not passively; to esteem his own life the text, and books the commentary. Thus compelled, the muse of history will utter oracles, as never to those who do not respect themselves. I have no expectation that any man will read history aright, who thinks that what was done in a remote age, by men whose names have resounded far, has any deeper sense than what he is doing to-day.

From the essay on «History.»

COMPENSATION

In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition. The radical tragedy of nature seems to be the distinction of More and Less. How can Less not feel the pain; how not feel indignation or malevolence towards More? Look at those who have less faculty, and one feels sad and knows not well what to make of it. Almost he shuns their eye; he fears they will upbraid God. What should they do? It seems a great injustice. But see the facts nearly and these mountainous inequalities vanish. Love reduces them as the sun melts the iceberg in the sea. The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of His and Mine ceases. His is mine. I am my

brother and my brother is me. If I feel overshadowed and outdone by great neighbors, I can yet love; I can still receive; and he that loveth maketh his own the grandeur he loves. Thereby I make the discovery that my brother is my guardian, acting for me with the friendliest designs, and the estate I so admired and envied is my own. It is the eternal nature of the soul to appropriate and make all things its own. Jesus and Shakespeare are fragments of the soul, and by love I conquer and incorporate them in my own conscious domain. His virtue,—is not that mine? His wit,—if it cannot be made mine, it is not wit.

Such also is the natural history of calamity. The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Evermore it is the order of nature to grow, and every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends and home and laws and faith, as the shellfish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion to the vigor of the individual these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant and all worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming, as it were, a transparent fluid membrane through which the living form is always seen, and not, as in most men, an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many dates and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, and the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday. And such should be the outward biography of man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting, not advancing, resisting, not co-operating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolators of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward forevermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we

rely on the New; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

From the essay on "Compensation."

MANNERS

I HAVE just been reading, in Mr. Hazlitt's translation, Montaigne's account of his journey into Italy, and am struck with nothing more agreeably than the self-respecting fashions of the time. His arrival in each place, the arrival of a gentleman of France, is an event of some consequence. Wherever he goes he pays a visit to whatever prince or gentleman of note resides upon his road, as a duty to himself and to civilization. When he leaves any house in which he has lodged for a few weeks, he causes his arms to be painted and hung up as a perpetual sign to the house, as was the custom of gentlemen.

The complement of this graceful self-respect, and that of all the points of good breeding I most require and insist upon, is deference. I like that every chair should be a throne, and hold a king. I prefer a tendency to stateliness, to an excess of fellowship. Let the incommunicable objects of nature and the metaphysical isolation of man teach us independence. Let us not

be too much acquainted. I would have a man enter his house through a hall filled with heroic and sacred sculptures, that he might not want the hint of tranquillity and self-poise. We should meet each morning, as from foreign countries, and spending the day together, should depart at night as into foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man inviolate. Let us sit apart as the gods, talking from peak to peak all round Olympus. No degree of affection need invade this religion. This is myrrh and rosemary to keep the other sweet. Lovers should guard their strangeness. If they forgive too much, all slides into confusion and meanness. It is easy to push this deference to a Chinese etiquette; but coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene. Proportionate is our disgust at those invaders who fill a studious house with blast and running to secure some paltry convenience. Not less I dislike a low sympathy of each with his neighbor's needs. Must we have a good understanding with one another's palates, as foolish people who have lived long together know when each wants salt or sugar? I pray my companion if he wish for bread to ask me for bread, and if he wish for sassafras or arsenic to ask me for them, and not to hold out his plate as if I knew already. Every natural function can be dignified by deliberation and privacy. Let us leave hurry to slaves. The compliments and ceremonies of our breeding should signify, however remotely, the recollection of the grandeur of our destiny.

The flower of courtesy does not very well bide handling, but if we dare to open another leaf, and explore what parts go to its conformation, we shall find also an intellectual quality. To the leaders of men, the brain as well as the flesh and the heart must furnish a proportion. Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. Men are too coarsely made for the delicacy of beautiful carriage and customs. It is not quite sufficient to good breeding, a union of kindness and independence. We imperatively require a perception of, and a homage to beauty in our companions. Other virtues are in request in the field and workyard, but a certain degree of taste is not to be spared in those we sit with. I could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws, than with a sloven and unpresentable person. Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances; the senses are despotic. The same discrimination of fit and fair runs out, if with less rigor, into all parts of life. The average spirit of the energetic class is good sense, acting under certain limitations and

to certain ends. It entertains every natural gift. Social in its nature, it respects everything which tends to unite men. It delights in measure. The love of beauty is mainly the love of measure or proportion. The person who screams, or uses the superlative degree, or converses with heat, puts whole drawing-rooms to flight. If you wish to be loved, love measure. You must have genius, or a prodigious usefulness if you will hide the want of measure. This perception comes in to polish and perfect the parts of the social instrument. Society will pardon much to genius and special gifts, but, being in its nature a convention, it loves what is conventional, or what belongs to coming together. That makes the good and bad of manners, namely, what helps or hinders fellowship. For fashion is not good sense absolute, but relative; not good sense private, but good sense entertaining company. It hates corners and sharp points of character, hates quarrelsome, egotistical, solitary, and gloomy people; hates whatever can interfere with total blending of parties; whilst it values all peculiarities as in the highest degree refreshing, which can consist with good fellowship. And besides the general infusion of wit to heighten civility, the direct splendor of intellectual power is ever welcome in fine society as the costliest addition to its rule and its credit.

The dry light must shine in to adorn our festival, but it must be tempered and shaded, or that will also offend. Accuracy is essential to beauty, and quick perceptions to politeness, but not too quick perceptions. One may be too punctual and too precise. He must leave the omniscience of business at the door, when he comes into the palace of beauty. Society loves creole natures, and sleepy, languishing manners, so that they cover sense, grace, and good-will; the air of drowsy strength, which disarms criticism; perhaps, because such a person seems to reserve himself for the best of the game, and not spend himself on surfaces; an ignoring eye, which does not see the annoyances, shifts, and inconveniences that cloud the brow and smother the voice of the sensitive. . . .

The forms of politeness universally express benevolence in superlative degrees. What if they are in the mouths of selfish men, and used as means of selfishness? What if the false gentleman almost bows the true out of the world? What if the false gentleman contrives so to address his companion, as civilly to exclude all others from his discourse, and also to make them feel excluded? Real service will not lose its nobleness. All gener-

osity is not merely French and sentimental; nor is it to be concealed that living blood and a passion of kindness does at last distinguish God's gentleman from Fashion's. The epitaph of Sir Jenkin Grout is not wholly unintelligible to the present age: "Here lies Sir Jenkin Grout, who loved his friend, and persuaded his enemy: what his mouth ate, his hand paid for: what his servants robbed, he restored: if a woman gave him pleasure, he supported her in pain: he never forgot his children: and whoso touched his finger, drew after it his whole body." Even the line of heroes is not utterly extinct. There is still ever some admirable person in plain clothes, standing on the wharf, who jumps in to rescue a drowning man; there is still some absurd inventor of charities; some guide and comforter of runaway slaves; some friend of Poland; some Philhellene; some fanatic who plants shade trees for the second and third generations, and orchards when he is grown old; some well-concealed piety; some just man happy in an ill fame; some youth ashamed of the favors of fortune, and impatiently casting them on other shoulders. And these are the centres of society, on which it returns for fresh impulses. These are the creators of fashion, which is an attempt to organize beauty of behavior. The beautiful and the generous are, in the theory, the doctors and apostles of this church; Scipio, and the Cid, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Washington, and every pure and valiant heart, who worshiped beauty by word and by deed. The persons who constitute the natural aristocracy are not found in the actual aristocracy, or only on its edge; as the chemical energy of the spectrum is found to be greatest just outside of the spectrum. Yet that is the infirmity of the seneschals, who do not know their sovereign when he appears. The theory of society supposes the existence and sovereignty of these. It divines afar off their coming. It says with the elder gods:—

"As Heaven and Earth are fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth,
In form and shape compact and beautiful;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads;
A power, more strong in beauty, born of us,
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness:
——— for, 'tis the eternal law,
That first in beauty shall be first in might."

From the essay on "Manners."

MONTAIGNE; OR, THE SKEPTIC

MONTAIGNE is the frankest and honestest of all writers. His French freedom runs into grossness, but he has anticipated all censures by the bounty of his own confessions. In his times, books were written to one sex only, and almost all were written in Latin; so that, in a humorist, a certain nakedness of statement was permitted, which our manners, of a literature addressed equally to both sexes, do not allow. But, though a biblical plainness, coupled with a most uncanonical levity, may shut his pages to many sensitive readers, yet the offense is superficial. He parades it: he makes the most of it; nobody can think or say worse of him than he does. He pretends to most of the vices; and, if there be any virtue in him, he says it got in by stealth. There is no man, in his opinion, who has not deserved hanging five or six times, and he pretends no exception in his own behalf. "Five or six as ridiculous stories," too, he says, "can be told of me, as of any man living." But, with all this really superfluous frankness, the opinion of an invincible probity grows into every reader's mind.

"When I the most strictly and religiously confess myself, I find that the best virtue I have has in it some tincture of vice; and I am afraid that Plato, in his purest virtue (I, who am as sincere and perfect a lover of virtue of that stamp as any other whatever), if he had listened, and laid his ear close to himself, would have heard some jarring sound of human mixture; but faint and remote, and only to be perceived by himself."

Here is an impatience and fastidiousness at color or pretense of any kind. He has been in courts so long as to have conceived a furious disgust at appearances; he will indulge himself with a little cursing and swearing; he will talk with sailors and gipsies, use flash and street ballads; he has stayed indoors till he is deadly sick; he will to the open air, though it rain bullets. He has seen too much of gentlemen of the long robe, until he wishes for cannibals; and is so nervous, by factitious life, that he thinks, the more barbarous a man is, the better he is. He likes his saddle. You may read theology, and grammar, and metaphysics elsewhere. Whatever you get here, shall smack of the earth and of real life, sweet, or smart, or stinging. He makes no hesitation to entertain you with the records of his disease; and his journey

to Italy is quite full of that matter. He took and kept this position of equilibrium. Over his name, he drew an emblematic pair of scales, and wrote *Que scais je?* under it. As I look at his effigy opposite the title-page, I seem to hear him say, "You may play old Poz, if you will; you may rail and exaggerate,—I stand here for truth, and will not, for all the states, and churches, and revenues, and personal reputations of Europe, overstate the dry fact, as I see it; I will rather mumble and prose about what I certainly know,—my house and barns; my father, my wife, and my tenants; my old lean bald pate; my knives and forks; what meats I eat, and what drinks I prefer; and a hundred straws just as ridiculous,—than I will write, with a fine crow-quill, a fine romance. I like gray days, and autumn and winter weather. I am gray and autumnal myself, and think an undress, and old shoes that do not pinch my feet, and old friends who do not constrain me, and plain topics where I do not need to strain myself and pump my brains, the most suitable. Our condition as men is risky and ticklish enough. One cannot be sure of himself and his fortune an hour, but he may be whisked off into some pitiable or ridiculous plight. Why should I vapor and play the philosopher, instead of ballasting, the best I can, this dancing balloon? So, at least, I live within compass, keep myself ready for action, and can shoot the gulf, at last, with decency. If there be anything farcical in such a life, the blame is not mine: let it lie at Fate's and Nature's door."

The Essays, therefore, are an entertaining soliloquy on every random topic that comes into his head; treating everything without ceremony, yet with masculine sense. There have been men with deeper insight; but, one would say, never a man with such abundance of thoughts: he is never dull, never insincere, and has the genius to make the reader care for all that he cares for.

The sincerity and marrow of the man reach to his sentences. I know not anywhere the book that seems less written. It is the language of conversation transferred to a book. Cut these words, and they would bleed: they are vascular and alive. One has the same pleasure in it that we have in listening to the necessary speech of men about their work, when any unusual circumstance gives momentary importance to the dialogue. For blacksmiths and teamsters do not trip in their speech; it is a shower of bullets.

From the essay on Montaigne in "Representative Men."

ON MEN, COMMON AND UNCOMMON

We need not fear excessive influence. A more generous trust is permitted. Serve the great. Stick at no humiliation. Grudge no office thou canst render. Be the limb of their body, the breath of their mouth. Compromise thy egotism. Who cares for that, so thou gain aught wider and nobler? Never mind the taunt of Boswellism; the devotion may easily be greater than the wretched pride which is guarding its own skirts. Be another: not thyself, but a Platonist; not a soul, but a Christian; not a naturalist, but a Cartesian; not a poet, but a Shakespearean. In vain the wheels of tendency will not stop, nor will all the forces of inertia, fear, or of love itself, hold thee there. On, and forever onward! The microscope observes a monad or wheel insect among the infusories circulating in water. Presently, a dot appears on the animal, which enlarges to a slit, and it becomes two perfect animals. The ever-proceeding detachment appears not less in all thought, and in society. Children think they cannot live without their parents. But long before they are aware of it, the black dot has appeared, and the detachment taken place. Any accident will now reveal to them their independence.

But great men: — the word is injurious. Is there caste? Is there fate? What becomes of the promise to virtue? The thoughtful youth laments the superfetation of nature. "Generous and handsome," he says, "is your hero; but look at yonder poor Paddy, whose country is his wheelbarrow; look at his whole nation of Paddies." Why are the masses, from the dawn of history down, food for knives and powder? The idea dignifies a few leaders, who have sentiment, opinion, love, self-devotion; and they make war and death sacred; — but what for the wretches whom they hire and kill? The cheapness of man is every day's tragedy. It is as real a loss that others should be low, as that we should be low; for we must have society.

Is it a reply to these suggestions to say society is a Pestalozzian school? All are teachers and pupils in turn. We are equally served by receiving and by imparting. Men who know the same things are not long the best company for each other. But bring to each an intelligent person of another experience, and it is as if you let off water from a lake, by cutting a lower basin. It seems a mechanical advantage, and great benefit it is to each

speaker, as he can now paint out his thought to himself. We pass very fast, in our personal moods, from dignity to dependence. And if any appear never to assume the chair, but always to stand and serve, it is because we do not see the company in a sufficiently long period for the whole rotation of parts to come about. As to what we call the masses, and common men; — there are no common men. All men are at last of a size; and true art is only possible on the conviction that every talent has its apotheosis somewhere. Fair play, and an open field, and freshest laurels to all who have won them! But heaven reserves an equal scope for every creature. Each is uneasy until he has produced his private ray unto the concave sphere, and beheld his talent also in its last nobility and exaltation.

From "The Uses of Great Men."

ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND

Castles are proud things, but 'tis safest to be outside of them. War is a foul game, and yet war is not the worst part of aristocratic history. In later times, when the baron, educated only for war, with his brains paralyzed by his stomach, found himself idle at home, he grew fat and wanton, and a sorry brute. Grammont, Pepys, and Evelyn show the kennels to which the king and court went in quest of pleasure. Prostitutes taken from the theatres were made duchesses, their bastards dukes and earls. "The young men sat uppermost, the old serious lords were out of favor." The discourse that the king's companions had with him was "poor and frothy." No man who valued his head might do what these pot companions familiarly did with the king. In logical sequence of these dignified revels, Pepys can tell the beggarly shifts to which the king was reduced, who could not find paper at his council table, and "no handkerchers" in his wardrobe, "and but three bands to his neck," and the linen draper and the stationer were out of pocket, and refusing to trust him, and the baker will not bring bread any longer. Meantime, the English Channel was swept, and London threatened by the Dutch fleet, manned too by English sailors, who, having been cheated of their pay for years by the king, enlisted with the enemy.

The Selwyn correspondence in the reign of George III. discloses a rottenness in the aristocracy which threatened to decom-

pose the state. The sycophancy and sale of votes and honor for place and title; lewdness, gaming, smuggling, bribery, and cheating; the sneer at the childish indiscretion of quarreling with ten thousand a year; the want of ideas; the splendor of the titles, and the apathy of the nation, are instructive, and make the reader pause and explore the firm bounds which confined these vices to a handful of rich men. In the reign of George IV. things do not seem to have mended, and the rotten debauchee let down from a window by an inclined plane into his coach to take the air was a scandal to Europe which the ill fame of his queen and of his family did nothing to retrieve.

Under the present reign, the perfect decorum of the Court is thought to have put a check on the gross vices of the aristocracy; yet gaming, racing, drinking, and mistresses bring them down, and the democrat can still gather scandals, if he will. Dismal anecdotes abound, verifying the gossip of the last generation of dukes served by bailiffs, with all their plate in pawn; of great lords living by the showing of their houses; and of an old man wheeled in his chair from room to room, whilst his chambers are exhibited to the visitor for money; of ruined dukes and earls living in exile for debt. The historic names of the Buckinghams, Beauforts, Marlboroughs, and Hertfords have gained no new lustre, and now and then darker scandals break out, ominous as the new chapters added under the Orleans dynasty to the *causes célèbres* in France. Even peers, who are men of worth and public spirit, are overtaken and embarrassed by their vast expense. The respectable Duke of Devonshire, willing to be the Mecænas and Lucullus of his island, is reported to have said that he can live at Chatsworth but one month in the year. Their many houses eat them up. They cannot sell them because they are entailed. They will not let them for pride's sake, but keep them empty, aired, and the grounds mown and dressed, at a cost of four or five thousand pounds a year. The spending is for a great part in servants, in many houses exceeding a hundred.

Most of them are only chargeable with idleness, which because it squanders such vast power of benefit, has the mischief of crime. "They might be little Providences on earth," said my friend, "and they are, for the most part, jockeys and fops."

From "English Traits."

NORSEMEN AND NORMANS

THE Norsemen are excellent persons in the main, with good sense, steadiness, wise speech, and prompt action. But they have a singular turn for homicide; their chief end of man is to murder, or to be murdered; oars, scythes, harpoons, crowbars, peat knives, and hayforks, are tools valued by them all the more for their charming aptitude for assassinations. A pair of kings, after dinner, will divert themselves by thrusting each his sword through the other's body, as did Yngve and Alf. Another pair ride out on a morning for a frolic, and, finding no weapon near, will take the bits out of their horses' mouths, and crush each other's heads with them, as did Alric and Eric. The sight of a tent cord or a cloak string puts them on hanging somebody, a wife, or a husband, or, best of all, a king. If a farmer has so much as a hayfork, he sticks it into a King Dag. King Ingiald finds it vastly amusing to burn up half a dozen kings in a hall, after getting them drunk. Never was poor gentleman so surfeited with life, so furious to be rid of it, as the Northman. If he cannot pick any other quarrel, he will get himself comfortably gored by a bull's horns, like Egil, or slain by a landslide, like the agricultural King Onund. Odin died in his bed, in Sweden; but it was a proverb of ill condition, to die the death of old age. King Hake of Sweden cuts and slashes in battle as long as he can stand, then orders his war ship, loaded with his dead men and their weapons, to be taken out to sea, the tiller shipped, and the sails spread; being left alone, he sets fire to some tar wood, and lies down contented on deck. The wind blew off the land, the ship flew burning in clear flame, out between the islets into the ocean, and there was the right end of King Hake.

The early Sagas are sanguinary and piratical; the later are of a noble strain. History rarely yields us better passages than the conversation between King Sigurd the Crusader and King Eystein, his brother, on their respective merits,—one, the soldier, and the other, a lover of the arts of peace.

But the reader of the Norman history must steel himself by holding fast the remote compensations which result from animal vigor. As the old fossil world shows that the first steps of

reducing the chaos were confided to saurians and other huge and horrible animals, so the foundations of the new civility were to be laid by the most savage men.

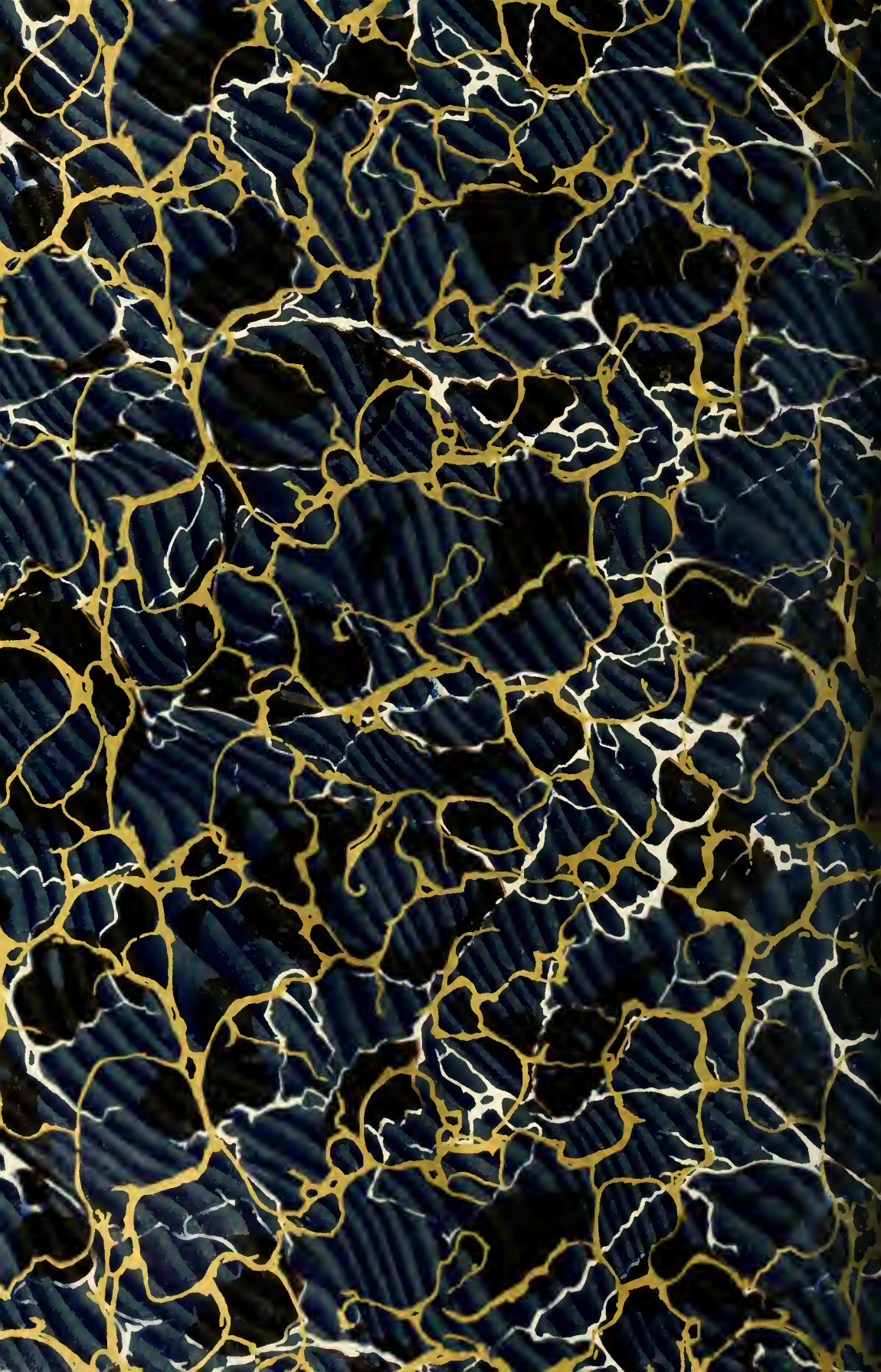
The Normans came out of France into England worse men than they went into it, one hundred and sixty years before. They had lost their own language, and learned the Romance or barbarous Latin of the Gauls; and had acquired, with the language, all the vices it had names for. The conquest has obtained in the chronicles the name of the "memory of sorrow." Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings. These founders of the House of Lords were greedy and ferocious dragoons, sons of greedy and ferocious pirates. They were all alike, they took everything they could carry, they burned, harried, violated, tortured, and killed, until everything English was brought to the verge of ruin. Such, however, is the illusion of antiquity and wealth, that decent and dignified men now existing boast their descent from these filthy thieves, who showed a far juster conviction of their own merits, by assuming for their types the swine, goat, jackal, leopard, wolf, and snake, which they severally resembled.

England yielded to the Danes and Northmen in the tenth and eleventh centuries, and was the receptacle into which all the mettle of that strenuous population was poured. The continued draught of the best men in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, to these piratical expeditions, exhausted those countries, like a tree which bears much fruit when young, and these have been second-rate powers ever since. The power of the race migrated, and left Norway void. King Olaf said, "When King Harold, my father, went westward to England, the chosen men in Norway followed him: but Norway was so emptied then, that such men have not since been to find in the country, nor especially such a leader as King Harold was for wisdom and bravery."

It was a tardy recoil of these invasions, when, in 1801, the British government sent Nelson to bombard the Danish forts in the Sound; and, in 1807, Lord Cathcart, at Copenhagen, took the entire Danish fleet, as it lay in the basins, and all the equipments from the Arsenal, and carried them to England. Konghelle, the town where the kings of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark were wont to meet, is now rented to a private English gentleman for a hunting ground.

It took many generations to trim, and comb, and perfume the first boatload of Norse pirates into royal highnesses and most noble Knights of the Garter; but every sparkle of ornament dates back to the Norse boat. There will be time enough to mellow this strength into civility and religion. It is a medical fact, that the children of the blind see; the children of felons have a healthy conscience. Many a mean, dastardly boy is, at the age of puberty, transformed into a serious and generous youth.

From «English Traits.»



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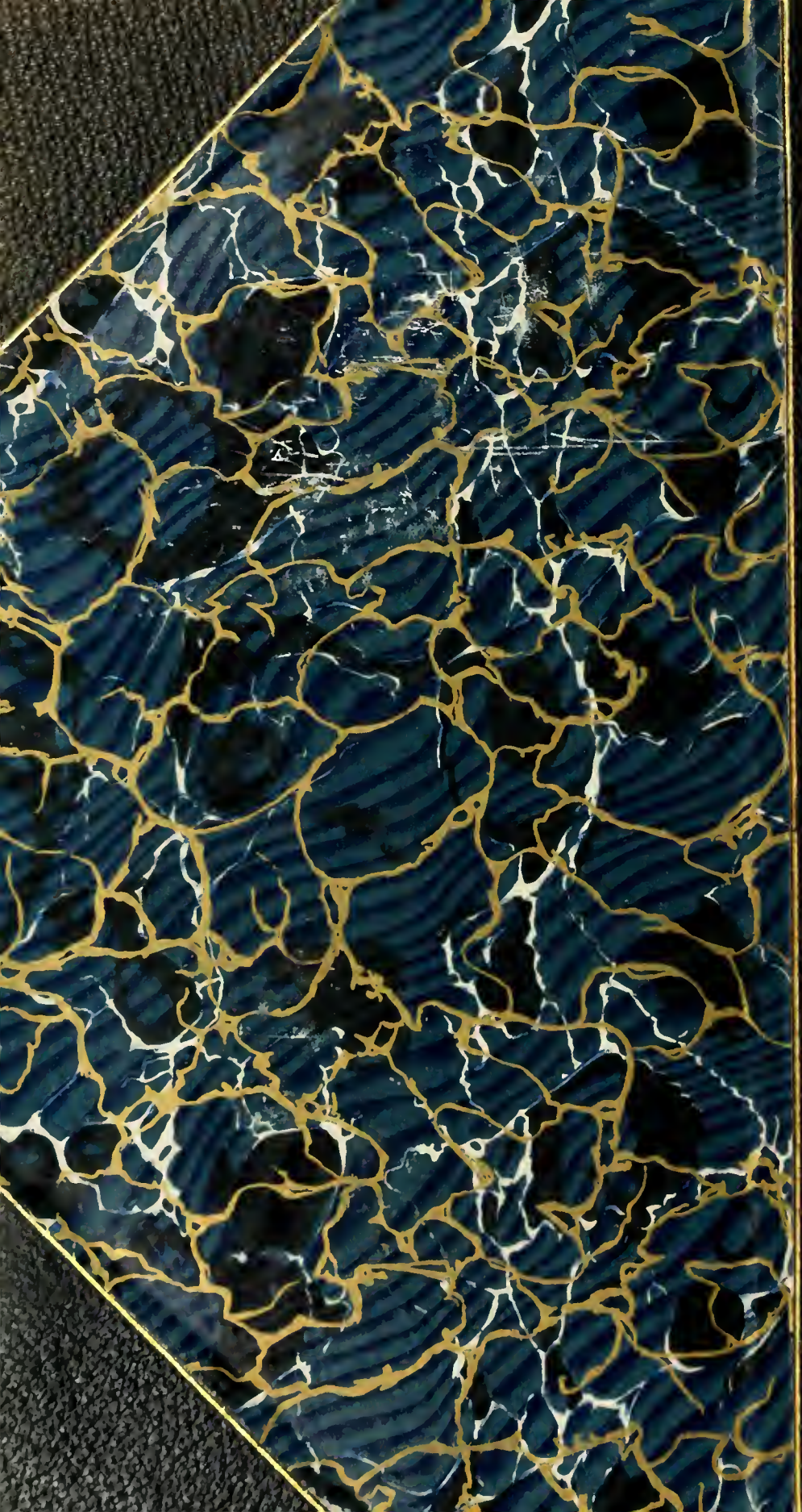
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